

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

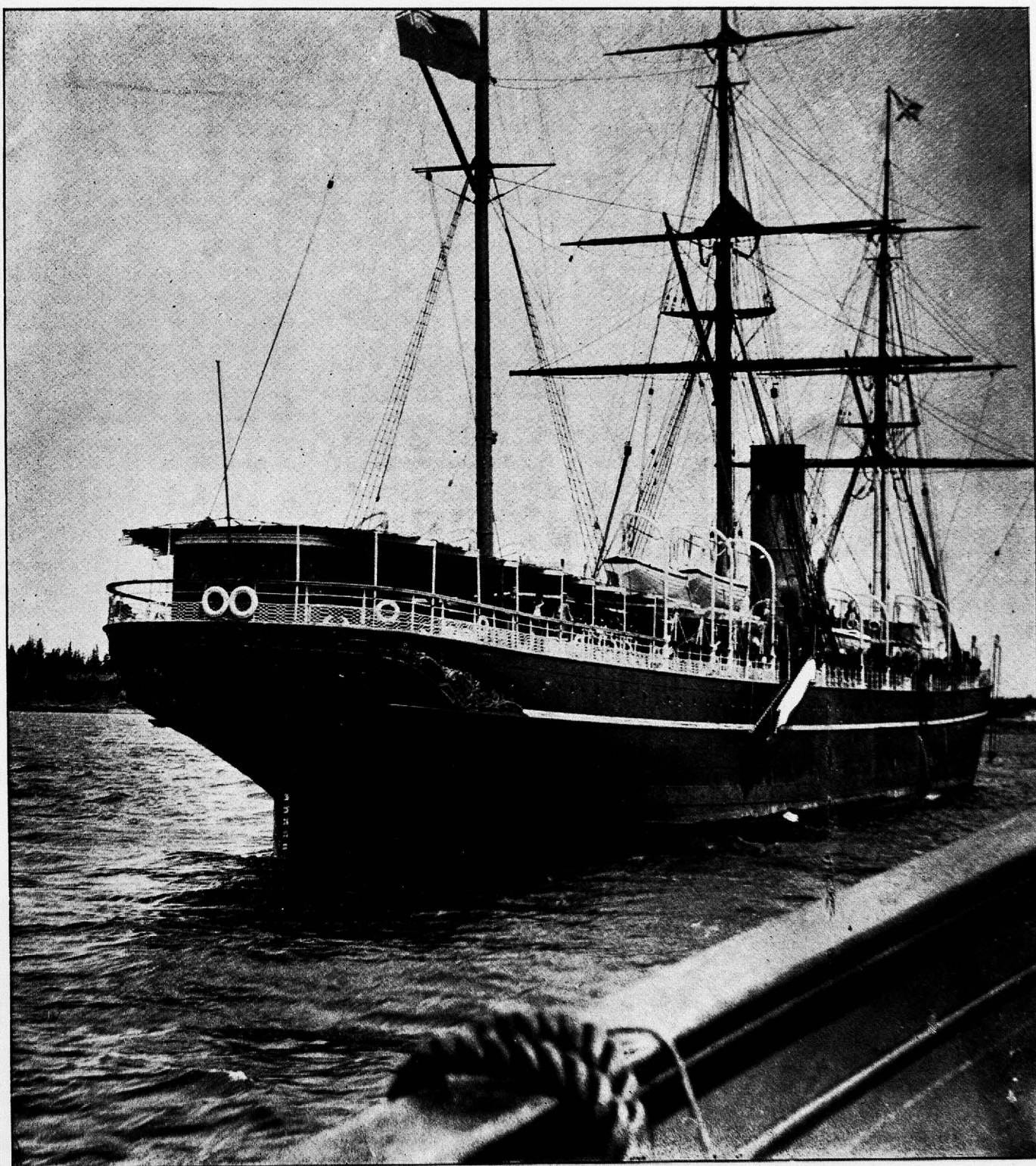
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV.—No. 101.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 7th JUNE, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d. STG.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 5d. STG.



THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE C. P. R. CO.'S STEAMSHIP ABYSSINIAN, ARRIVING AT VICTORIA, B.C.,
WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

(From photo. by our special artists, Boorne & May, of Calgary.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

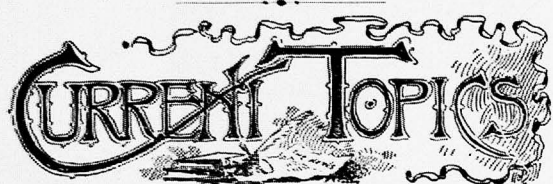
London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

7th JUNE, 1890.

OUR VICTORIA NUMBER.

The next issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be entirely devoted to the Royal Visit to Victoria, B.C., the reception by the authorities, the games and festivities in honour of the event, and to other matters therewith associated. Our representative in Western Canada, Mr. Brownlee, has been at the utmost pains to secure the best possible illustrations of all the scenes and proceedings connected with the Royal sojourn in the island capital.



The imports and exports of the United Kingdom reached last year a total of £740,242,564—the highest figure yet attained. The imports amounted to £427,210,830; the exports of British produce, to £248,091,959; the exports of foreign and colonial produce, to £64,939,715. The imports from British possessions amounted to £97,136,483. In these India took the lead with £36,026,402, Australasia coming next, with £26,819,656, and British North America, third, with £12,183,835, or \$60,919,175. The exports to these countries were as follows:—To India, £30,967,258; to Australasia, £22,754,400, and to British North America, £8,114,777, or \$40,573,885. The imports from South Africa were a little more than half those from Canada, and from the Straits settlements nearly the same figure. England's trade with foreign countries reached a total of £495,216,666—imports, £329,986,290; exports, 165,230,376.

In his important work on "The Climate of Canada and its Relation to Life and Health," Dr. Hingston points out that the differences between the climate of Canada and that of Europe are mainly due to the winter. This is especially the case in this province in connection with the rainfall. In 1886 (the last year for which we have complete returns) 122 rainy days were recorded in Montreal. But in the winter months (December to March inclusive) rain fell on only 18 days. In the spring months (April and May) rain fell on 27 days; in the fall months (October and November), on 19 days, leaving 58 days of rain for the summer months. May had most rainy days (18). To June 15 days of rain are set down, and 13, 16, 14, respectively, to July, August and September. The average of rainy days for the whole province was 88.8. Of all the places at which records were kept, Pointe des Monts has the lowest figure (57), Cape Magdalen coming next (61), St. Francis next (66). Only one place exceeds Montreal in the number of rainy days—Quebec (123), while Brome and Bird Rock stations have just the same number (122).

We have already published the portrait of Lieutenant Stairs, with a brief sketch of his career, and some complimentary references to his services from the Commander of the Forces. In a timely and valuable article contributed by Mr. H. M. Stanley to *Scribner's Magazine* for June, the explorer pays a tribute of grateful acknowledgment to each of the officers of the expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha. "I acknowledge," he writes, "the priceless services of my friends—Stairs, Jephson, Nelson and Parke—four men whose devotion to their several duties was as perfect as human nature is capable of. As a man's epitaph can only be justly written when he lies in his sepulchre, so I vainly attempted to tell them how much I valued the ready and prompt obedience of Stairs; that earnestness for work which distinguished Jephson; the brave soldierly qualities of Nelson, and the gentle, tender devotion paid by our doctor (Parke) to his ailing patients. But now that the long wanderings are over and they have bided and laboured ungrudgingly throughout the long period, I feel that my words are poor indeed when I need them to express in full my lasting obligation to each of them."

The census in Great Britain is much simpler in its character and methods than that of either the United States or Canada. It was first taken in 1801, but did not then include Ireland. It was not, however, till after several decades that a system at once prompt and trustworthy was attained. The uniform plan of registering births, marriages and deaths, introduced in the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, greatly facilitated the work of enumeration in ensuing censuses. The first Imperial census was taken in 1871, when it was found that the population of the Empire consisted of 234,762,593 souls occupying a total area of 7,769,449 square miles. In the British Isles the enumeration took in all the persons living in any house on the night of the 2nd of April. The population of India and the colonies was obtained through the Secretaries of State. The British house schedules require details as to the head of the family and the other persons of the household in relation to him, special schedules being supplied for sailors, bargemen, persons travelling and other classes not comprised in the ordinary enumeration. The information collected is afterwards carefully revised and arranged in abstracts under various headings, other statistics being used to give completeness to the work. The first census of the United States took place in 1790. It was a necessity—population being by the Constitution a main measure of political power. In 1810 its scope was greatly enlarged, and several modifications have since been introduced, so that, as now conducted, it is a manifold and far-reaching machinery for the collection of statistics on a great variety of subjects. The one-day system in vogue in England and other countries of Europe, has been found impracticable, the United States having, it is urged, no national organization which could be adopted to the purpose of gathering replies to such a multiplicity of inquiries as the American census comprehends. The government endeavours to reduce the risk of inaccuracy by minimizing the districts—a plan which demands a large army of enumerators and involves the difficulty of securing competent persons to undertake a merely temporary and poorly paid service.

Our own census is based partly on the British,

partly on the American system. Its aim is to ascertain, with the utmost possible accuracy, the population of the various territorial divisions of the country classified as to age, sex, social condition, religion, education, race, education and employment; the number of houses and other buildings, occupied and unoccupied, completed or under construction, their style, material and purposes; the area and condition of the land, its national products and, if cultivated, the yield of various grains, vegetables, fruits, etc.; its capacity for stock-raising; the lumbering, mining and fishing industries; statistics of manufactures; the state of trade in each city, town or district, and its municipal, educational, charitable and religious institutions, and other details set forth in the forms and instructions duly furnished to the enumerators. The latter are required to use all diligence in obtaining the information specified in the census papers and to confine their attention exclusively to the duties mentioned in their instructions. They must take oath to that intent, and if they make default or false entries they are guilty of misdemeanor. On the other hand they must be allowed reasonable access to sources of information by those who have them in charge and those who obstruct them in any way may be proceeded against. The accuracy of a census depends largely on the commissioners and examining experts who quickly detect a wrong entry made through heedlessness or ignorance. Statistics have, indeed, attained the rank of a science, and there are now many ways of checking inaccuracies of enumeration that must formerly have been left uncorrected through lack of classified knowledge.

LABOUR PROBLEMS AND THEIR SOLUTION.

Two important reports have recently seen the light under very different circumstances, and though they both deal with the same subject, their conclusions and the impressions which they leave on the mind are widely diverse in character. The first of the documents to which we refer is really a series of reports, of which the latest, issued a few weeks ago, is now engaging the attention of the press and business public in England. Some years ago the House of Lords appointed a select committee to take and consider evidence touching the employment of labour in certain English industries on conditions which have justified the name of the "sweating system." Hundreds of witnesses have been examined, and the testimony rendered by some of them was such as to shock the sense of humanity and justice. The revelations of the first four reports, which were published day by day in the newspapers before they appeared in blue-book form, naturally set statesmen to the task of devising some remedy for such terrible evils. The more important organs of public opinion discussed the whole question from every point of view, and various suggestions were made for the relief of the unfortunate victims of this crushing competition, which spares neither age nor sex. The simultaneous agitation for labour reform on the continent of Europe made it all the more essential that something should be promptly done in making the exposure of the sweating system advantageous to the poor people who suffered from its slavery. But the reflections with which the committee close the last report imply an admission that, so far, hardly any appreciable redress has been brought

to the classes that so sorely need it. The members of the Lords' committee are fully conscious of the terrible misery that so many men, women and children are called upon to endure. They hope that the inquiry on which they have been engaged will not be without moral effect on both employers and employed—on the former, in deepening their sense of responsibility; on the latter, in leading to improved habits. They advise capitalists to give closer attention to the needs and just claims of those who supply them with labour; they propose certain modifications of the laws relating to factories, which, they believe, would better the status of the working classes. But, after all, they hardly expect that any legislation will bring about all the ameliorations that are so urgently called for. They depend more on wholesome public opinion for the condemnation of those who drain the workpeople of their toil and skill without making any just return. Ultimately, they hope, the unscrupulous system that has been so glaringly exposed will be made impossible, and, at the same time, the sons and daughters of toil may be induced by counsel and encouragement to practise thrift and temperance, and to be more careful in matters pertaining to their moral and physical well-being.

It would be premature just now to pronounce on the utility of the Sweating Committee's labours. One thing it has certainly made plain—it has enlightened the well-to-do of England as to the ways in which their poorer fellow-citizens drag on their existence, and it is almost impossible that the knowledge disseminated by the reports can be entirely fruitless of good. In fact, some reform must be effected, or the consequences will be serious for those whose apathy and neglect help to delay its accomplishment. The labour agitation is no mere passing breeze of popular discontent. It springs from deep-seated social anomalies which must be adjusted and brought into harmony with the rights of the workpeople in England as elsewhere.

In our own country the labour question, though its discussion has been unaccompanied by any of the wild and menacing unrest that has characterized European labour movements, has reached a critical stage, which compels attention. Some years ago the Dominion Government, it may be recalled, appointed a commission of enquiry into the subject which, after discharging its responsible duties, published a report, which has for some time been in the hands of the public. About twelve months ago the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Secretary of State, in pursuance of the same investigation, authorized Mr. Jules Helbronner to proceed to Paris, so as to study, at the various congresses on social economy held in connection with the exposition, such reforms, in practice or theory, as might be applicable to the condition of labour in Canada. Provided with letters of introduction to the Hon. H. Fabre, our Commissioner-General in France, Mr. Helbronner set out accordingly on his important (though for reasons long since made public) unofficial mission, and the results are embodied in a voluminous report recently issued from the Government press. This "Report on the Social Economy Section of the Universal International Exhibition of 1889 at Paris" is virtually an appendix to the report of the Canadian Labour Commission, of which Mr. Helbronner was an active member. It differs very materially from the reports of the English Sweating Committee, already referred to, inasmuch as it provides a remedy for the defects to which attention was called in the original report

of the Labour Commission. There is, indeed, no scheme for the improvement of the workers' position put into operation during the last half century, which the reader will not find described and valued at its true worth in this bulky volume. Apprenticeship, technical training, the regulations of the workshop, the labour of women and girls, systems of payment, wages, profit-sharing, co-operation, strikes, arbitration, provisions for old age and for attendance in sickness, the hygiene of the factory and workshop, workmen's dwellings, mutual benevolent societies, provident institutions, and all the schemes of reform that have been tested in France and other parts of Europe—all these topics are exhaustively treated in this report. As Mr. Helbronner, through his whole inquiry, had his eye on Canada and sought especially such organization and appliances as would be likely to suit our country and people, the report is a grand labour encyclopedia, which the Canadian economist and student cannot consult without advantage. It is impossible to read the accounts of these hundreds of successful experiments recorded in this useful volume without reaching the conviction that there is hardly any labour problem so desperate that, with patience and forbearance, it does not admit of satisfactory solution.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.

The affairs of the "ancient and loyal" colony of Newfoundland have, during the past few weeks, been placed prominently before the Canadian public by the visit of delegates charged with the duty of enlisting the sympathy and support of the Canadian people on the struggle of the Newfoundlander against the claims made by the French to a part of the coast of Newfoundland. The delegates have visited the principal cities of Canada and have everywhere been received most heartily, and the action taken by the people of Newfoundland in endeavouring to maintain their undoubted constitutional rights has met with unanimous endorsement from the people of Canada.

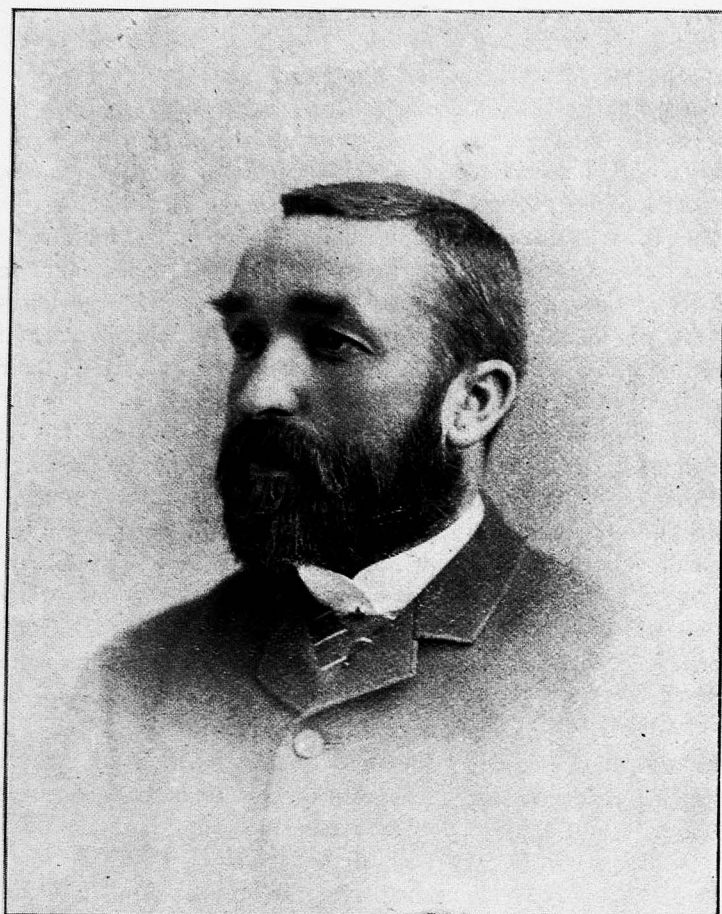
In view of their visit, a few facts in connection with the history of Newfoundland, in addition to what we have already published, may not be out of place. It was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and was formally taken possession of by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the name of Queen Elizabeth on the 5th of August, 1583. During the wars of the early part of the eighteenth century, it was the scene of constant conflicts between the English and French, but at no time was it in the exclusive possession of the French. It was considered of great importance by both nations in these early times as a fishing station and as a nursery for seamen for their navies. The history of Newfoundland during the past century and a half, and the peculiar policy pursued towards it by the Imperial authorities, is well worthy of diligent study. The development of the colony, instead of being promoted, was carefully retarded. Settlement was prohibited, the cultivation of the land was made a crime, and the administration of justice was placed upon a footing unique in the history of British colonization. This was especially the case from 1633 to the early part of the present century. The first fishing captain that arrived in the spring would be the admiral, the second vice-admiral and the third rear-admiral, and these gentlemen had sole supervision and authority in all matters of law and order during the season.

In the early part of the eighteenth century Newfoundland was further confirmed as an English

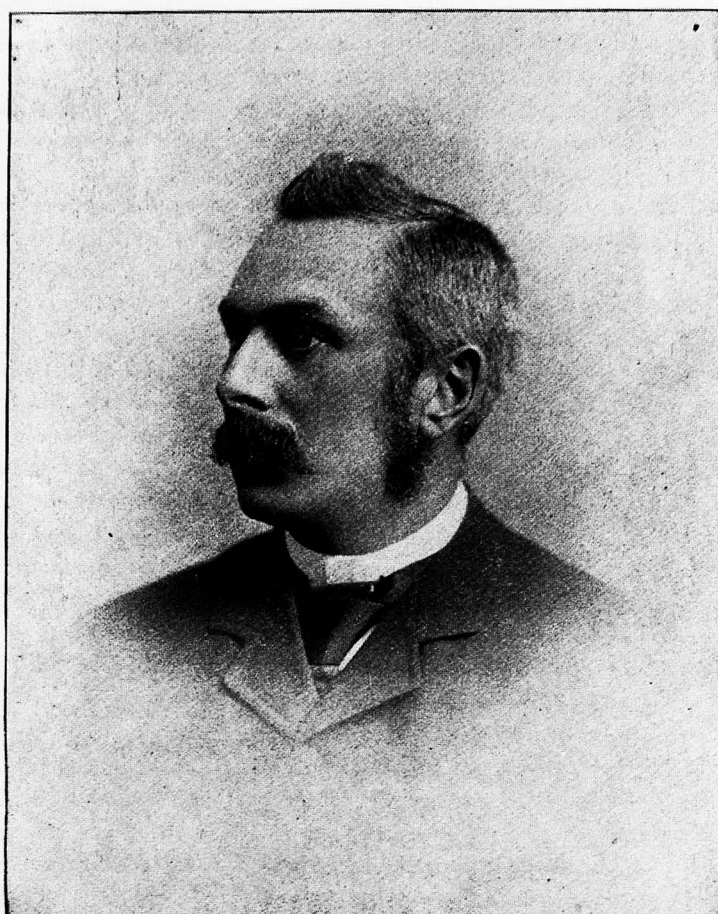
colony by right of conquest and treaty with the French, and the unfortunate concessions made to the latter in the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), have resulted in nothing but trouble to the colony. By this treaty the French were given a concurrent right with the English to "catch fish and dry them on land" on a part of the coast of Newfoundland, and this right was confirmed and their limits extended by subsequent treaties. The French have constantly claimed more than what, under a fair interpretation of the treaties, they were entitled to, and the British Government, instead of confining them within their rights, have, for purposes of Imperial expediency, sacrificed the rights of the colonists. The helpless position of the colony places its inhabitants at the mercy of the Imperial authorities, and their appeal to Canada in the present instance is for the purpose of strengthening their case with the Home Government. The occasion of the present agitation was the claim, on the part of France, to take and preserve lobsters and erect factories on the part of the coast where they have fishery rights. For this they have not the slightest shadow of right under the treaties; but the British Government, instead of taking immediate measures to protect the undoubted rights of the colonists, entered into a *modus vivendi* with the French, granting them the right to take lobsters for the present season. This was done without the consent of the people of Newfoundland, and raised a storm of indignation in the colony. Mass meetings were called and delegates were appointed to proceed to England and Canada to place the grievances of Newfoundland before the people of both countries, and ask their assistance in opposing the claims of the French and the supineness of the English authorities. The delegates to England are Sir James Winter, K.C.M.G., P. J. Scott, Esq., Q.C., and A. B. Morine, Esq., M.L.A. They arrived in England *via* New York last week. The delegates to Canada are D. J. Greene, Esq., Q.C., Donald Morrison, Esq., and P. R. Bowers, Esq., and we present our readers with their portraits in to-day's issue, taken from photographs by Notman. Mr. Greene and Mr. Morrison are both members of the Newfoundland Legislature, and Mr. Bowers is editor of the Newfoundland *Daily Colonist*. These gentlemen have performed the duties of their mission with marked tact and ability, and have been the means of disseminating among the people of Canada much valuable information concerning "Britain's oldest colony," which, we have no doubt, will bear good fruit in the future. Their labours in aid of their fellow-colonists have been eminently successful, and they take with them our fullest sympathy and heartiest good wishes in the work in which they are engaged.

"BAY LEAVES."

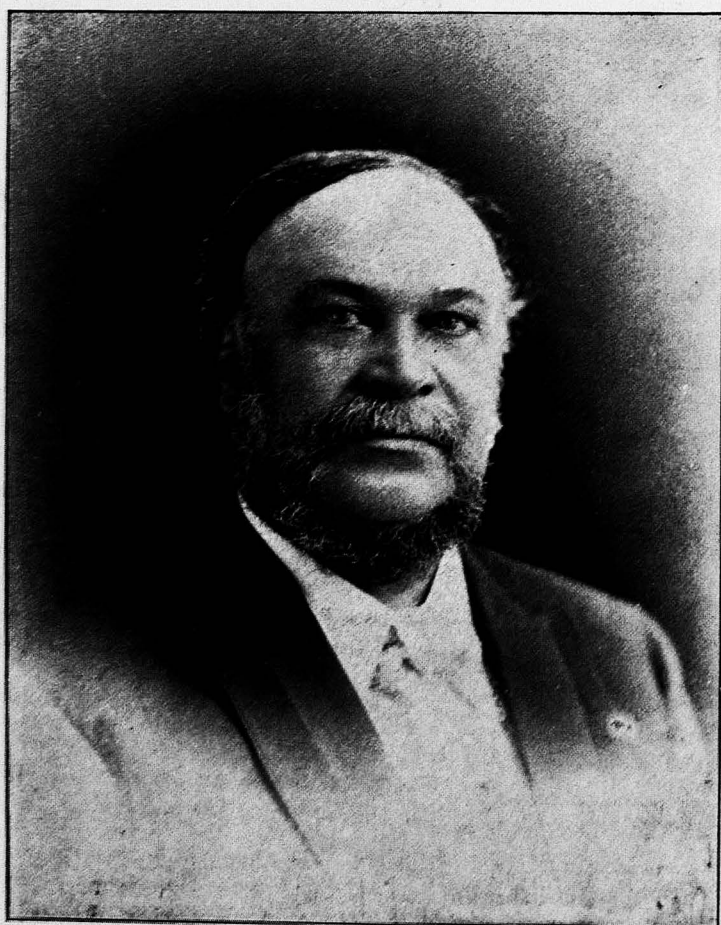
"I see," says "The Rambler" in the *Week*, "the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED accords Mr. Mercer Adam praise for Professor Goldwin Smith's recent classical translations. This is even unusual stupidity; an act of inadvertence of which the editor is, no doubt, by this time fully aware." Yes. That would be stupid, indeed. But we never dreamed of such a thing. On the contrary, after quoting at some length from the "learned author's Introduction," we mentioned distinctly that it was signed by "G. S." and dated from "The Grange, Toronto." All the praise that we gave to Mr. Adam was an acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending us a copy of the book, for which we take this opportunity of again expressing our gratitude to him.



DONALD MORRISON, ESQ., DELEGATE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



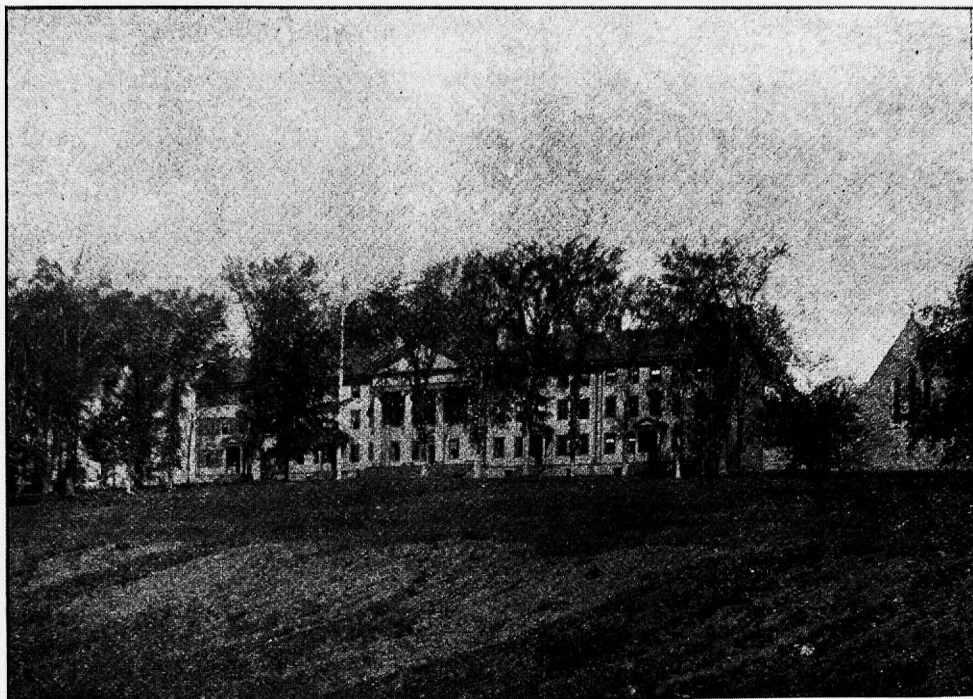
D. J. GREENE, ESQ., Q.C., DELEGATE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



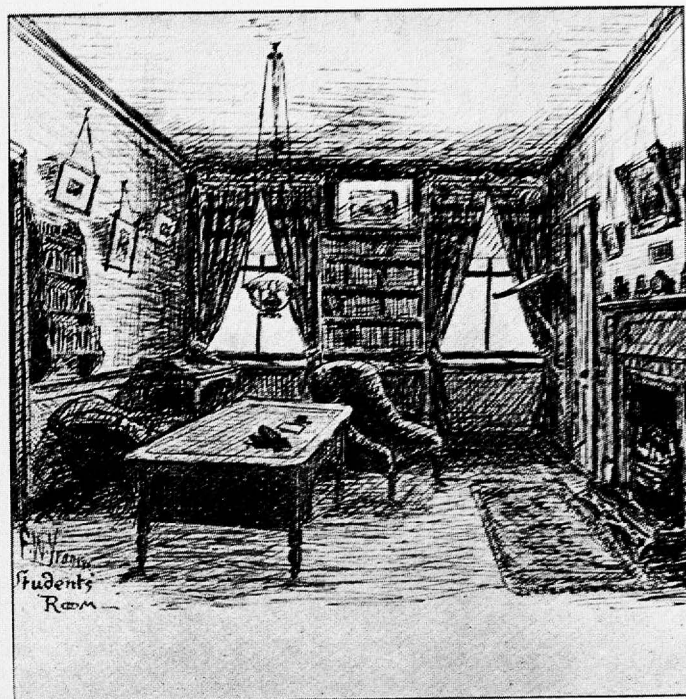
F. R. BOWERS, ESQ., DELEGATE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



REV. DR. WILLET, PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE.

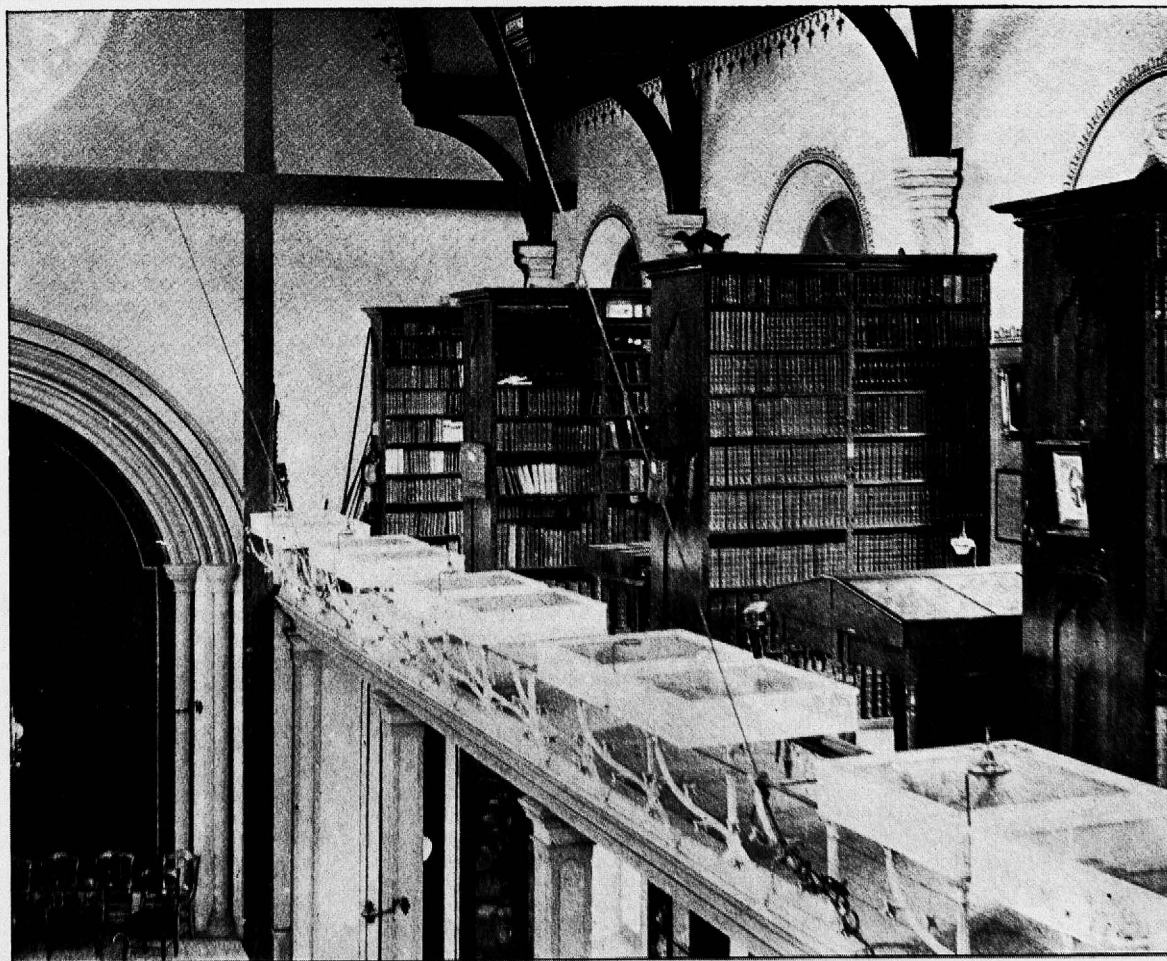


KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.



A STUDENT'S ROOM.

THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.



THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.—THE LIBRARY.



THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC STEAMSHIP ARYSSINIA WITH THE ROYAL PARTY.—The scene depicted in our engraving is one that the people of Victoria will not soon forget. Even in ordinary circumstances the advent of one of these fine monarchs of the western ocean is a sight worth seeing. The Abyssinia is one of a fleet of vessels, famous both for equipment and speed, which were once in the service of the Cunard line. They sail, as a rule, every fifteen days from the harbour of Vancouver for China and Japan—the route which they traverse being some 800 miles shorter than that which has its starting-point at San Francisco. The trip takes from twelve to fifteen days to Yokohama, and from seventeen to twenty to Hong Kong. At Yokohama connection is made for other ports in Japan, Eastern China and Corea; and at Hong Kong, for Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, N.Z., Levuka (Fiji), Batavia (Java), Calcutta, and other points in Australasia, Oceania and the East Indies. The Duke, Duchess and suite had, on the whole, a most satisfactory voyage and expressed themselves as highly pleased with all the arrangements. Our "commissioner" had the honour to be one of the first to greet their Royal Highnesses, and to receive from the Duke expressions of kindly remembrance of his former sojourn in Canada. It is not unworthy of mention that a portrait of His Royal Highness adorned the first number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the publication of which, by the managing-director of this paper, was begun in October, 1869. His Royal Highness was also pleased to signify his approval of the *Dominion Illustrated*, copies of which, that came under his notice in India, had reminded him of the years spent in the Dominion. As our next issue will be entirely devoted to the rejoicings at Victoria—will be a Victoria number, in fact—we will not anticipate our commissioner's account of the proceedings. On Thursday, the 22nd ult., at eleven o'clock, the steamship reached Vancouver, and their Royal Highnesses were met by Mayor Oppenheimer and the City Council of that place, and the resident officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway. An address of welcome having been read by His Worship, His Royal Highness made a gracious reply and thanked the authorities and people of Vancouver for their loyal greeting. He was glad, he said, to find himself once more on Canadian soil. It was quite a new experience for him to come into a city only three years of age, and he was perfectly astounded at its size and thrift. The afternoon was spent by His Royal Highness in driving about the city and Stanley Park with Major-General Sir John McNeill and Mayor Oppenheimer. In the evening the Royal Party dined with Mayor and Mrs. Oppenheimer and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Abbott. They went aboard the special train immediately after dinner and left Vancouver at 8 o'clock in the morning. Both the Duke and the Duchess and Colonel McNeill spoke frequently of the wonderful progress of the young city, whose churches, hotels, civic buildings, private residences and other manifold signs of prosperity were a constant surprise to them, after living so long in the East with its millennial traditions and averseness to change. The impression made on the Vancouverites by the Royal Party was all that could be desired, and that go-a-head community is now more loyal than ever. The readiness with which their Royal Highnesses, notwithstanding their limited time, acceded to the request of our representative and allowed themselves to be photographed, deserves the gratitude of all our readers, who are also indebted to the enterprise and tact of Mr. Brownlee, who was our spokesman on the occasion.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.—Some particulars regarding these gentlemen and their important mission to Canada will be found in our editorial columns, to which the reader is referred.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.—King's College, which is to celebrate the centenary of its foundation this month, may fairly claim to be reckoned amongst the ancient institutions of the country. The original promoters of the college were Loyalist refugees, the chief of whom was Dr. Charles Inglis, who played a brave part as assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, during the Revolutionary War, and was in 1787 consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia, being the first colonial bishop. He may be regarded as the pioneer of higher education in the Maritime Provinces. His first care on coming to the province, which then included New Brunswick, was to secure a grant from the Legislature for a Boys' Academy at Windsor, and this done, he set himself to work to establish a college. When sufficient funds had been obtained by public and private benefactions, he secured the services of Rev. Dr. Cochran, formerly Professor of Classics at King's (now Columbia) College, N.Y., and the college was opened in the summer of 1790. A royal charter, conferring university powers, was granted by George III. in 1802. It is estimated that about 200 students, representing nearly all the best Loyalist families of the Maritime Provinces, passed through the college before the granting of the charter. The college is inseparably connected with the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury being *ex officio* Patron, and the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Visitor, but no religious tests are imposed on students. The college is situated just outside the town of Windsor, on a hill sloping towards the south

and ornamented with tall and graceful elms. In the rear of the college is the cricket field, and behind that a wood of spruce, diversified by hill and dale, through which the direct road to town picturesquely winds. The main college building, shown in our engraving, was begun in 1791, and for many years served all the purposes of lecture rooms, hall, library, chapel, and residence for president and students. A second building, for the residence of the professors, was erected in 1855. This was destroyed by fire a few years ago, and its place has been supplied by detached cottages. The library and convocation hall, a handsome free-stone building, situated on the slope of the hill, below the main building, was erected by the Associated Alumni in 1865. The library, it may be noted in passing, is a very valuable one of about 10,000 volumes, and contains some rare bibliographical treasures. The chapel, which stands beside the main building, and is connected with it by a corridor, was built in 1878, chiefly through the liberality of the late Edward Binney, of Halifax, as a memorial of the Rev. Dr. Hensley, sometime Professor of Divinity at the college. The college staff at present consists of a president, five professors and two lecturers. The president, Rev. Dr. Willets, is a graduate of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and before his appointment to his present position was favourably known as Head Master of the Collegiate School. Three of the Faculty—Professors Butler, Vroom and Jones—are graduates of the college, the latter being also a graduate with honours of Heidelberg. Prof. Kennedy, vice-president, is a graduate of McGill, and formerly held the position of Professor of Natural Science at Acadia College. Prof. Roberts, who is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, is already well known to our readers.

THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL AND MCGILL COLLEGE CRICKET MATCH.—Some time ago it was announced that the Cricket Club of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, would play a series of matches with the McGill, Montreal and St. James Cricket Clubs of this city. On Thursday, the 29th ult., the first of the series came off between the Bishop's College School and McGill College clubs. It is this match which is illustrated in our engraving. The pitch was in excellent condition and the weather all that could be desired. Captain Smith, of Bishop's College, won the toss, and selected to send his men to the bat. The boys showed excellent form, and their fielding was all that could be desired; but the bowling of Mackie and Muir, and the batting of Muir, Robertson and Langley proved too strong, while the fielding of McGill was very good, Ramsay, at coverpoint, being especially noticeable. The match resulted in a victory for McGill by six wickets. The following is the score:

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL (LENNOXVILLE).

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Heneker, b Muir.....	0	Heneker, b Muir.....	2
Stewart, b Mackie.....	5	Stewart, b Mackie.....	0
Brice (Pro.), b Muir.....	15	Brice, c Hamilton.....	10
Kaulbach, b Mackie.....	3	Kaulbach, b Mackie.....	11
McLeod, b Mackie.....	4	McLeod, run out.....	6
H. S. Smith, b Muir.....	2	F. W. Frith, b Mackie.....	0
F. W. Frith, run out.....	0	H. S. Smith, c b Mackie.....	9
Drury, b Mackie.....	0	Drury, c Hamilton.....	4
E. C. Smith, b Muir.....	0	E. C. Smith, b Langley.....	0
Crosby, b Mackie.....	0	Stone, run out.....	0
Stone, not out.....	0	Crosby, not out.....	0
Byes.....	3	Byes.....	2
Leg byes.....	1	Leg byes.....	1
Total.....	33	Total.....	45

Bowling Analysis.

	B	R	M	W
Mackie.....	49	13	5	5
Muir.....	45	16	4	4

MCGILL COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Prof. Moyses, c McLeod, b Brice.....	3	Patterson, b Smith.....	0
Ramsay, b McLeod.....	0	Robertson, b Brice.....	3
Mackie, s'd Frith, b Brice.....	3	Hewettson, not out.....	1
Muir, c Crosby, b Brice.....	24	Yates, c Stewart, b Brice.....	0
Yates, c Kaulbach, b Brice.....	2	Muir, b H. S. Smith.....	0
Hamilton, E. H., c and b Brice.....	0	Hamilton, not out.....	4
Hewettson, c Frith, b Brice.....	9	Total for four wickets.....	8
Langley, b Smith, H. S.....	4		
Oughtred, b Brice.....	0		
Patterson, not out.....	7		
Robertson, run out.....	14		
Byes.....	4		
Wide balls.....	1		
Total.....	71		

COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.—Our readers will find in this engraving a characteristic Canadian scene, representative of the awakening commercial life of our great inland ports at this season of the year. Collingwood, as they are aware, is a thriving incorporated town and port of entry, on Notawasaga Bay, on the south shore of that portion of Lake Huron known as Georgian Bay. It is in the County of Simcoe, and is less than a hundred miles from Toronto, with which, as with all the other chief centres of population and trade in Canada and on the continent, it is connected by railway. It contains several flourishing factories and a number of stores which do a large business with the surrounding country. Its lumber, grain and produce trade is extensive, and its shipyards and elevators are well worth seeing. Some notion of the character and extent of the grain trade at this port may be obtained from the fleet of vessels shown in our illustration, the first to arrive this spring. It carries an aggregate freight of 400,000 bushels, from which statement it may be imagined what the business yields during the season and how many men must procure employment from it. The harbour of Collingwood is one of the finest in fresh water within the boundaries of

the Dominion. The dry dock connected with it is capable of receiving the largest class of lake vessels. It is kept constantly occupied, under the management of the Great Northern Transportation Company, which has a large number of steamers running from the port. The scenery at Collingwood is in harmony with its great natural facilities for trade, and is much admired by visitors.

SPRING IMPRESSIONS.

A MEDLEY OF POETRY AND PROSE.

The morning sun throws an emerald radiance over woods and fields, enchanting in their spring-tide beauty. Happy, silvery-winged birds are skimming o'er a pure blue sky, and some sober-coloured little songsters, merry for all their quakery looks, are twittering on the hedges and tree tops. The leaf buds are bursting and swelling, and the flowers are unfolding their long hidden loveliness. The water music of rippling streams purls in our ears, and the soft winds caress us with murmurs of delight.

'Tis spring, and the spring feeling, the gladness of spring is in our heart.

We are not always happy. Man was not made to be always happy; but when the spring sun shines upon us; when the spring voices sound in our ears; when the spring fragrance and freshness fill the air; when all nature rejoices in returning life, then that elusive bird called "Happiness," which we are forever pursuing, tarries with us of its own sweet will and sings a song so loud and clear that our little home bird, "Sorrow," hides its head under its wing and appeareth as if dead.

Our love for Spring has ever been deep and true, although until now, until we could obtain the sanction of Time to prove its worth, we made no protestations of affection, finding, as many young lovers find, more charm and romance in a secret love than in one known to the world.

Be that as it may, the communicativeness of our nature will no longer be repressed, and though to us be not given the "faculty divine," the power of expressing all that we feel and see in words which sound melodious to the ear and create for Fancy's eye scenes of beauty, yet out of a heart which hath ever been open to the sweet charm of Spring there cannot but escape a few earnest words in acknowledgment of that charm.

Then let earnestness be the substitute of eloquence, and believe us when we say that no true Irishman's breast, when beholding a display of his national colour on St. Patrick's Day, throbs with more enthusiastic pleasure than ours when our eyes are gladdened by the sight of woods and fields so fair and young in their greenness that they seem to grow greener even as we gaze.

Another lease of life and hope is given us "when the robin nests again"; for the spring time of the year recalls the spring-time of life and the glory of the fresh young earth brings back to us the hopes and dreams of youth. And, oh, what rainbow hopes have been ours, what bright, and to doubting minds, what impossible dreams we have dreamt! Even when too young, perhaps, to think seriously, did we love the hours of solitude in which we could dream, could look into the Future through Fancy's magic mirror and see therein beings which were to exist for us, flowers which were to bloom for us, birds which were to sing for us,—some day—some day.

And though we are no longer a nonsensical child, and though our human sympathies are as warm as it is needful for them to be without inconveniencing us by their heat (he that hath a taste for solitude is generally considered misanthropic), yet there are times even now when we love to wander alone into a realm of hopes and dreams very little different from the fairyland To-Come of our childhood.

And tell us not on such a bright day as this that 'tis unwise to be so sanguine and hopeful. 'Tis spring-time now, and though Despondency may visit us during the other seasons of the year, in the happy, buoyant, life-giving spring it seemeth impossible to be too hopeful, too joyous, too trustful.

We hope for blessings, and we believe that we shall get them, and to those who talk of "Blighted Hopes" we would say: There is enough pleasure in anticipation; there is enough charm in things hoped for though not possessed, and there is enough cheerfulness and courage given us through hoping to recompense us for all the "Blighted Hopes" that this world has to blight.

What a dreary, hopeless, effortless being is he who will not hope because he fears his hopes may be disappointed; who seeth nothing in the future worth striving for!

We can suffer with those who have suffered wrongs, perchance beyond the righting; we can weep for those whose hearts unnoticed broke amidst this world's great traffic; we can mourn for those whom the grave hath robbed of all that was dear to them, and can sympathize with those remorse-tortured ones, who, gifted with utmost divine wisdom, yet, wilfully turned from the guiding light and with eyes that saw all the horror and shame before them walked into the arms of sin.

Yes, we can feel for all these, for we have often gazed (though not in the spring time) into the melancholy deep of life; but we cannot, no, we cannot waste our sympathy on one who can stand in the beneficial, wholesome spring sunshine and ask us despondently the question, "Is life worth living?" To such a one we can only reply, "The question is not whether life is worth living, but it is whether you are worthy to have the gift of life bestowed on you. The worth of life depends upon your own worth, and if, with all the spring influences around you, you can find nothing better

to do than to ask that question, then your worth is, indeed, small.

And, now look up, all ye who are weary, sorrow-stricken and broken-hearted; look up, as the sky raiseth itself in spring; look up and believe and feel that just as the flowers are blooming afresh over the graves of sister flowers of other years, so also is it possible for hope, faith and love to rise again in the heart in which they once withered and died.

For thee, who knowest how to love;
For thee, who weavest fancies bright,
There is a glory in the Spring,
There is a rapturous delight,
For thee, there's music in the wind,
Whose unseen chords the green reeds bind,
And Nature's smiles are more than wind
For thee. Ah, yes, for thee,
For thee, the meadows' beauties bloom,
Beside the laughing brook, and on the hill,
For thee, the songbirds sing in every tree,
For thee, the flowers bloom in every field,
For thee, the sunbeams dance in every ray,
For thee, the world is full of joy and light,
For thee, the heart is full of love and faith,
For thee, the soul is full of hope and faith,
For thee, the world is full of joy and light,
For thee, the heart is full of love and faith,
For thee, the soul is full of hope and faith.

May, 1890

KATHIE BATHON.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98.)

The next move of the enemy was on the 27th of November, after the armistice between General Buxton and General Sheaffe was ended. It took place at the upper end of Grand Isle, between Fort Erie and Chippewa, when two of the small outposts of the British were, after a stubborn resistance, overpowered. On hearing the news, Colonel Bishopp immediately left Fort Chippewa and formed a junction with Major Ormsby, from Fort Erie. Early next morning a second division of the enemy attempted to land, but were repulsed by a steady fire of musketry and a six-pounder, which destroyed two boats and compelled the remainder to take to flight. General Smyth, who had remained on the other side, no doubt busily composing more of his wonderful and heart-stirring proclamations, was amazed at his men returning in such a manner—had he not sent them forth to victory?—a sure and easy victory over a *broken down force*. Had he not sent them forth burning with zeal to accomplish the great deeds which he had with so much eloquence put forth in his proclamation. There was some misunderstanding, surely, and forthwith he despatched a message to Colonel Bishopp, desiring him to surrender Fort Erie. To which Colonel Bishopp made answer "Come and take it." General Smyth did not, however, accept this invitation, but after a little further display of his forces on the other side, ordered them to winter quarters, greatly to their annoyance, which showed itself so strongly that he was at last obliged to take to flight to save himself from their indignation. And in this manner ended the third attempt to take Upper Canada; closing the campaign of 1812, with a result that reflected nothing but the greatest honour and glory upon Canada, who had, with her few regiments of regulars and hastily levied militia, proved herself more than a match for the enemy. And herein lay the secret of her success—that her people were firmly united and fought as only men can fight when they see all that is dear to them about to be sacrificed. Side by side French and English, Protestant and Catholic, fought, and never a word about creed and nationality was heard; for were they not defending their common country—their beloved Canada. This feeling is shown in the following passage, which appeared about this time in the *Montreal Canadian Courant*: "The young men move forward in solid columns towards the enlisting officers with an expression of countenance not to be mistaken. The Canadians are awakening from the repose of an age secured to them by good government and virtuous habits. Their anger is fresh—the object of their preparation simple and distinct. They are to defend their king, known to them only by acts of kindness, and a native country long since made sacred by the exploits of their forefathers."

General Dearborn on hearing of the enthusiastic preparations and united feeling of the people where he had hoped for results far otherwise, determined to abandon his design of invading the Lower Province for the present and retired into winter quarters at Plattsburg and Burlington.

The Legislature of Lower Canada met on the 29th December and granted the following sums:

£15,000 to equip the militia; £1,000 for hospitals; £25,000 towards the support of the war, and £400 to improve the communication between Lower and Upper Canada.

Of the 399 vessels which left Quebec during the year 1812, 21 were built that year in the city.

While the campaign of 1812 had proved disastrous to the enemy on land, it had been lost sight of in the brilliant victories achieved by them at sea. England had at this time a thousand vessels afloat, but many of them were insufficiently manned and their equipments were far from perfect. Those of the enemy, on the contrary, though few in number, were new and well built and of great speed.

On August 19th the *Constitution* encountered the *Guerrière*, a vessel captured by the British from the French. She was returning from a long cruise to *Le Havre*. She carried 48 guns and a crew of 244. The *Constitution*, on the contrary, was just fresh from port, with 56 guns and a crew of 460. For two hours the fight raged yard-arm to yard-arm, till the *Guerrière* lay a perfect wreck, with all her masts gone, and slowly but surely sinking, and not till then did her commander yield her up.

The next engagement took place in October. The *Frolic*, damaged in a gale, was refitting rigging, when she encountered the American *Wasp*. After an hour's fighting she was carried by boarding, the only men living on her decks being three officers and the man at the wheel.

Again, on the 25th the *Macedonian* was captured by the United States, with a crew of 424, to that of the *Macedonian's* 254. The fight lasted three hours, first at long range, then in close fight, and in endeavours to board, which were vain, owing to a tremendous sea. The *Macedonian* was at last obliged to lower her flag, being in a helpless condition and exposed to a raking broadside, with a loss of 104 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was only 12. The closing disaster of this year was the loss of the *Java* frigate, under command of the brave young hero Lambert, who was on his way to the East Indian station with a crew composed of poachers, smugglers and other desperate characters. On the 29th December he encountered the *Constitution*. The inequality of the two in respect to broadside and crews was much the same as the previous contests. Lambert, who was one of the bravest of the brave, saw that his only chance was at close quarters, and succeeded in getting alongside of the *Constitution*. And for three hours and a half the fight raged furiously. Lambert, attempting to board the *Constitution*, was fatally wounded, whereupon his motley crew, undisciplined and many totally ignorant of the mode of fighting, but with true British courage, fought still more desperately to revenge the fall of their brave young commander. The rigging and running gear took fire, and added to the horror of the struggle. So ruined and riddled was she when taken that the American commander, after having saved the remainder of her crew, left her to the devouring flames.

When the news of these losses reached England she seemed for a moment stunned by the blow. That she, who had compelled the nations of Europe to bow before her power on the seas, should now be conquered by a nation of such recent growth was humiliating. While the rest of Europe gloated over the astonishing and unprecedented results of the conflict, England, after her first deep growl of resentment, said no more, but quietly set about remedying the evil and grappling more vigorously with one of her many foes, who at this time were occupied in trying to tear her to pieces. As fast as she shook off one others were ready to take his place, till it seemed well-nigh hopeless; but, though she might be stunned for a while, she awakened to mightier efforts.

The campaign of 1813 commenced early in the year, the plan of the enemy being to recover Detroit and assail Upper Canada by way of Amherstburg; to move against the forts on the Niagara frontier, Erie, Chippewa and George; to capture Kingston and York; and, lastly, to move against Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. The respective forces of the two armies at this time were: That of General Dearborn over 13,000 men of all arms; to oppose this Sir George Prevost had not more

than 3,000 regulars and militia. At Sackett's Harbour there were 200 regulars and 2,000 militia. At Lake Champlain 3,000 regulars and 2,000 militia. To oppose this force there were scattered at Kingston, Prescott and other posts on the line 1,500 men. On the Niagara frontier the enemy had 3,300 regulars and 2,000 militia. To oppose these were 1,700 men in Fort George and 600 men on the rest of the frontier, 36 miles in length. On the western frontier General Harrison had about 2,000 men, Proctor's force being about 1,000 troops and 1,200 Indians and militiamen.

THE OVERHEAD SYSTEM OF ELECTRICAL TRAMWAYS.

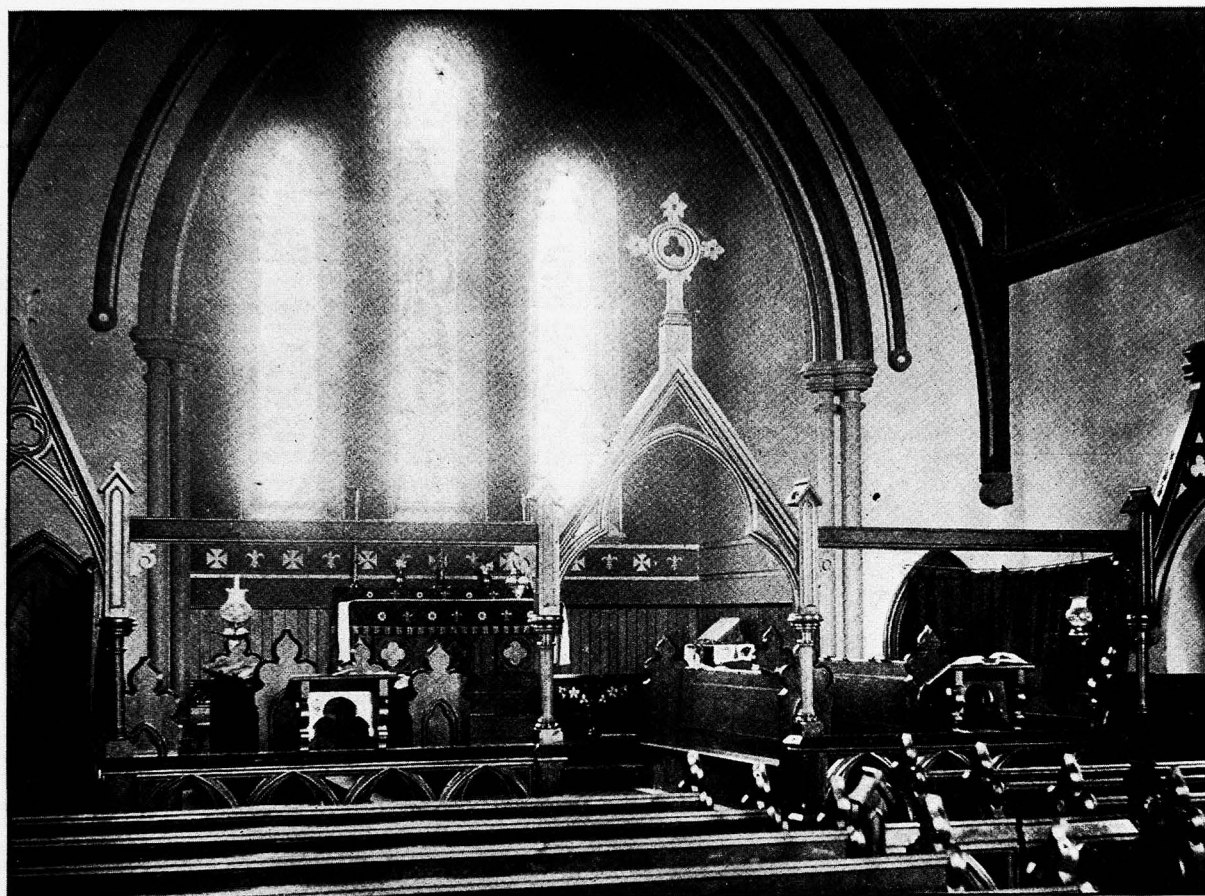
It is being proposed to adopt in England a modification of the system of electrical tramways which is now in use in America. By this system the motive power is obtained from a "naked conductor" of electricity carried overhead and supported at intervals along the street on telegraph poles. This method is well suited to suburban traffic; and Mr. Wynne, of a Westminster Chamberlain, has devised a modification of it for use in crowded streets where overhead wires are undesirable. Mr. Wynne's method consists in the use of an insulated underground conductor communicating with the moving car. All openings in the street pavement are dispensed with; there is no hole or place into which road grit and sludge can get, where it would abrade the conductors and require drainage or catchpits for its removal or collection. The cost of the alteration, as stated in a report on the system made by the engineers of the Brush Engineering Company, is declared to be no more than the capital cost of the horses and horse-cars, which are dispensed with.

ADVICE TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.

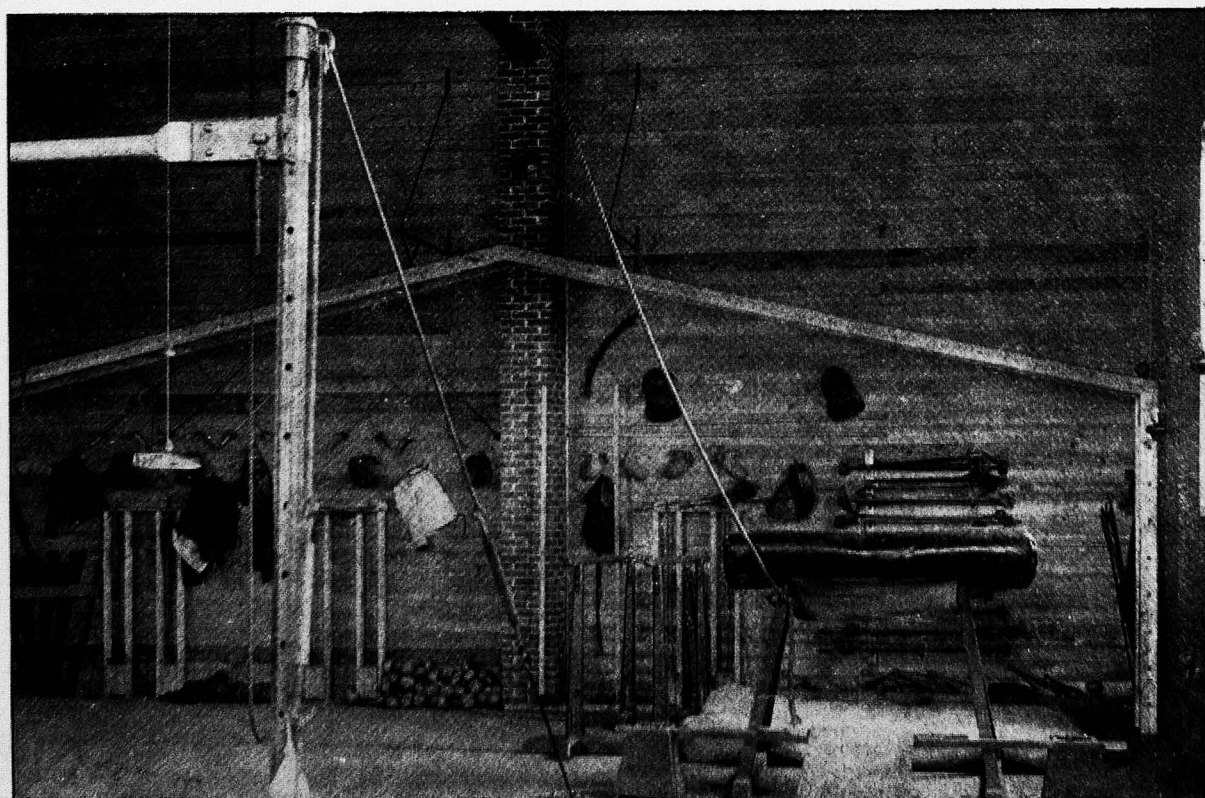
"If your story or poem makes a successful sensation, it may cause the papers to talk of you, and that you cannot help; but if you cause the papers to talk, it will never make your story or poem a success, and can only cast a reflection on your good sense and good breeding." If the "literary aspirant" would only remember this and act upon it, it would be a good thing for him or her. A newspaper success is not a real success. If you happen to belong to the Pegasus Club, which is largely composed of journalists, and if you are a pretty good fellow and—like Colonel Sellers—"love the newspaper boys," you will find your name constantly appearing in print. Indeed, you will read so much about your genius that you will wonder why the publishers are so slow to accept your manuscripts, and why the public which has seen so much in the papers about your "cosy little flat," your "bric-à-brac," and your manner of working, is so slow to buy your books. The reason for this apparent want of appreciation on the part of the publisher and the public, is that your success is only that of "puffing." Your work has no real merit, and your name would never be seen in print if you were not on such good terms with the amiable but indiscriminating young men who fill the columns of the daily papers.—*Writer*.

THE NAMING OF NOVELS.

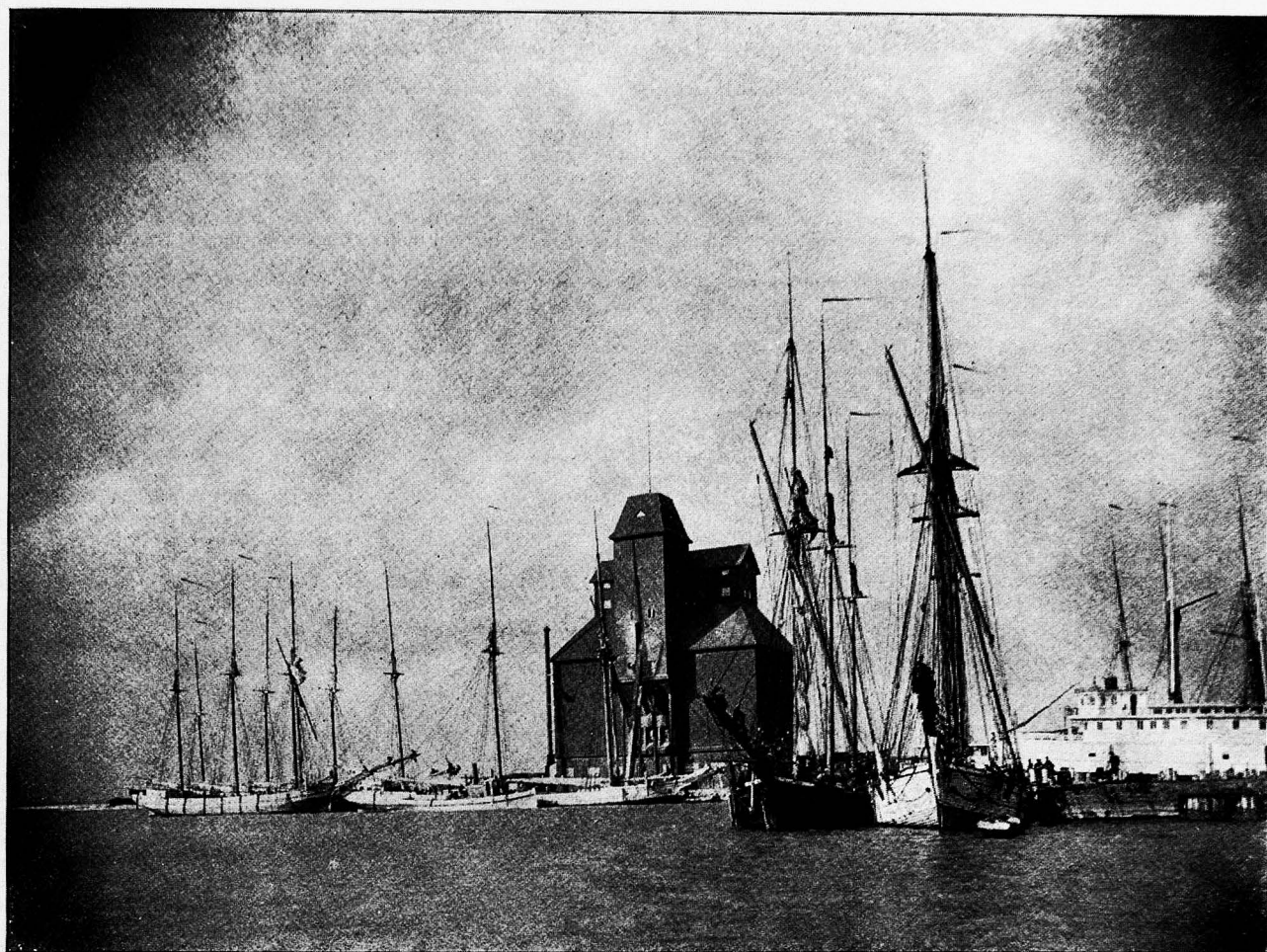
Even the undaunted Dumas, who tackles history more directly and more at large than Scott ever chose to do, calls his famous book, not after Richelieu, Mazarin, or Louis XIV., but after the "Three Musketeers." That is an admirable title by the way, so mysterious and suggestive. There is always something fascinating about numbers in titles, and here the title is none the less admirable that the musketeers were in fact not three but four, and that the fourth was the best of the bunch, the immortal d'Artagnan. If Constable did Scott a bad turn over "Kenilworth," he made amends by getting "Herries" changed to the high-sounding romantic name "Redgauntlet." "Herries" would have served, but it is not the pleasant mouthful that "Redgauntlet" is. Indeed as the *Waverley Novels* are the best of all romances, so their names are the best of all names. "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian"—they are perfect. Scott's answer to Constable put the wisdom of the thing in a nutshell. His titles arouse curiosity without discounting it; they are distinctive and appropriate, come trippingly off the tongue and satisfy the ear, and have withal a twang of romance about them. Scott, of course, besides his genius, had the advantage of coming early in the day, and had no need to shout to make himself heard amid the din of a crowd. Miss Austen died only a very few years after Scott turned from poetry to prose romance, and Lytton was only beginning to write as the wonderful *Waverley* series were drawing to a close in stress and difficulty. Most novels naturally derive their point and principle of unity from the character or career, the action or passion, of some one among the personages. And the name of that person, as Constable urged rightly enough, supplies the natural name for the book. Accordingly among the myriads of works of fiction this form of title is out and away the most common. With the exception of Jane Austen's double-barrelled alliterative titles "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," which also have not been without their influence, up to Scott's time the chief novels were named after the hero or heroine. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.



THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.—HENSLEY MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.—A CORNER OF THE GYMNASIUM.



FLEET OF GRAIN LADEN VESSELS AT COLLINGWOOD, GEORGIAN BAY, ONT.
(Fanjoy, photo.)



COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING THE G. T. R.V. ELEVATORS.
(Fanjoy, photo.)

TWO PICTURES.

BY HELEN FAIRBAIN.

Once more the door opened, and this time Dr. Clarendon entered, bringing, as all the others had done, a sample of the outside atmosphere into the hall with him. He glanced at the girl as he was about to pass on. She arose.

"I have been waiting for you, doctor."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "come into the study. Have you waited long?"

"About twenty minutes."

"How came the maid to leave you in the hall? She should have brought you into the drawing-room. A new servant, I suppose. I must give her to understand that my patients are not to be treated in that way."

Requesting her to be seated, he left the room, and returned presently minus overcoat and cap. "Now, let me have a look at the poor forehead," he said, smiling genially and approaching his patient's chair. She removed her hat and he deftly loosened the bandage. "Oh, very well; that's doing very well indeed," he said, holding her head with that firm, professional touch, that has a sort of mesmerically calming influence upon our nerves, and often keeps us still, when, under other hands, we should be struggling and screaming.

He gently applied to the still slightly inflamed spot some cooling lotion, noting, meanwhile, lines and shadows on the quiet face that told of pain and weariness.

"Did you enjoy your holidays?" she inquired presently, half-timidly. His mention of his trip home for Christmas had interested her strangely. It must be so rarely comforting to have a home to go to for one's holidays; some place to be welcomed and loved. She had thought of it so often that her question was almost involuntary.

"I did, indeed!" rejoined the doctor heartily, leaning back against the mantel-shelf and looking down at his patient's wistful grey eyes. "I was only sorry that I had so few days to spare. Did you? Have you been away at all, or is your home here?" he added, regretting the question immediately.

"No," the girl replied, the lines and shadows deepening and the grey eyes growing more wistful. "No, I have not been away and my home isn't here. It isn't anywhere. I board near Bleury street. I am an orphan and have no home in reality."

"That's a hard case!" ejaculated Clarendon, with so much of sympathy in his tone that his patient's eyelids drooped and her lip quivered. "But you know," he added quickly, "that sometimes, when things seem very hard, they are only working towards a vastly improved condition. We often give up hope too soon, I think. A new and beautiful brightness may come suddenly, and drive away the gloom."

"Such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the ranges from one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul; And what is our bliss mid it all? Why, always to change with the changes, Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal,"

he quoted thoughtfully. It was certainly the poet who was speaking now. He was about to begin the next verse, when the girl, with a swift, upward glance, interpolated:

"He made a mistake there."

"A mistake!" repeated Clarendon, curiously.

"Yes. He says, 'And what is our bliss mid it all.' He should have known that there is no 'bliss mid it all.'"

For a few moments the doctor regarded her silently. Then he spoke. "You have troubles," half interrogatively. A flash of the grey eyes and a compression of the sad lips answered him. He continued: "The man who wrote the lines I have just quoted was no stranger to trouble.* He 'had known sorrow,' and yet he took heart of grace and added to the wail of his threnody this last verse:

"Then, to-night, I will chase my sorrow with that wild gust of December;
The gloom where I sit is gone, and the gleams of the morning appear;
The past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,
For the future rises before me in the flush of the dawning year."

With parted lips and eager eyes she listened, a slight flush rising to her face meanwhile. When Clarendon paused there was silence, broken only by the ticking of his brass clock on the mantel. Presently the flush died away, and the eager interest was replaced by an intensely pathetic expression, as clasping her slender fingers, she said earnestly:

"If one could—if one only could feel like that! A new strength to go out into the future with. An ability to take hold of circumstances and work some good and happiness out of them, instead of being tied down by them to their own treadmill."

"That," responded Dr. Clarendon quickly, "is the inevitable consequence of not taking hold of them. I know," he continued, "it is easy for those who are not tried to talk of what others should do; but I think it well to remember that most people are hard-pressed in one way or another, and if we knew through what difficulties some brave hearts have fought their way, our own course would seem much smoother. At the worst, we have still cause for thankfulness. To-night food, shelter and clothing would make some poor souls in this very city supremely happy."

"I should not complain, I know," she assented; "but even sheltered, clothed and fed we may still feel pain. Don't you think so?"

"I know it, indeed; and I do not mean to make light

*John Leconte.—Ed. D. I.

of your troubles, but I would, if I could, persuade you to look away from them. I wish I could help you in some way, but not knowing what—" He broke off, uncertain how to proceed. To say that he didn't know what her troubles were would be almost equivalent to asking their nature. She looked up—half surprised, half pleased.

"It is kind of you to say that, but you couldn't help me. Nobody can."

"Oh, yes, somebody can," interjected the doctor hopefully.

She smiled; then resumed: "I am an orphan. I have not a friend in the world. I am obliged to do wearisome work during the greater part of the day for a plain maintenance. After all, there are hundreds of others no better off than I who go along bravely, and seem even to get some happiness out of it all, but I have never learned their secret."

There was such utter, helpless sadness in her demeanour as she made this simple statement, that Keith Clarendon involuntarily exclaimed:

"My poor child! You are suffering from the absence of pleasure as much as from the presence of pain. You need something to be interested in; someone to be friendly with."

He made an abrupt pause. All at once he saw the hollowness of recommending to her the pleasures of friendship while withholding the offer of his own, as evidence of a practical interest in her acceptance of his advice. A train of argumentative thoughts flashed through his mind as he stood there. There was the possibility of her being able to form other friendships.

Then there was the almost certainty that any congenial and beneficial to her were beyond her reach. There was the endless "unwisdom" of his making any attempt to be her friend. Again, there was the possibility that she had never been able to confide to anyone else the simple tale of her lonely life, and that confidence, of itself, entailed an obligation.

Presently an idea struck him. "Are you fond of reading?" he inquired with a degree of abrupt irrelevance that almost startled his auditor. She replied without hesitation in the affirmative. "Then you must let me give you a couple of books." He strode over to his book shelves and pulled out a volume of Phillips Brooks' sermons.

"That will do for one," was his mental comment. "That's both tonic and nourishment. Now for a sedative. I want an easy going, old-fashioned story, not tragical, but thoroughly interesting. A soothing book that will give her mind a rest. 'Thornycroft Hall.' The very thing!"

Seating himself at the table and lifting a pen from the stand, he dipped it into his heavy, flat ink bottle, and upon the fly leaf of the sermons wrote:

"Take short views; hope for the best, and trust in God."
—*Sydney Smith.*

Then taking the story, he dipped his pen again, thought until the ink had dried, dipped it once more and wrote:

"Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend."
—*Wordsworth.*

Just as he placed them in her hands, the loud clanging of the dinner-bell resounded through the house. The girl arose quickly, and was about to put on her hat when the doctor interposed:

"Allow me to replace the bandage. You must wear it until the inflammation is quite gone for fear of cold."

This done, she hesitated, as though wishing to say something, and yet undecided as to how to begin. Finally, she spoke.

"To what extent am I indebted to you, doctor?"

"Oh! not at all," replied Clarendon coolly.

"Oh! yes; I am. I must be. I mean, what do I owe you for your professional services?"

"Nothing, I assure you," repeated the doctor. He had resolved not to charge her anything, and yet feared that his consideration might, in her eyes, assume the form of charity. "Really," he continued, "I could not charge any fee for so small a service. Surely you would let any friend bathe a cut on your forehead, and tie it up, without calling him to account for it afterward!"

He laughed at the little play upon the words in the last phrase. His patient laughed too, and her protest ended there. She extended her hand and thanked him sincerely for his kindness. The doctor grasped her hand cordially and waived her thanks. They left the room and walked towards the door, meeting the other boarders hurrying downstairs in response to the noisy summons of the bell. Clarendon opened the door, and then with a sudden impulse stepped forward and resting his hand lightly on her arm, said: "Take courage. I trust there is a happy life before you. Good night." And once more the sad-eyed girl passed out into the darkness.

III.

March came in with all its traditional leonine severity and went out like a nice little orthodox lamb. April was equally up to the mark in presenting a typical succession of smiles and tears. (Some of us always see more tears than smiles on her fickle face.) Streams of water from the melting ice stole along, and meeting one another, gurgled down the mountain side. In one place a literal torrent tore its way past rocks and trees, carrying with it last year's dead leaves and broken twigs.

Out in the grand St. Lawrence great blocks of ice from Lake St. Louis floated down midstream—coldly white against the coldly dark current. Along the shores and for

some distance out ice still covered the water. There were great irregular heaps and blocks driven up and in by the recent "shove" all along the river front. One could hardly believe, in looking at the piled up harbour, that a few short weeks only would elapse before a whole fleet of bargues, steamboats, tugs, barges, yachts and ocean steamships would there find their moorings.

The city streets were eminently unsatisfactory. Mud and slush predominated. When the sun was high thin clouds of vapour arose from the damp footpaths. Very disreputable remnants of snow and ice still lingered at the sides of the streets, slowly lessening under the influence of April's watery sunshine. Towards evening even this withdrew, and grey dullness prevailed. Keith Clarendon, walking with his accustomed rapid strides along St. Catherine street at five o'clock in the afternoon, shivered in his light, drab overcoat.

"How are you, doctor?" called a voice from a hansom standing at the Queen's Hall block.

Clarendon paused beside the hansom to exchange a few words with its occupant—a portly, prosperous merchant.

"Going home, Mr. Hadleigh?"

"Yes, yes. Going home early to-night. Got to have time to get on my claw-hammer and my company to-dinner-face, you know. Ha! ha!"

"You're entertaining to-night, eh?" asked the doctor carelessly.

"Oh, yes; regular shindy, dinner party. Edisons, Grants, Williams, Gordons, etc., etc."

Clarendon looked up quickly at the last name.

"Cold evening, isn't it?" continued the merchant.

"Very," responded Clarendon, "and April cold makes one bluer than the depths of winter. Good evening, Mr. Hadleigh. I must be off."

"Good evening, doctor. What's the matter with him now?" he muttered to himself as Clarendon hurried off. "He was coming up at a fiendish pace when I hailed him, and now, instead of going on up town, he's turned down again."

Such was indeed the case. The doctor's long swinging steps were taking him eastward as fast as possible. At Phillips Square he turned, and, proceeding down Beaver Hall Hill, presently reached the florist's where he had purchased a rose at Christmas time. After a survey of the contents of the window, he entered and promptly selected a pair of beautiful Jacqueminot roses. "They will do as they are," he said to the girl behind the counter, "their own leaves are quite enough."

Leaving the shop, he hailed a passing cab and stepping in, directed the driver to the Bell Telephone office on St. Catherine street. On the way there, he busied himself with his parcel. Taking from his pocket-book a little envelope addressed to Miss Gordon, — Sherbrooke street, he extracted from it a card, inscribed on the face as before, and bearing on the reverse the following lines:

Edna, thine be fairest flowers!
Even though thorns be mine.
Sunshine fill thy summer hours,
Edna, thine be fairest flowers,
Roses culled from rarest bowers,
Happy to be thine.
Edna, thine be fairest flowers,
Even though thorns be mine!

"Good thing I happened to have it ready for this emergency," he soliloquized, slipping the card into the tiny envelope, which he sealed and pinned to the parcel containing the Jacqueminots. Just as this operation was completed, the cab pulled up at the Telephone Company's District Messenger Service. Dr. Clarendon sent the carter in with the parcel, ten cents, and directions to secure a messenger to take the first mentioned to the address indicated on the envelope. This done, he settled himself in the corner of the cab, and was driven to his boarding house on McGill College Avenue. "I wonder if I'm a fool!" he soliloquized *en route*, with a half smile, half frown.

Could he have seen Edna Gordon an hour later, dressed for the Hadleighs' dinner, he would have felt well repaid for his folly, if folly it was. Fastened in the bodice of her pale pink dinner-gown—as exquisitely simple as it was simply exquisite—were the half opened crimson roses.

"A dream of loveliness!" Mr. Hadleigh's young son called her, and he was only voicing the verdict of all who looked upon her that evening.

One week later Dr. Clarendon received an invitation to a tea at Dr. Bertram's, and after a few moments of deliberation, decided to accept it.

Dr. Bertram was prominent amongst medical men on account of his marked ability and wide experience. He was equally prominent in social circles, on account of his personal qualities and worldly possessions. His wife was a handsome, gracious matron, with a weakness for black lace dresses and afternoon teas. She gave no other large entertainments, but her "teas" were always crowded and successful. From the time when she had kindly welcomed Keith Clarendon, the McGill "medical," to her luxuriously beautiful rooms, the young man had looked upon her with an enthusiastic and friendly admiration, only distanced by his regard for his own mother. Sometimes pressure of work forced him to be absent from Maplehurst when Mrs. Bertram was "at home," but on all occasions when it was possible he had made a point of accepting. Consequently, the afternoon of the first of May, towards five o'clock, found him seeking admittance at Dr. Bertram's residence. After greeting his hostess, he took a survey of the room, and with a new, delicious thrill, observed that Edna Gordon was there.

(To be continued.)

ROMAN SONNETS.

The name of no other place in the world conjures up in its single utterance such panoramic visions of the past or sends swift thought retrieving along the highways and byways of history to such a purpose as that of Rome. It is a talisman revealing the old western civilization and modern eastern decay of Europe. "Civis Romanus Sum" was the proud charter of the old Roman people, beyond whom all men were reckoned more or less barbaric; but the Roman citizen of to-day has nothing to boast of but ruin—physical, moral and spiritual. That Rome was not built in a day is amply proven by the *débris* yet remaining, for we speak only of ancient Rome. They form a weird and wonderful record, these fallen bricks of history that can never be builded again. Like the fossil remains of an extinct species of civilization, temples, amphitheatres, fora, mausolea, arches, aqueducts, basilicas, baths, villas, mosaics and frescos lie the exposed bones of an old-time gigantic structure, wonderful and awe-inspiring to the most illiterate traveller; but full of hidden meanings and profound lessons for the learned philosopher and the enlightened poet. It is not strange, therefore, that to old Rome a few sonnet-writers have turned their attention at odd times and, as will be seen, in odd humours.

Rome! the very word itself is ominous and pregnant with force. It falls from the lips like a clap of thunder—subdued, if we speak it softly, like the echo of a far-off storm; but mighty and vengeful if we utter it with full power of lung. It begins with the incipient crushing roll—it ends with the muffled reverberation. No Saxon monosyllable, mimetic of natural force, is more significant in sound than the name of the old centre and spreader of civilization. It conveys grand but terrible associations, mighty but mysterious meanings. The position of Rome in the Italy of to-day in no way dispels these ideas. Compared with other glad Italian cities, Rome is gloomy; it seems crushed beneath the weight of historical crimes and attended by a burdensome and remorseless conscience.

Lamartine wrote in his record of travel "Rome is a monastery; Naples the garden of Italy," and the same thought was with Prosper Mérimée when he said "Naples after Rome is like comedy after tragedy." The ruins of Rome are the stage remains of a vast human tragedy—the longest ever acted in this world's history.

But Rome was not gloomy in its olden days, when her great builders borrowed much from the Greek and a little from the Egyptian and invented the arch, to which the Greek never attained and the Egyptian merely approached, when they put up their fine solid brick buildings in preference to the costly marble, though occasional marble pillars and facings are yet to be found where temples and palaces stood. Though stone, chiefly travertine, was used for some large erections, as the Colosseum, Adrian's Tomb, Fortune's Temple, etc., solid and sensible brick was the chief material of ancient Rome—good brick and good cement, much of which will last longer even now than the bad brick, worse cement and worse iron fixed up in America.

Canadians have chosen the maple leaf as an emblem, and it is occasionally to be found in decoration, though not so often as it might be, being so delicately beautiful in form and mass; but the leaf the Romans loved was the acanthus, and it formed their chief external decorative ornament, being occasionally supplanted by the honeysuckle turning its tendrils towards Greece and the lotos bending over to Egypt.

Rome suggests war with its legion of horrors, and work with its blessings of peace. The wonderfully disciplined and well drilled armies, inexhaustible and invincible, of whose soldiers Josephus said truly they would never meet their equals; the triumphs, sacrifices, gladiatorial exhibitions, wild beast fights, water combats and other symbols of Rome's perpetual strife contrast strangely with that other and quiet phase of ancient life, whereof—the civic functions, peaceful business, profitable commerce and calm agricultural pursuits—the people were so fond—especially agriculture, for which the Roman had an innate affection. The two great pleasures of the old Roman seem to have been a good farm and a good fight—Cincinnatus was a typical example. The law and polity of to-day's civilization are the results.

Food for the philosopher, study for the politician, authority for the statesman, field for the antiquarian, lesson for the warrior, subject for the historian have been supplied by Rome, and why not a theme for the sonneteer?

In the course of much sonnet-reading we have not found many sonnets dealing either directly or indirectly with Rome, and this has been a source of some surprise. The older sonnet writers never ventured much abroad, preferring to love, languish, live and die at home, and seldom touching historical ground except to find a simile or dig up a conceit; whilst the more modern turners of the octave and sextet have had, perhaps, so wide a margin and such a multitude of subjects for choice that only a few—very few—have elected to "see Rome and die" in a sonnet. Wordsworth and Charles Tennyson Turner one would certainly expect to air their philosophical and poetical meditations over the ruins of departed glory, and in these instances expectation will be realized; but there were and are other minds capable of concealing beautiful thought in fourteen lines, and from whom we might also expect a sonnet smacking something of the Roman—Shelley, Cary, Russell, Keats, for instance—but they have silently passed Rome and landed in Greece and Egypt, to our present disappointment. However, for what we have received let us be truly thankful; for the quality is great if the quantity is small, and to a sonnet-lover that is the main feature of the poetic repast.

Charles Tennyson Turner has a sonnet on Rome, dealing with his subject from the reflective side of two incidents—one ancient and the other modern. It is altogether unworthy of the title ("Great Localities: Rome") which was given to it; but is, nevertheless, quite Tennyson-Turneresque in its quiet treatment. Out of the three or four hundred sonnets which the Laureate's brother wrote, we cannot recall one that steps out into the very front rank. Manzini said that "the sonnet is the touchstone of great genius," which is true; but it is no less a fact that the sonnet is the lodestar of lesser talent. Charles Tennyson Turner used the sonnet as a channel for his reflections on all subjects; but he never rose above the quiet dignity of the poet philosopher in contemplation of the phases of Nature and the incidents of life. A stirring passion never roused him to a burst of sublime eloquence; but he breathed forth gentle lessons and good morals. There is none of the volcanic outbreak of inspired utterance; but the calm fire of altar and home are reflected in his verse. Thoughts came to him like sweet zephyrs, perfumed by the honey beds of life; not like the hurricanes that blew poor Alexander Smith off his feet in ecstasies of verbal passion.

Turner's style is placidly Wordsworthian and never Miltonic; but it is always chaste, moral and refined. It is always regular and beautiful crystal; but the flash of the diamond is never seen. His sonnet on Rome reads thus:

Keen was the vision which Ambition lent
To Rome's great captains, when the vacant realm
Was waiting for a chief to seize the helm,
And their stern martial looks were southward bent
From Gaul or Britain, like a wizard's gaze
Constraining some weak victim to his harm,
While yet the nations had no counter charm
Against a despot's eye, in those fierce days;
The city of their greed seem'd well-nigh theirs,
Half in their grasp, full clearly bodied forth;
My Rome should softly float into the north
At my fond wish convey'd by gentle airs—
Rapt into Freedom's land a little while
From Pio's grief and Antonelli's guile!

The finest sonnet written directly on Rome has been composed by the Rev. F. G. Scott, a young Canadian poet of great promise, to whom we have previously referred as the author of one of the three best sonnets on Shakespeare. It has well been said that those sonnets are most successful which give the salient points of their subject rather by a series of touches than by a finished elaboration of details. This is precisely the feature which distinguished the best sonnets of Lampman, Scott and Roberts from their own inferior work and from the mass of other contemporary sonnets produced in Canada. Mr. Scott's sonnet on "Shakespeare," as we pointed out when dealing with it, is marred in structure by non-conformity with the recognized rules laid down for this special form of verse, though the harmony of the whole is in no way impaired by the irregularity of the parts. In his sonnet on "Rome" we have a sonnet built on the best and most beautiful Italian type—the octave of Fra Guittone and the sextet of Piero delle Vigne, embraced in the formula *a.b.b.a., a.b.b.a., c.d.e., c.d.e.*

The sonnet referred to reads thus:

ROME.

Imperial city, slumbering on the throne
Of vanished empire, once thy voice and hands
Rocked the wide world; thy fingers wove the lands
Into thy girdle; who for crown alone
Didst wear the stars. Yet still in undertone
Man hears thy deathless utterance, tho' Time's sands
Roll centuries; thou clasp'st the earth with bands
Of speech, art, law, and subtle powers unknown.
Thou wast not meant to die; thy mighty heart
Pulsed with the universe. Thy deeds of old
Flame like the sunset skies thro' clouds which throng;
They blazon on thy throne a name apart
In red of mighty victories, in gold
Of all things valorous and great and strong.

The rapid uncertainty of petty rhymesters is missed in this sonnet; there is no photographic nicety giving the ornament and leaving out the solidity; but there is a breadth of tone and feeling and a breathing of deep thought and poetic instinct which place it in the front rank of topical sonnets, and make it a simple and splendid creation, worthy to rank with the best of English sonnets. The whole conception is grand, and every image adds to its grandeur. It is an imperial pageant of fourteen stirring and striking lines.

Speaking of Rome in 1848, Sir Francis Doyle in his "Reminiscences and Opinions," says: "I must confess that with Rome, taken as a whole, I was somewhat disappointed. The Rome of Cicero, of Horace, of Virgil, of Livy, the only Rome with which we are familiar, has so entirely disappeared that we feel as it were in an unknown place when we find ourselves among the late emperors predominating there. This, of course, does not apply to the art galleries, nor yet to the inside of St. Peter's, where you discover what is left of the real ancient Rome to a much greater extent than among her nominal ruins."

Not only the galleries of Rome, but the museums of Europe are full of the smaller relics of ancient Rome, and it is from these common and everyday mementos that the real life of the old Roman may be reconstructed. England holds many precious relics, and scarcely a week passes but something is added to the collection.

The contemplation of certain antiquities found at old Penrith aroused Wordsworth to write a sonnet upon the higher lessons to be sought from these precious materials of the past, which Time has kindly preserved unto us. Old Penrith was the old Roman encampment, Bremetenacum, and lies a few miles from Ullswater in Cumberland.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high,—or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The sage's theory? The poet's lay?
Mere fiddle without a robe to clasp?
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lachrymals.

Bishopstone, a village in Herefordshire, has added a few treasures to the relics of Roman England, and a mosaic pavement unearthed there called forth another sonnet from the master:

While poring antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,
Takes fire. The men that have been reappear;
Romans for travel girt—for business gown'd.
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crown'd,
In festal glee. Why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil;
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the wolf whose suckling twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

There are two eminently Wordsworthian touches in this sonnet. The sharp "Why not?" in the middle of the sixth line breaks in almost grotesquely in its swift alteration of the thoughts consequent to the last image, while the feelings of the unlettered plough-boy when he gazes at the wolf and the babes could not have been suggested as a possibility to any other mind than that of Wordsworth. It is simply beautiful and beautifully simple. Out of the slime of the Thames have been dragged Roman curiosities, some of which may be seen in the Guildhall collection. Charles Tennyson Turner has a pair of sonnets on "An Old Roman Shield," which are well worth placing before our readers:

I.

Drowned for long ages, lost to human reach,
At last the Roman buckler reappears
And makes an old-world clang upon the beach
Its first faint voice for many a hundred years:
Not the w-ild noises on the battle field
Of Marathon, as thrilling legends tell,
Could speak more sadly than this ancient shield,
As ringing at the fisher's feet it fell.
How cam'st thou to be grappled thus, and hauled
To shore, when other prey was sought, not thou?
How strangely was thy long-lost chime recalled,
As when the arrows struck thee! Then, as now,
The tented plain was thronged with armed men;
Our weapons change, we quarrel now as then

II.

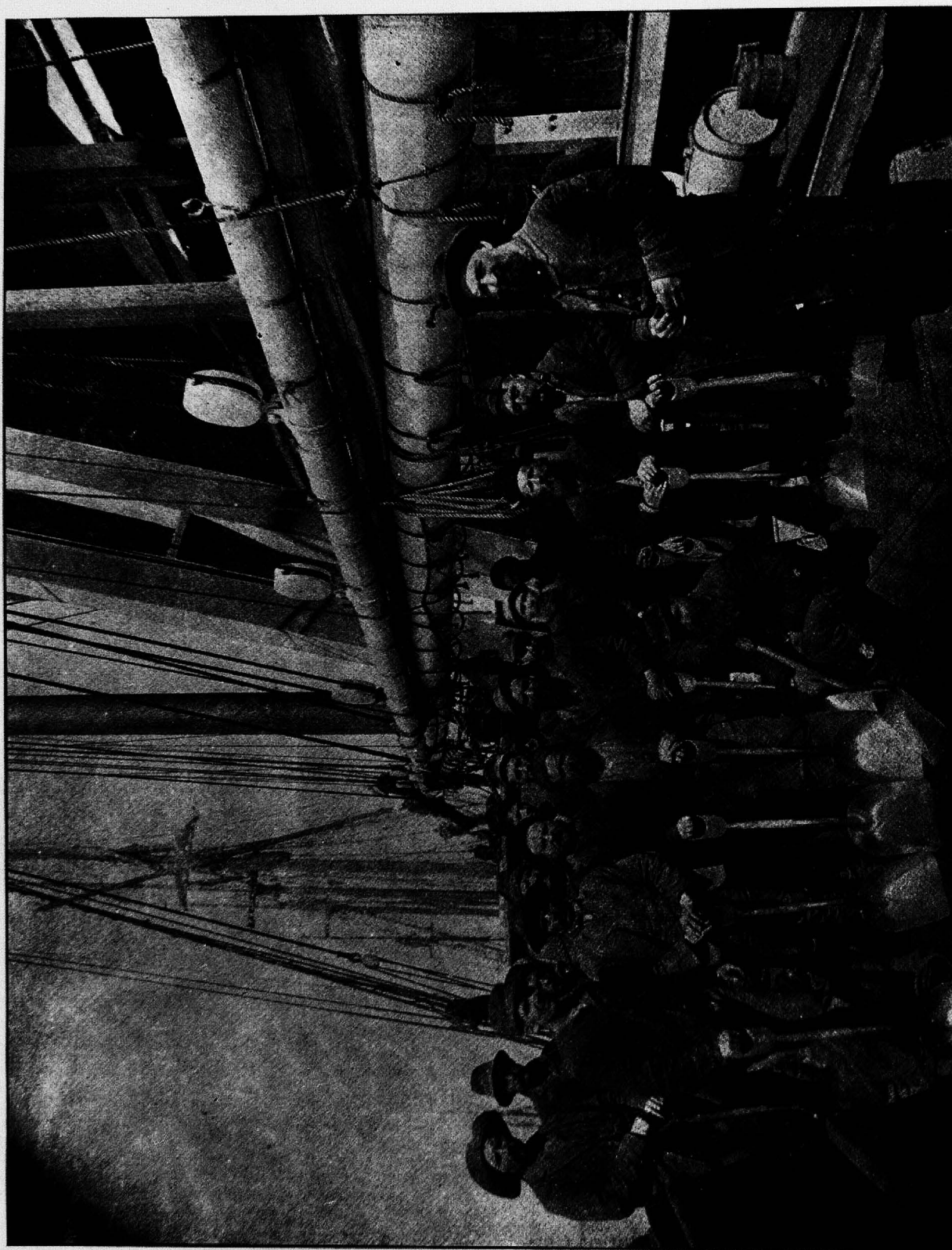
He drew it home,—he hurled it to the bank—
No modern waif, but an old Roman target:
The wild familiar swan in terror shrank
From the rude splash, and left the weltering marge.
Low rang the iron boss: the fisher stared
At his new capture, while, in mystic tones
The lost shield called its legion, whose death groans
And clash of onset it had seen and heard
Oh! when shall better thoughts be dear to man
Than rapine and ambition, fraud and hate!
Oh! when shall war, like this old buckler, fall
Into disuse, drowned by its own dead-weight?
And commerce, buoyant as the living swan,
Push boldly to the shore, the friend of all?

The above reflections on a venerable piece of martial equipment must please all lovers of peace and progress, for they are the opinions of the philosopher and poet as opposed to the bluster of the buckram politician; but to the questions propounded by this gentle and genial soul Echo answers When? and nothing seems able to answer Echo.

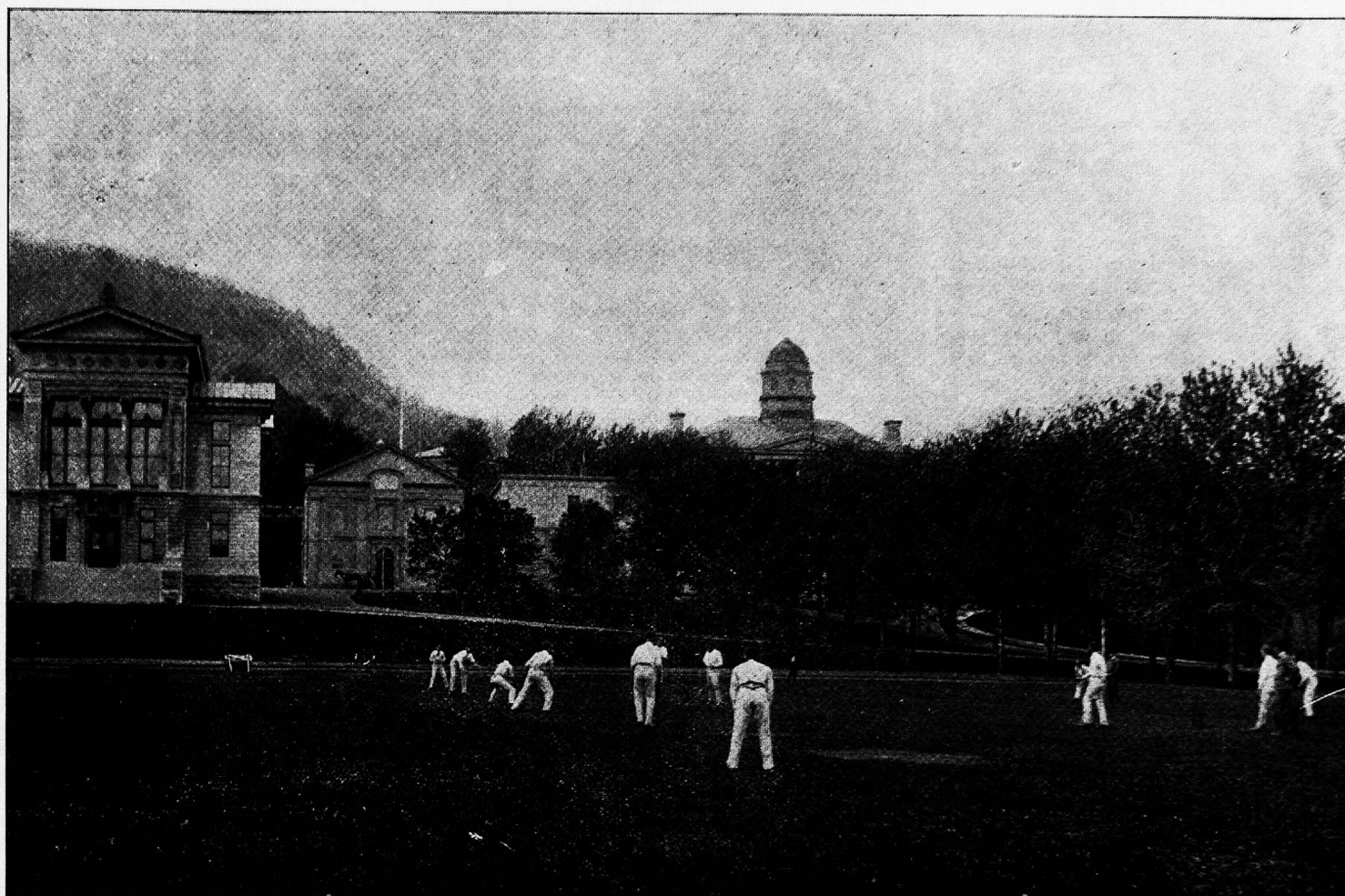
SAREPTA.

THE USE OF PYRETHRUM FLOWERS.

The flowers of the pyrethrum (*Pyrethrum roseum*) are used in making the powder which is sold under various names—"insect powder," "Persian powder," "death to insects," etc. In Europe these flowers are only found in Dalmatia, but these are white, and not rose-violet, like those of the Caucasus. The Dalmatian pyrethrum is greatly appreciated, and when its crop is scarce the Caucasian flowers are eagerly sought for, and their price increases by from 200 to 300 per cent.; this was the case in 1887 and 1888. Prices, which had varied between three and seven roubles for the previous ten years, reached all at once, in 1887, fifteen and sixteen roubles at Tiflis. Formerly a certain quantity of pyrethrum in powder was exported from the Caucasus, but Europeans were not satisfied with receiving this delicate article in this form, because it was not discovered to be mixed with foreign substances, and growers in the Caucasus could not reduce it to the impalpable state requisite to preserve its efficacy. At the present time the flowers only are exported. It is necessary they should be cut as short as possible at the stalk, gathered when ripe, dried in the shade and in a current of air, because in the sun the bloom and rose colour are lost, and lastly, that they should be mixed with other herbs when being gathered. Recently a fraud has been noticed in the packages of Caucasian flowers, other flowers resembling the pyrethrum and dyed the same colour being found. The exports amounted to between 176,000 and 200,000 kilogrammes last year; of those three-fourths were badly prepared, the season having been a very rainy one."



COLLINGWOOD "LONGSHOREMEN," READY TO UNLOAD A GRAIN VESSEL.
(F'anjoy, photo.)



CRICKET.—BISHOP'S vs. MCGILL, ON MCGILL COLLEGE LAWN, THURSDAY, 29th MAY.
(Holbrook, photo.)



THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE AND MCGILL CRICKET TEAMS.
(Holbrook, photo.)



CHERRYFIELD, May 30, 1890.

MY DEAR BRO. EDITOR,—Somehow I feel like greeting you personally—not as editor, but as friend. Surely we are kindred, by so much as likeness of heart and mind makes us such, if blood be lacking. I look fondly for larger results of your pen,—for other traces of you, literary and poetical, in the DOMINION. You give us excellent things of others. That was a noble poem of Duvar's; those are charming papers of Lemoine. Give us your choicest self. My brother's poem was very well and correctly printed; and though it was written some years ago, and while he was yet at college, I thought it would interest your readers. I have just come from Decoration services. The ceremonial is impressive to a thoughtful spirit, and the custom one most beautiful. An oration was delivered by a capable speaker, and martial music was furnished by the band and a choir of singers. The day has come to greater prominence, and is more ardently observed, than even Independence Day. . . . I ought to give you a smiling good morning, as does the sun after the drench of another night; for this is the anniversary—moving as that once so exquisitely greeted:

"Tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire."

For, with the renewal of the year, the liberation of streams, the return of birds, and the birth of flowers, comes ever this festival of sorrow and of memory, the visitation and decoration of myriad graves wherein lie the defenders of the Great Republic, whose lives went up a sacrifice within the cloudy shrine and upon the streaming altar of war. But, ugh! there is a polar breathing, and the prospect of traipsing the chilly grass is not heartening to our patriotism. Still when I see the broken remnant go forth, to the wail of fife and tap of drum, laden with flowers to scatter where their brothers sleep; I, who, when the events they commemorate were transpiring, was far from them—a child in an Acadian valley—bearing no part in that most important contest of the century—I will remember the worth of true soldiership, of courage and self-devotion under any banner that has a particle of right to consecrate it; that—

"Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on our side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Counts him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain."

How we pause to listen for the recurrence of a sweet voice that has charmed us! And when we are told that the singer lives on, with the longing soul shut in and the musical impulse restrained, we long for the unnatural spell to be broken. Has any one asked, Where is VIVIEN? By the shores of Isle Madame, where the eloquent waters were forever whispering in her ears, and where, to quote her own words,—

"From the west, where the loyal clouds had spread
A gorgeous path for the sinking sun,
Came a voice like the glad voice of one
Who had never wept,"

her harp gathered no rust; but, amid other scenes, and, perchance, foreign cares, it has fallen into silence. Here are some lines that indicate the fondness with which, poet-like, she turns to the home of her childhood:

LILAC MEMORIES.

The red sun sinks adown the heights,
The city noises cease,
And slowly through the quiet room
Floats twilight's balm, and peace.
While somehow all my womanhood
Slips from me in the gloam;
I am a thoughtless child again
Within my village home.
Once more I hear my father's voice,
I see my mother's smile;

Your footsteps have not wandered, Fred,
From that low, wave-kissed isle.
But, stretch'd below the dear old boughs,
In happy, boyish ease,
You picture all the wonderments
That lie beyond the seas.

Ah! how the fairy-castles rise
'Neath fancy's subtle spell,
When all our wealth's the tansy gold
That grows about the well.

And I, half-joining in your dreams,
Stand tip-toed on the grass
To grasp the purple blooms that bend
To greet me as I pass.

While toddling up the garden path
Two tiny pilgrims haste—

Whence come these fancies!—from this spray
Of lilacs at my waist?

The flower around the old home, Fred,
Of our first smiles and tears!
Methinks there's never one as sweet
In all the after years.

And yet, old fellow! these same years
Have brought us wondrous calm;
Large-eyed Experience hold our hands
Within her wiser palm.

We build no more our fairy walls
In summer's pleasant hours;
The fragrant lilacs bloom afar
For other eyes than ours.

We know that youth, and youth's desires,
Once holding kingly sway,
Are fragile as the scented buds
Which wither in a day.

Vain hopes and idols, falling fast
'Neath Time's unerring wand,
While we, with tranquil hearts fare on
Toward the twilight land.

Not wishing now; not sorrowing,
Or joying overmuch;
Glad only that sometimes, old boy,
Our friendly fingers touch.

Well, yes, there is here the indefinable aroma of poetry and of old times; so there is in this sweet-briar-bush growing on the bank outside my window, which is just putting forth its tender-scented leaves. Easily as that of the lilac, it creeps into the heart and mingles with the memory. Laurel, fern, wild-briar—these were the frequent wildings of my boyhood! And who, missing something out of his life that once "put splendour in the grass" and "glory in the flower," will not wish to join in the search of VIVIEN for

THE LOST COMRADE.

By a bustling, crowded highway,
Where the autumn sun declining
Showed a space his rosy visage
Through the interlacing boughs,
Slowly passed a weary pilgrim.
Thick the dust lay on his garments,
And the snows of many winters
Lay above his wrinkled brows,
Asking always "Tell me, neighbours,
"Have ye seen a comely stripling
"Hurry by with joyous footsteps,
"And with bonny locks of gold?
"We were comrades many seasons
"In a fair, and fruitful valley
"Girt about by lofty mountains,
"Stately mountains, grand and cold.

"Glad his laughter in their shadows;
"And he fain would linger ever
"Mid the simple joys of nature
"Strewn about our tranquil way,
"Joys of crimson sunsets stealing
"Far adown the purple summits,
"Ere the white moon threw her mantle
"Where the silent waters lay.
"But, my eager eyes grew tired
"Of the valley's quiet beauties,
"And I longed to seek that city
"Way beyond the mountain height;
"Longed to mingle with the voices
"That fell softly down the twilight
"Bidding me gird on my armour
"Forth! And mingle in the fight.

"When at last with road-worn footstep
"We attained that distant country,
"Lo! I half forgot the comrade
"Who had climbed the heights with me;
"Till he loosed from mine his hand-clasp,
"Loosed his gentle, clinging fingers
"And with tender eyes averted
"Left my presence silently.
"Then, learned I his face was fairer
"Than a hollow world's ambition;

"Tinkling gold, and fading laurel,
"Fairer far his grace, and truth.
"So I wander, vainly wander;
"Seeking for that pleasant valley,
"Seeking for my lost companion;—
"Neighbours! have you seen my youth?"

Will you never come to the bottom of your treasure-box, O Pandora; or is it forever replenished with picture, essay and poem? Multitudinous are the beauty-spots on the face of this, Our Canada, and the panorama moved before us once a week without staling its variety, and bringing delight to many eyes. Still exalt the pencil of the painter, and pour the wine of the muses, and I will be counting my pennies to make sure I have enough. Boys can always find money for the show.

An old proverb runs to the effect that "A cat can look at a king." The rule works both ways, and so it follows "A king can look at a cat." But if, indeed, His Royal Highness shall do this it will add to pussy's importance for all the remaining days of her life. Thus, when the sovereign lady, Victoria, stops her carriage to amuse herself with dancing Bruin, as she did lately, Bruin's antics suddenly acquire celebrity and dignity, and he steps up to the London Royal Aquarium to dance to the tune of \$225 per week. And now some other bear, just as good as he, eats humble pie, when he can get it, but must continue to sigh: "Oh, for a peep from royal eyes!"

But I see the veterans are moving, and our village is astir from this hill-nook to where the covered bridge spans the stream that lurks below among its willows. The day mellows as it grows, and is becoming more soothing and propitious; while a milder wind is running its fingers through the long shining grasses of yonder ridge, and just beyond, the ranks of dandelions smile at them and laugh with their laughter. The flowers that fall to-day from the hands of children will not easily wilt, more than the "memorial blooms" of a loving recollection. So let me find no fault with summer's tardy approach, nor with these softening skies; but, though I be deemed an alien, let me give praise,—let me bestow sympathy here, and admit that,—

"One morn is in the mighty heaven
And one in our desire."

Then I greet you, my brother of pen and lyre. The Narraguaquas, in its somewhat hurried flow, flings a handful of its friendly spray toward the St. Lawrence, and with it the fraternal hail and adieu of

PASTOR FELIX.

SONNETS.

I.

EMERSON.

If nought, amiss in this wide breathing world,
That thou, calm soul, wand'rest no more abroad
In dim wood-paths, thy mild foot softly trod;
Looking, when sunset's quivering valves were fur'd,
On Assabet's gleaming bosom? Now, unpearl'd,
Shall Thought sink back into some tamer way?
Shall wave and breeze have something less to say
Where the rich vine its tendrils green have curl'd,
And 'mid the fresh-blown tresses of old pines?
Who shall the mystic legends longer give
Of cowslip and of violet, or who
Unfold the shy rhodora? Who Earth's shrines
Upbuild for poet-worship? Who shall live
Like thee,—so simple, abstinent and true?

II.

MAYTIME RAINS.

Sodden the fields, with hollows rankly green;
Great drops still linger on the dark'ning pane;
And strenuous robins, prophesying rain,
Pipe 'mid the trees that toward my window lean.
Hoarse rolls the swollen river, dimly seen.
Mottled with frothy patches, while its breast,
Filled like my own with musical unrest,
Is thinly covered with a misty screen.
Crouch'd 'neath umbrellas go the passers-by,
In gloom lone-vanishing; a wheelman flies
Swift as a shadow of approaching Fate;
Low swamps are vocal with a carping cry,
And various notes of Spring-tide minstrelsy;
Lambs bleat aloof; the village clock strikes eight.

III.

MY SYLVAN STUDY.

This is my oratory; studious, oft
I come, at morn, at eve, to this retreat;
Wild is the bower, and ancient is the seat,—
My chair a rock, with grass and mosses soft

Fring'd and enamelled. In a neighbouring croft
My children sport, not far from my own door;
Or come with leaves and flowers—a beauteous store:
The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft.
Round me the silvery birch, the thorn, full-flush'd
With milky blossoms; on my open page
Leaf-shadows lie, jewel'd in golden light;
And, lo! a voice, whose music straight is hush'd;
Quick-pattering steps my partial ear engage.
And tiny golden-hair has come in sight.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

A GIFTED YOUNG CANADIAN POET.

One of the most promising of the younger choir of Canadian singers is Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph.D., whose pen is as busy as his genius is brilliant and graceful. Since the publication of Dr. O'Hagan's volume of verse, "A Gate of Flowers," some three years ago, his fame has been steadily growing, which is good evidence that it is based on real merit and will widen and brighten with the increase of his years and labours. We have known many young writers in verse who have bloomed like a spring flower and then withered at a time they should have been enjoying the strength of literary manhood. There is little fear of such a fate overtaking the gifted young writer who forms the subject of this sketch. It is true that Dr. O'Hagan has written some verse of an indifferent character—verse in which the idea is too much weakened for the sake of a melodious phrase or rhyme. But the general excellence of his workmanship outweighs the minor defects of his poems while the sincerity and high purpose which ring through his lines tell you that he is as honest and manly in personal as in literary character. To estimate justly the poems of Dr. O'Hagan one must keep in mind the fact that he has a Celtic heart largely attuned to the minor chord, and that while never forgetting his native land, his beloved Canada, his heart goes out in affection and sympathy to the land of his forefathers, whose past glories and sorrows oft bind him in poetic dreams. But in all his writings he never forgets to say a good word for the land of the maple leaf, and his generous estimate of Canadian poets is but another proof that his are true poetic gifts, for warmth of tribute is the mark of a real poetic soul. Perhaps the most finished lyric in Dr. O'Hagan's volume of poems is "Ripened Fruit." To illustrate the character of his work we give it here:

I know not what my heart hath lost,
I cannot strike the chords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life
Hath chilled each leaf within the world.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But leave the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripen'd through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith, that sheds its amber light,
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O, altar of eternal youth!
O, faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
Give to our morns an evening star!

Some of the most dignified poems in "A Gate of Flowers" are the poems on different occasions, such as those read at Moore's centenary and the college commemorations. One of the best of these is "Memor et Fidelis." Here is a stanza which is warm with the affection and friendship of college comradeship, and does honour to the heart of its author:

What care we for the rugged verse,
If but the heart speaks in each line;
'Tis not the sunbeams on the grape
But friendship's smile that warms the wine.
Bring me the lyre with tuneful strings,
For I would sing of college days,
And fling each number from my heart
Flecked with a star of tender rays.

It is needless to say that the poems of Dr. O'Hagan have elicited warm tributes from both the press and literary workers. The *Dublin Nation*, *Boston Pilot*, *New York Catholic Review* and the *Catholic World* have highly commended his literary workmanship, while such well known poets as Whittier, Holmes, Roberts, Mair and Frechette, and the poetesses Katharine Tynan, Eliza Allan Starr, Katherine E. Conway and Louise Imogen Guiney have spoken of his poetic genius in terms of praise. Canadians will watch with interest the literary career of Dr. O'Hagan, feeling that each success which awaits him is a triumph for the future of Canadian literature.

Toronto.

SPERANZA.



All warm bread should be torn apart or broken, and never cut.

Don't allow your servant to put meat and vegetables into the same compartment of the refrigerator.

Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early forenoon in summer.

To take ink stains out of a mahogany table, dip a feather in a spoonful of water mixed with eight drops of nitre and apply to the stain. Rub with a wet cloth immediately. Very deep stains require a stronger solution.

Shirts, collars, cuffs, curtains—in short, everything that is intended to be stiffened—ought never to be dried, but should be starched immediately on being taken out of the rinsing water. This plan will be found cleaner, quicker and more satisfactory in every way.

EARACHE.—Little children often suffer painfully with earache. A drop of warm olive oil, mixed with an equal quantity of laudanum, will generally relieve this if dropped in the ear. Or, place a little cotton, well saturated with chloroform, in the bowl of a new, clay pipe, insert the stem into the ear of the sufferer and blow gently. The evaporating chloroform will relieve the pain immediately.

Dr. G. Leslie, of Falkirk, has found that the application of common salt in neuralgia and kindred ailments affecting the head and face have been in the great majority of cases efficacious in curing it. His method is to apply the salt in the form of a powder (that is, common table salt) to the nasal mucous membrane. The salt is used as a snuff, a pinch being taken into the nostril of the affected side. It is stated that the application of the salt gives almost instant relief.

HAM SALAD FOR LUNCH.—This is a good dish to utilize the small scraps remaining of boiled or baked ham that cannot be nicely sliced. Chop fine one pint of ham with one pint of bread crumbs (white bread), moisten with milk (about a teacupful, possibly a little more), add a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a little pepper, put into a saucepan and thoroughly heat. Just before sending to the table, turn onto a small platter and slice one or two hard boiled eggs as a garnish over it. Serve hot for lunch or tea.

The common senna is obtained from a plant called cassia senna, a native of Egypt and Barbary. Another, *C. Fistula*, is a native of the West Indies, where it is much cultivated for its pulp, which is a mild and pleasant laxative. The East Indian variety, however, is of very old repute, and, in time of Avicenna, the Arabian physician, was known by the name of cassia solutiva. These plants are totally different from *laurus cassia*, or bastard cinnamon, the bark of which was, as a spice or perfume, so much in favour with the ancients.

A DELICIOUS CREAM PIE.—Cover plate with crust, and bake, watching carefully to press down the blisters. Cream—One cup of milk heated to scalding, add half teaspoonful of corn-starch mixed with a little cold milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar, yolks of two eggs. When cooked to proper consistency pour onto the crust. Beat the whites with a little sugar, spread over the top and brown slightly in the oven. Another and most delicious way of making a cream pie, is to beat with a fork or Dover egg-beater, one cup of sweet cream to a stiff froth, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavouring, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Pour over the cold, baked crust, and dot the top with small pieces of apple, quince or peach jelly.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

At the recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, we noticed among the paintings by lady artists one called "The Sick Child." It represented a mother holding a sick child on her arm and trying to make her take a spoonful of food from a dish which a little sister kneeling beside her is holding up. The look of tender anxiety on the mother's face and of loving helpfulness on that of the little sister, as they gaze on the sick baby, is powerfully brought out. The artist, Miss Bell, is to be congratulated on her great power of delineating expressions. Among those sold was one called "Only a Rose," it might have been named *Multum in Parvo*. Among the pictures in the Paris Salon are two by Canadian ladies. Miss Harriet Ford has a portrait and Miss Margaret Houghton, of Montreal has one called "The Eve of Life."

It shows that Canadian women are slowly, but surely, making a mark for themselves. No one after witnessing the scene at the Windsor Hall on Convocation Day, could but readily admit the fact. Thanks to the liberality of Sir Donald Smith, the Donald course is every year extending its influence. Nor are medicine and surgery wanting in their fair practitioners, as is shown by the Woman's Medical College in Kingston, when at the recent closing several ladies took their degree of M.D. The three scholarships were won by Miss Gertie Hulet, of Norwich, Miss Mabel Henderson, of Brockville, and Miss Grace Ritchie, of Montreal. Toronto has lately opened a new medical college for women and there are in attendance for the summer term

twenty-eight students. There is certainly a vast field for women physicians in Oriental countries, and letters are constantly coming from missionaries asking for such to be sent out. We are glad to hear that several of the graduates of Kingston College intend making India their field of labour. There, according to the laws of the country, women are debarred from medical treatment and are hastened to an untimely grave by neglect, this will in a few years be remedied if the women physicians will heed the earnest call for help. And so, in a quiet way are Canadian women winning recognition. They are not great advocates of women's rights, nor, have they as yet aspired to the office of mayor and councillor, like some of our American cousins have been doing and who were actually elected as such, though, after a short trial they were glad enough to resign. Well the council chamber hears curious things sometimes—but what if the women were there?

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS.

The taking of the census of 1890 was begun on the 2nd inst. throughout the United States. It is intended that it shall be the most complete enumeration ever made. Every possible grain of information concerning the country, the population, its industries, debt, nationalities of the people, their employment, hours of labour, pay, etc., will be gathered. It is anticipated that considerable trouble will be met in endeavouring to obtain answers to certain questions to be asked by enumerators, such as one's income, one's physical deformities, diseases, the amount one's home or farm is mortgaged for, etc. The law under which the census is taken provides heavy penalties for refusal to answer the questions given the enumerators to ask. The questions are as follows:

1. Christian name in full, initial of middle name and surname.
2. Whether a soldier, sailor or marine during the Civil War (United States or Confederation), or widow of such person.
3. Relationship to head of family.
4. Whether white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian.
5. Sex.
6. Age at nearest birthday. If under one year give age in months.
7. Whether single, married, widowed or divorced.
8. Whether married during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890.)
9. Mother of how many children and number of these children living.
10. Place of birth.
11. Place of birth of father.
12. Place of birth of mother.
13. Number of years in the United States.
14. Whether naturalized.
15. Whether naturalization papers have been taken out.
16. Profession, trade or occupation.
17. Months unemployed during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
18. Attendance at school (in months) during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
19. Able to read.
20. Able to write.
21. Able to speak English. If not, the language or dialect spoken.
22. Whether suffering from acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted.
23. Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or whether crippled, maimed or deformed, with name of defect.
24. Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child or pauper.
25. Supplemental schedule and page.
26. Is the home you live in hired or is it owned by the head or by a member of the family?
27. If owned by head or member of family, is the home free from mortgage or incumbrance?
28. If the head of the family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired or is it owned by him or by a member of his family?
29. If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage or incumbrance?
30. If the home or farm is owned by head or member of family and mortgaged, give the Post Office address of owner.

DOUGLAS SLADEN IN JAPAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, whom our readers have not forgotten, has been prosecuting his tour of inquiry through Japan. He has recently visited Kobe, Kyoto, Nara, Nagoya, Yokohama, Tokyo and Nikko. It is probable that by this time he is on his way back to Vancouver in the *Parthia*. It is his purpose to pay a visit to Alaska and the Sound cities, and then wend his way eastward, spending the last of the summer in exploring the many points of interest along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. About October, he expects to go to New York for a while, returning to Canada in February, so as to spend a time in Ottawa, before starting for London in the following May. We understand that Mr. Sladen has collected enough material in Japan for an interesting book. He has also busied himself in inquiring as to the opportunities for closer commercial relations between Canada and the Far East.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Deloraine and return \$28

Moosomin " \$28

Glenboro' " \$28

FARMERS' EXCURSIONS
JUNE 17, 24, JULY 8, 1890.

Saltcoats and return \$28

Moosejaw " \$30

Calgary " \$35

Special Colonist Excursions

Will leave all Stations in Ontario and Quebec

on

JUNE 17th

Return until July 27th, 1890.

JUNE 24th

Return until August 4th, 1890.

JULY 8th

Return until August 18th, 1890.

For full particulars apply to nearest Station or Ticket Agent.



A WISE ANIMAL; from a drawing by Heming.

MISS TRAVILLAR: At Lucerne, the day we were doing Mount Pilatus, I mounted a donkey for the first time in my life; and only imagine, the donkey ran away with me!

MR. APROPOS: Excuse me, Miss Travillar, it could not have been a donkey. The very fact of his running away with you proves he was no donkey!



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE FRENCHMAN'S WIFE.

On the women of all countries Max O'Rell is a recognised authority, and he has expounded some of his views in an article contributed to *East and West* (a magazine which has made a new start with its present number and provides a great variety of good light reading.) We cannot follow Mr. Max O'Rell in all his observations and moralisings, but we extract his summary:—"Club life is unknown in France, except among the very upper classes. Man and wife are constantly together, and France is a nation of Darbys and Joans. There is, I believe, no country where men and women go through life on such equal terms as France. In England (and here again I speak of the masses only) the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. It is the same in Germany. In America, I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. She receives at his hands attentions of all sorts; but I cannot say that I have ever discovered in her the slightest trace of gratitude to man. Will you have a fair illustration of the position of woman in France, in England, in America? Go to an hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-room. In France you will see them arrive together, walk abreast towards the seat assigned to them very often arm-in-arm. In England you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife with her eyes cast down. In America, behold the dignified, nay, majestic, entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a queen going towards her throne—and Jonathan behind!"

THE GRAMMOPHON.

A recent number of *Ueber Land und Meer*, contains an interesting article on a new kind of sound-repeating instrument called "The Grammophon." It is claimed for it that it solves the problem of fixing sounds of every description in a durable form, so that they may be heard again at any time. It consists of a "girder," or funnel-shaped tube, in connection with which is a disc of mica, the vibrations of which are recorded by a pen with a steel or iridium point upon a polished zinc plate, which has been covered with a thin film of beeswax dissolved in benzine. This film is as delicate as the collodion coating of a glass plate intended for the reception of the negative of a photograph. The zinc plate thus prepared is laid upon a disc covered with felt and slowly revolved by means of clockwork so as to make fifty rotations every minute. The pen in the meantime exercises a gentle pressure on the plate, and travels by

a spiral movement around the disc towards the centre. Whilst the pen is at work the surface of the plate is moistened with alcohol, to prevent particles of dust from adhering to the pen, and to reduce to the utmost the trifling resistance of the wax film. When the pen has performed its work, the palpitations of the mica membrane have been transferred as sound lines to the plate, which is then immersed in a bath of chromic acid, by which those portions of the plate from which the pen has removed the wax film are attacked by the acid, and in about twenty minutes the sound lines have become minute furrows. The sounds presented to the instrument, whether of the human voice, of musical instruments, or of any other denomination, are thus etched and embodied, and can be reproduced at any moment.

HERE AND THERE.

The *St. Louis Republic* has the following, which may be of interest:—"Here is a curious little fact, and one not generally known, even if calendars of some sort have been in use for centuries. If May day comes on a certain day of the week (it is on Thursday this year) Christmas is sure to fall on the same day."

The names of the principal mountains in the world are nearly all suggestive or descriptive of their snow covered summits. The names of Snowdon, Ben Nevis, Mont Blanc, the Sierra Nevada, Snafell in Iceland and in the Isle of Man, the Sneeuw Bergen at the Cape of Good Hope, the Sneehattan in Norway, and the Weisshorn, the Weissmiss and the Tête Blanche in Switzerland, White Mountains in New Hampshire, as well as the more archaic or more obscure names of Lebanon, of Caucasus, and of the Himalayas, are appellations descriptive, in various languages, of the characteristic snowy covering of their lofty summits.

The observatory at Pekin is the oldest in the world, having been founded in 1279 by Kubla Khan, the first emperor of the Mongul dynasty. There are still in it three of the first instruments of observation. These were used for the observation of Halley's comet in 1738, and may also be used when, twenty-two years hence, this comet again appears. The oldest observatory in Europe is that founded by King Frederick III. of Denmark, on the Island of Hveen, in the Sound, and where the famous astronomer Tycho Brahe carried out his celebrated observations,—among others, that of the "bright star in Cassiopeia." The Paris Observatory was established in 1671, and that of Greenwich three years later.

HUMOUROUS.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Young Lady: You keep all articles of the toilet, I suppose. Drug Clerk: Yes, ma'am. Young Lady: Well, you may show me some of that rouge et noir that I've read so much about.

A NEW JERSEY FACT.—Country School Trustee (to young lady applicant): Have you ever taught? Young Lady: No, sir, but I think I am qualified. C. S. T.: 'Twon't do; 'twon't do. We want some one here with a pedigree.

WHY SHE GIVES NOTICE.—Mistress: Well, Mary, what have you to complain about? New Parlor Maid: Really, mam, it is too much. I can't stand the everlasting fault-finding of the coachman. He says now I have a worse temper even than you.

"It's a wonnerfu' place is Australia," said a Scotchman to a friend; "It's thirteen times as big as Europe." "How can that be, man, asked the other, "since Europe's one of the quarters of the globe?" "I'll tell ye hoo it is; it wasna discovered till after the globe was quartered, and so it's made a fifth quarter."

FIRST OLD WOMAN: Gran' day, freen. Second do: Ay, ay; er' ye a' weel enough? First do: Weel, we're jist haudin' on wi' the help o' oor duds; we've no muckle tae compleen o'. Second do: Hoo's yer dochter gettin' on since she was merrit. First do: Oh, vera weel; she canne bide the man, but there maun aye be something.

THE Sunday School teacher had just given a Bible lesson on "The Earth and its Creation," and, as usual, at the close had a short diet of catechising. "Tell me now, Johnnie," he said, "who made those beautiful hills and mountains all around us?" "Please, sir, I dinna ken," was the reply; we only cam t' Lochgilphead on Friday."

ONE ON THE DOCTOR.—Physician (who thinks his patient, a college professor, more in need of recreation than drugs, but has written a prescription for a mild tonic): Here is a prescription, professor, but what you need is a good hearty laugh. College Professor (glancing at the paper): Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! "Eh, what are you laughing at?" "Your Latin."

A FEMALE DOCTOR IN A HURRY.—Excited Messenger: "Mrs. Sawbones, come quick! A man has fallen from the roof of his house and is bleeding to death." "All right, I'll be there as soon as I've got on my new dress and have done up my hair. Let me see; hadn't I better wear my dark blue dress, or the light violet-coloured one? The blue dress is more becoming to my complexion; but the other is so stylish."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

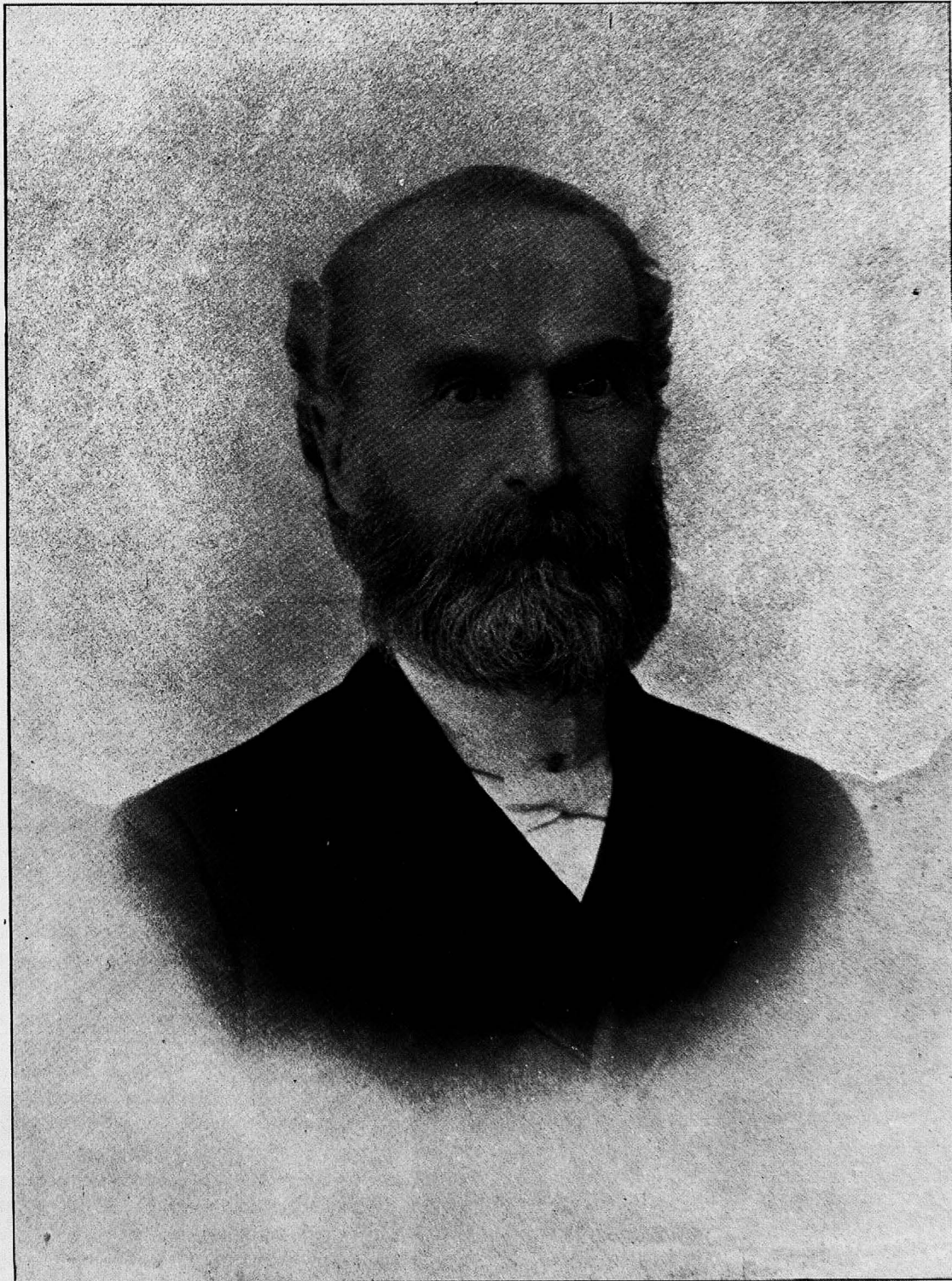
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV.—No. 102.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 14th JUNE, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 5d. 6d.



REV. DR. LAING,
MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.
(McMillan, photo., Dundas.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,

73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

36 King Street East, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,

Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

14th JUNE, 1890.

OUR VICTORIA NUMBER.

The Victoria number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has been unavoidably postponed from the 14th to the 21st inst, owing to delay in the receipt of illustrations and other material.



It is not in far-off foreign lands alone that the sons of Canada have had their mettle tested during the last few years. Less conspicuously but not less usefully, and certainly with no less devotion, fidelity and fortitude have some of them been labouring in the cause of geographical discovery within the limits of our own grand Dominion. Some results of these labours have already been placed unostentatiously before our readers in a contribution from the pen of Mr. W. Ogilvie, D.L.S. The Yukon and Mackenzie expeditions were, indeed, undertakings worthy of comparison with some of the greatest exploring enterprises of our day, and we have already given some indications of the impression which they made in English scientific circles. In the last Report of the Department of the Interior, the Hon. Mr. Dewdney writes: "Perhaps the most interesting feature of this report is the account given by Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, D.L.S., of the surveys, observations and explorations which he conducted in the Yukon and Mackenzie country, and which will be found in one of the appendices hereto. Mr. Ogilvie was absent from civilization for nearly two years, during which time he made instrumental and track surveys covering a total distance of 2,700 miles in a wild and almost unexplored country, some portions of which, it is certain, were never visited by a white man before. The energy, enterprise and intrepidity of Livingstone, Stanley and others who have explored the wilds of Africa have received at the hands of the public of all civilized nations the acknowledgment which they merited. In simple and unpretentious language Mr. Ogilvie tells the tale of an expedition of great magnitude and importance, conducted so efficiently, so unexpensively and so rapidly, and involving such dangers as I think will fairly entitle him to rank as one of the first, if by far the most modest, of the explorers of the nineteenth century." And surely this praise is well deserved.

The Report of the Commission appointed in May, 1888, by the Government of Ontario, to inquire into and report upon the mineral resources of the Province of Ontario, which has recently been made public, contains a mass of valuable information bearing on the whole range of subjects to which the Commissioners gave their attention. Mr. John Charlton, M.P., was chairman; Mr.

Archibald Blue, secretary, and the other members were Dr. Robert Bell, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey; Mr. Wm. Coe and Mr. Wm. Hamilton Merriitt. After conferring with the Government as to the nature and scope of their duties, and agreeing to a scheme for dividing the labours of the enquiry, the Commissioners held sessions, at which they took evidence from one hundred and sixty-four witnesses at thirty-seven places in the province, from Ottawa to Rat Portage. These witnesses, who gave their evidence under oath, comprised explorers, prospectors, miners, mine and quarry owners, mine captains and superintendents, mine brokers, mining engineers, civil engineers, land surveyors, geologists, assayers, chemists, metallurgists, scientists, iron founders, brick makers, tile, terra cotta and pipe manufacturers, iron makers, copper and nickel smelters, mechanics, lawyers, bankers, merchants, capitalists and speculators. Mines, mining locations and works in the vicinity of places where the Commission met were examined, and careful enquiry respecting them was made.

Several other important districts and places were also visited by members of the Commission, with the object of procuring special or desirable information. The extensive magnetic iron ore range in the region west of Lac-des-mille-lacs and the Black Bay lead region on Lake Superior were explored by Dr. Bell, while Mr. Coe, Mr. Merriitt and the secretary made a journey to the iron ranges in northern Minnesota, near the Ontario boundary. Mr. Merriitt also visited the Michigan School of Mines at Houghton. The chairman and secretary in the latter part of 1888 visited the Columbia School of Mines in New York, the office of the Geological Survey at Washington, and furnaces and steel works at Pittsburg, Pa., at Chattanooga, Tenn., and at Birmingham, Alabama. Another object of the visit to Birmingham was to enquire into the merits and witness the operation of the Henderson process for eliminating sulphur and phosphorus from iron and converting it into steel, a careful test and report upon which by Mr. Garlick, of Cleveland, Ohio, a metallurgist whose experience in the manufacture of iron extends over a period of twenty-five years, is published in the appendix. The secretary also visited during the summer of 1889 the laboratory of Mr. Edison at Orange, N.J., to witness the operation of an electrical machine invented to purify and concentrate magnetic iron ores, the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College, and several iron furnaces and mines in the vicinity of Port Henry on Lake Champlain.

A systematic, concise and lucid outline of the geology of Ontario, with special reference to its economic minerals, has been prepared by Dr. Bell, whose long connection with the Survey gave him special facilities for discharging the task. A sketch of the progress of mining operations and of mineral industries in the province shows that as early as the year 1822 the late Joseph Van Norman started a blast furnace in the County of Norfolk for the smelting of bog iron ore; that, a little later, another furnace was erected at Marmora, in the County of Hastings, but neither of these enterprises awakened much interest in mining affairs, and for twenty years there was an almost total cessation of activity in this field of industry. Attention having been directed by Mr. Douglas Houghton, State Geologist of Michigan, to the mineral resources of the upper

lake region, Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. E. Logan paid a visit in 1846 to the north shore of Lake Superior, and the Hon. John Prince, the pioneer in this enterprise, and some thirty others applied for licenses to explore the lands indicated as rich in minerals. That was in 1845 and in the following year the number of applicants increased to one hundred and thirty-three—a hundred for locations on Lake Superior and thirty-three for locations on Lake Huron. The records of the department show that from 1845 to the close of 1888 709,335 acres of public land were sold for mining purposes. For this the treasury received \$810,955, an average of 61⅓ cents per acre in the period before, and of \$1.35½ in the period since, Confederation.

Though the knowledge of the extent of its mineral resources is as yet imperfect, that Ontario contains great mineral wealth cannot be disputed and evidence on the subject is constantly accumulating. It is the only province of the Dominion that yields petroleum and salt. In the central and eastern counties are magnetic and hematitic iron ores, gold, galena, plumbago, arsenic, mica, fibrous serpentine, apatite, granite, marble and freestone. In the Sudbury district copper and nickel mines are being worked on a large scale. In the township of Denison rich specimens of gold-bearing quartz and extensive deposits of copper and nickel are found. Along the north shore of Lake Huron, from the mouth of the French river to Sault Ste. Marie, gold and silver-bearing veins, iron, copper, galena and immense quarries of marble have been discovered. North of the Height of Land and extending towards James Bay prospectors report a mineral region of various promise. North of Lake Superior locations of gold, silver, copper, iron, galena, plumbago and zinc ores have been taken up, besides which there are inexhaustible supplies of granite, marble, serpentine and sandstone. West of Port Arthur is a silver district which, judging from the explorations already made, promises to be an argentiferous region of great richness, and beyond it again are found veins of gold-bearing quartz and ranges of magnetic iron ore said to be extremely valuable.

But notwithstanding the extent and variety of these resources, the development of the mining industry in Ontario, as elsewhere in Canada, is deplorably slow. The value of the metallic and non-metallic mineral products of Canada for 1887 was \$11,896,793, whereas the value of the same class of products in the United States in that year was \$542,284,225, being nearly four times greater in the latter than in the former country per head of population. The increase in the world's production of iron from 1800 to 1888 has been nearly thirty-fold, it having grown from 825,000 tons in the former to 23,194,500 tons in the latter year. Of the product of 1888 Great Britain furnished 34 per cent. and the United States 28 per cent. The world's product of steel for the same year was 9,630,477 tons, and of this amount Great Britain furnished 35½ per cent. and the United States 30 per cent. Yet in the vast movement of industrial forces connected with the manufacture of iron and steel, over three-fifths of which centres in Great Britain and the United States, Canada has relatively an insignificant part, its total amount of wrought and puddled iron in the calendar year 1887 being only 31,501 tons and 7,326 tons, while its make of pig iron in the fiscal year 1888-9 was only 24,882 tons.

There is, however, no ground for despair. With skill and capital, with the best modern appliances, with needed modifications in the mining laws and with proper and ample provision for technical instruction in mining and metallurgy, this industry in Ontario ought to have a great and prosperous future.

A suggestion is made in the last number of *Canadiana* which is at least worthy of thoughtful attention. It is proposed that the various literary, scientific and art societies of this city should be united into a single body. It appears that the project has received the approval of the Natural History Society, and that Sir William Dawson has given expression to the desire for the accomplishment of some plan of amalgamation. *Canadiana* complains, not without reason, of the prevailing indifference to intellectual advancement in a city which has so far-reaching a reputation for physical culture. "The attendance at lectures or the more serious class of entertainments, which in other cities attract crowds of interested listeners, is," says our contemporary, "so meagre as to imply apathy, if not ignorance. If the membership rolls of the various societies be carefully examined, the same names will be found in several, and the total extremely small. Under these circumstances it is evident that if some scheme could be devised by which the scattered groups could be brought into harmonious and concentrated action, much good would result." What *Canadiana* recommends is a new general organization, in which all the societies now existing should be merged, with a permanent paid officer for the collection of dues and the issuing of notices, with one officer for each section, the whole to form a board of directors. Rooms might then be rented and, if the association suited the needs of the community, it would grow in time. Meanwhile, the different societies might try the experiment of having one paid official.

One of the most interesting features of the Paris Exposition of 1889 was the "Pavillon des Forêts." It comprised a fairly complete exhibit of the trees of the world, with illustrations of the various uses to which they can be put, and of every detail in the wood-working industries of different countries. Of especial interest was the exhibit of micrographic engravings of the different woods, with indications of the diseases to which they are subject, of the insects that attack them, and of the processes of decay. This exhibit, which is illustrated in M. de Parville's Handbook of the Exposition, recently published by M. Rothschild, of Paris, is of the utmost value from both a scientific and industrial standpoint. To us in Canada, one of whose chief sources of natural riches is our lumber industry, and to whom a new world of forest wealth has been opened up in the far west, the mass of information which these careful experiments reveal is most instructive. The wood-working industries of Canada—though not without importance—are as yet only on the threshold of that development which, by due appreciation and enterprise, they ought one day to attain.

The Glaciers of the Seikirks have been attracting the attention of English men of science. In a work recently published in London, the Rev. Wm. Spotswood Green, F.R.G.S., gives an interesting account of a visit that he paid to that great range in company with the Rev. H. Swanzy. The journey was undertaken on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to prepare a map of the region.

LORD LORNE ON CANADA.

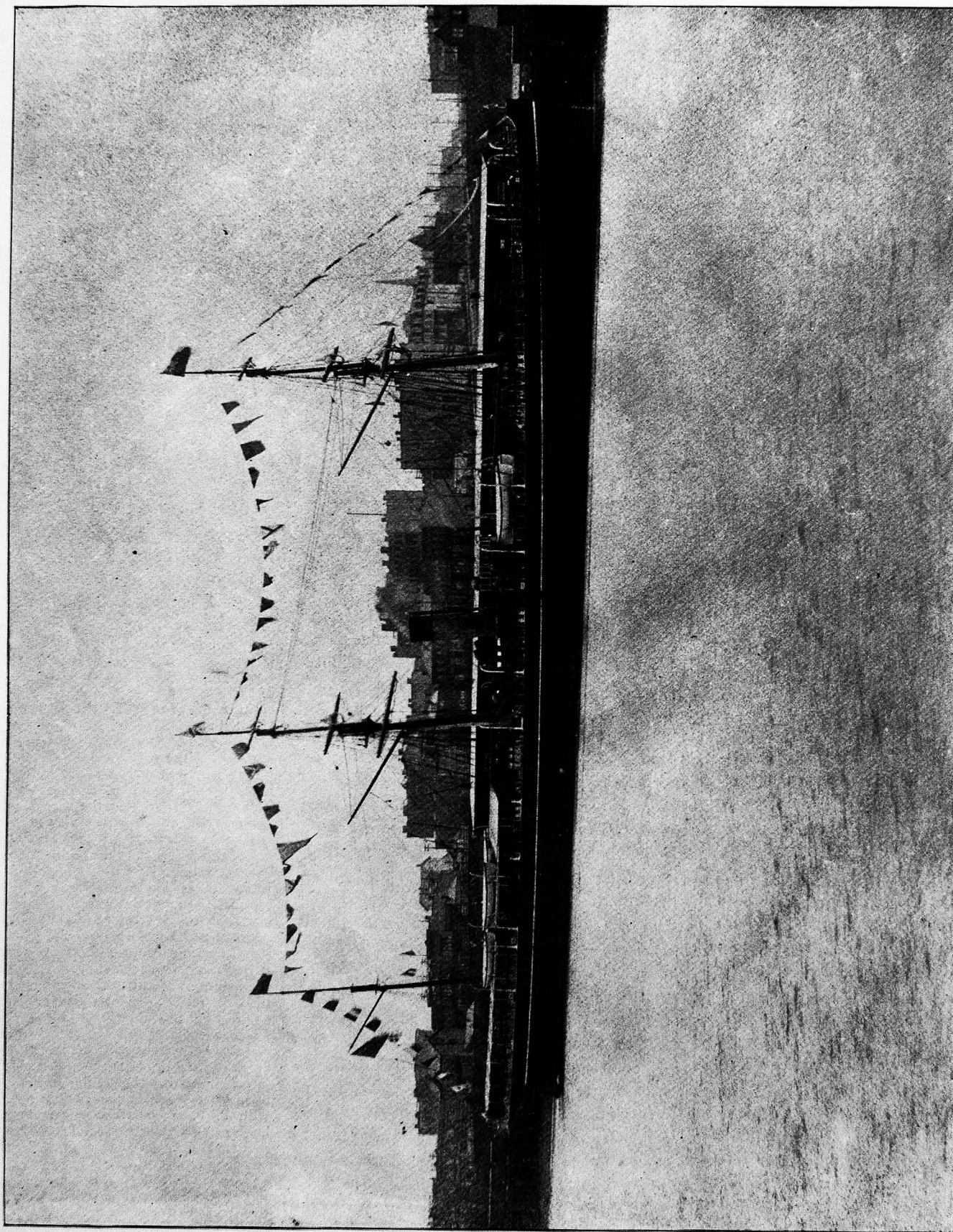
The interest of the Marquis of Lorne in Canada and her affairs is still as keen as when he ruled at Ottawa. Since his return to England he has found many opportunities of saying a timely word on her behalf, of removing prejudices or supplying needed information. Sir Charles Dilke's last book—"Problems of Greater Britain"—has once more directed his attention to certain questions in which we are deeply concerned. His criticism of the work as a whole is extremely laudatory. He thinks that the author, in conducting a comprehensive survey of Britain beyond sea, engaged in a task for which his natural gifts and political experience admirably fitted him, and that he discharged the task with painstaking conscientiousness. He would, however, prefer "Larger" to "Greater" Britain as a qualifying term for the countries whose condition, people and fortunes are discussed as it is in area alone that they surpass the Mother Country. But probably Sir Charles Dilke had the future in his mind as well as the present, and the Marquis admits that in all likelihood two of her colonies will, before another half century, equal England in population. He notes the difference in tone between the later and the earlier work of the author—especially in treating of the relations between the United States and Australia and the Americans of the Union and their neighbours of British America. As to the latter, it is gratifying to find a recognition of the fact that there is for the newer, as for the older federation, ample scope to work out its destiny on this continent. The Marquis of Lorne deprecates the encouragement by a portion of the United States press of the notion that sooner or later "all Anglo-Saxons in North America will range themselves under the banner of one huge republic." He fails to see how the existence of a state to the north of them can be a menace to the institutions of our neighbours. In practice as in theory, the Government of Canada is the more popular of the two, as a ministry can be deposed when the people, through their representatives, deem a change necessary. From interference at the hands of the Mother Country, Canada enjoys the utmost immunity. The risks that arise out of the connection have been exaggerated, but at the same time it is right that the Dominion should have a well-trained force—not necessarily through dread of attack from the south, but to give play to soldierly tastes and aspirations and to enable Canada to strike a blow (in the hour of trial) for the safety of the great Empire to which she belongs. Referring to the two races that share Canada between them, the Marquis indicates the advantage that the country derives from the attachment of the French Canadians to British institutions and to a system which allows them a proportionate influence on public affairs. What Sir Charles Dilke says of the benefits of confederation Lord Lorne considers well founded. One result of it has been to deepen and expand the national sentiment which becomes stronger and stronger as the ratio of native-born Canadians to the entire population enlarges. When the difficulties of race, religion and the physical conformation of the country are taken into account, the author of "Greater Britain" considers the success of the federal experiment remarkable—quite as much so as that of the Swiss Confederation. The Marquis of Lorne adds that even the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty tended to confirm the feeling of independence, in-

stead of creating, as many expected, a resistless tendency towards annexation. The annexation cry he regards as artificial and mainly kept up by "soreheads" in Canada and the Anglophobe press in the States. The fact that no candidate appeals to a constituency as an annexationist is adduced as evidence of this. On the other hand, Lord Lorne is not disposed to accept the conclusions of those who predict the disruption of the Empire unless Imperial federation be adopted as a counter-agent to centrifugal tendencies. He would rather depend on the *via media* of a gradual and natural development of the Imperial idea by closer intercourse between the leading men of all the colonies with each other and with British statesmen, and on the adoption of common means for defence and for the promotion of industrial and commercial relations. Even as matters are, Lord Lorne believes that there prevails enough of the old spirit of loyalty to protect the Empire, should it be assailed, at any point in the Queen's dominions. "It would," he says, "be a dangerous game to 'twist the old lion's tail' too severely." In closing he congratulates Sir Charles Dilke on being, not only a skilful writer, but a faithful patriot—with as fine a pride in the great future of the mighty British commonwealth as the strongest Tory squire could cherish—and on being a federationist in the best sense—that of inculcating on his English compatriots the duty of learning the desires and aspirations of their fellow citizens over sea and bidding them "take occasion by the hand to make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

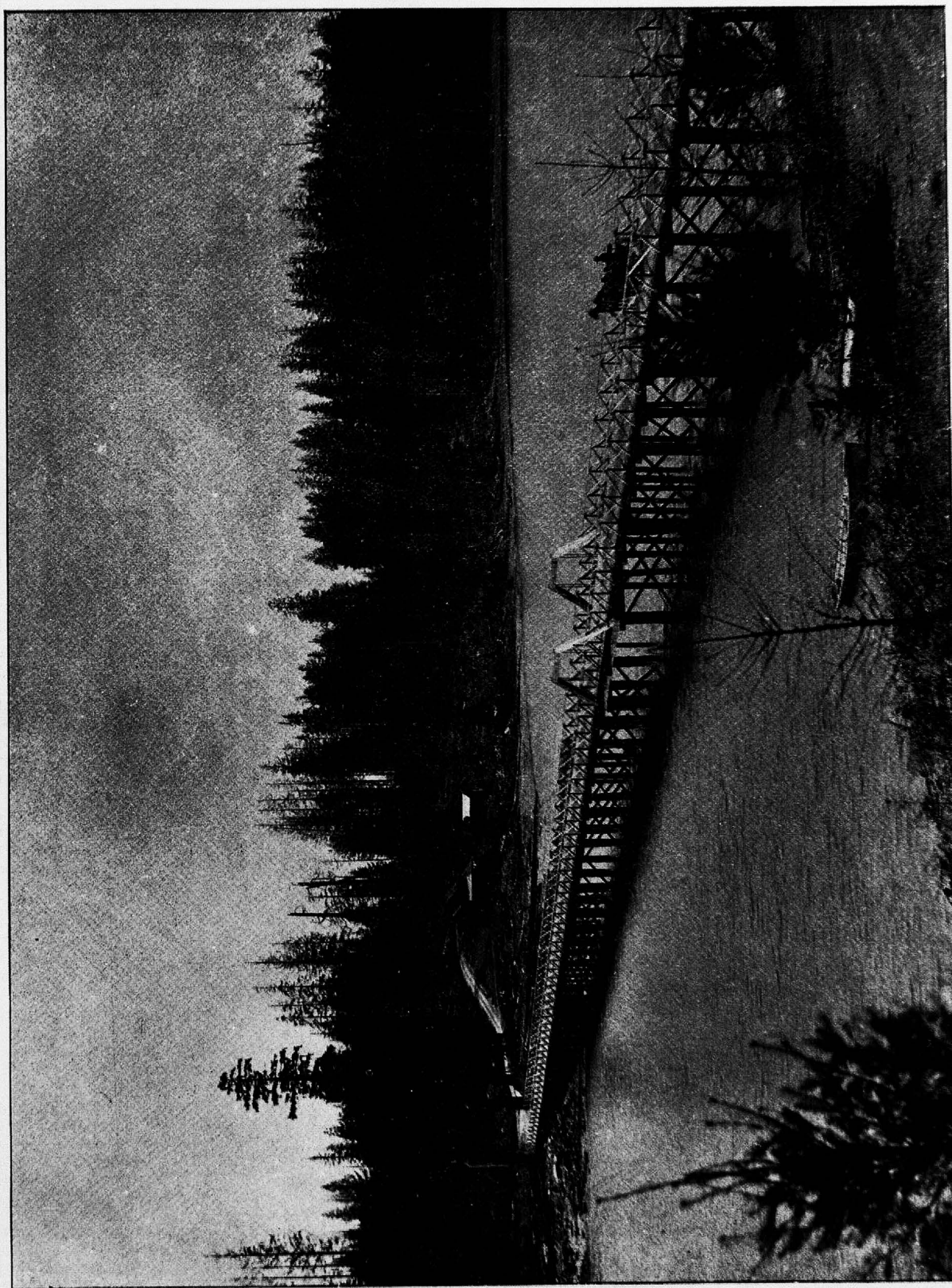
PAUL PEEL'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. John R. Peel, the well-known marble dealer of London, Ont., received a cable message on 4th June from his son Paul, now a resident of Paris, where he has been located for several years, informing him that the gold medal of the Paris Salon had been awarded him for his painting entitled "Après le Bain." Of course the parents of the talented artist were overjoyed at receiving such a welcome missive, and the news was spread amongst the friends and admirers of the young man with rapidity only exceeded by the heartiness of its reception. Congratulations poured in upon the relatives from all directions, and it is not wide of the mark to assert that the success of the young artist in his chosen avocation was viewed as a national triumph quite as much as a proud achievement by a Londoner—to the manner born. It is the first time in the history of the French Salon that the gold medal has been awarded to a native of the North American continent, and it must be especially gratifying to Canadians generally to know that one from the "Land of the Maple Leaf" has shown by merit, unaided by sinister influences, that he is worthy of the distinction accorded him by the leading judges of art in the world. Three paintings, out of some 10,000, as has been recently stated in these columns, were singled out for the gold medal, one of which was from Mr. Peel's easel, bearing the title mentioned above. The criticisms of the French masters and press generally were almost unreservedly favourable to the canvas of Mr. Peel, and that of itself is no small tribute to be the recipient of. All will join heartily in congratulating the family on the high honour bestowed upon one of their number; the wish of all will be that Mr. Paul Peel may continue to demonstrate to the world at large that Canadians can hold their own, even in art, with old-world connoisseurs.

The gold medallist was born in London, Ont. on the 7th of November, 1860, and is consequently in his thirtieth year. He attended the public schools, and was an apt learner in the various branches of study, more particularly those which tended to develop the love of art, for which he always had a strong regard. In 1879 he attended the Philadelphia Art Academy, and was shortly afterwards appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy there, a position which he held for two years to the entire satisfaction of the faculty and staff. While in the institution named he was under the guidance of Drs. Atkins and Kane, both of whom were at the head of their profession. On leaving the college he was given letters of introduction to Sir Philip Owen, of South Kensington, England, where he was taken cordially by the hand and assisted in every possible way to prove himself worthy of his sire and country. After doing England, he was recommended to place himself under the tuition of Leon Jerome, the great painter of Paris, and the advice was accepted, since which time he has been a student of many of the leading artists of Paris, his last master being M. Constant, the world renowned painter.—*London Free Press*.



THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE "ABYSSINIAN" AT VANCOUVER, B.C., WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT ON BOARD.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)



STANLEY PARK BRIDGE, VANCOUVER.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)



REV. DR. LAING, MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Dr. Laing, whose portrait we give in this number, was born in Easter-Ross, Scotland, in March, 1828. In childhood his father removed to Edinburgh, where he was educated, taking the second highest place in the High School in 1842. He came to Canada in 1843, and after spending five years in Lower Canada he came to Toronto to attend Knox College in 1848. His literary course was taken in King's College. He graduated in Arts at Victoria College, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1885 from Rodger's College, New Jersey. He was ordained at Scarborough in 1854, went to Cobourg in 1859, where he remained for twelve years. He spent one year as principal of Ottawa Ladies' College, and was settled in Dundas in 1873. Besides being a successful pastor and minister, he has given much attention to education. Beginning with the common school, he taught in the Toronto Academy, was tutor in Knox College, and was for many years Township Superintendent and Inspector of Schools, and a number of the counties' examining boards and local boards for more than twenty years. He has also been intimately connected with the work of Knox College, and was for many years Chairman of the Board of Examiners. In all church affairs he has borne a fair share of the work, rendering important service from time to time. He has also for more than thirty years been a valuable contributor to both the religious and secular press, and has published a few pamphlets regarding current events. Dr. Laing is known as a fearless advocate of any measure or doctrine which he regards as important, and has in many instances provoked opposition which has militated against his popularity; but he has had the satisfaction, in almost every case, of seeing his views ultimately prevail. The "Marmion" controversy and the discussion on "Religious Instruction" and the "Bible in Schools" specially had his support, and brought on him the displeasure of not a few who were connected with them. He is also known as a decided and uncompromising advocate of Equal Rights. In calling him to occupy the highest office in the church, his brethren not only do him honour, but recognise his merits in a way which must be very gratifying to the reverend gentleman.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE ABYSSINIA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.—On the 22nd ult. the Pacific steamship *Abyssinia* arrived at Vancouver, B.C., and their Royal Highnesses were received by Mayor Oppenheimer and the City Council, His Worship reading an address of welcome. In his reply, the Duke, who was evidently surprised by the signs of thrift and prosperity that met his gaze on every side, expressed his thanks for the loyal greeting of the authorities and townspeople. It was difficult for him to believe that the city which he saw was only three years old. It was a marked change from the great centres of population and business to which he had for some time been accustomed in the East, cities whose foundation antedated history, and some of which had been mighty capitals and fortresses thousands of years ago. His Royal Highness had never forgotten his sojourn in Canada, and it was a pleasure to tread its soil once more. It was a very different country to-day from what it was when he left it nearly twenty years before. He rejoiced at the progress, the manifold development that met him on its western threshold, so long separated by lack of means of communication from the eastern provinces. The story of the rise and growth of Vancouver might well, indeed, surprise Prince Arthur, who could recollect the time when Windsor, Ont., was the *ultima thule* of Canadian civilization, and who had left his name, as an omen of promise, at the starting-point of Canada beyond the lakes. The afternoon of Thursday was spent in sight-seeing, Mayor Oppenheimer and Mr. Harry Abbott acting as *ciceroni*. Stanley Park, with its noble trees, the spared monarchs of the forest primeval, out of which the city had been hewn like a sylvan Petra, was much admired by the illustrious visitors. The fine business blocks—some of them only just finished—and many handsome residences were a source of surprise. The granite of Vancouver has begun to be exported to American cities. A great fruit canning company has been incorporated, whose factory will, it is said, have capacity for all the fruit grown in the province for some years. It has already given an impulse to orchard and garden cultivation, and will in many ways be one of the most successful industries of British Columbia. The impression made on the Royal party was extremely favourable, and the people of Vancouver were, in turn, delighted with their exalted guests. In the evening the Duke and Duchess and their suite dined with the Mayor and Mrs. Oppenheimer and Mr. and Mrs. H. Abbott. Dinner over, they went aboard the special train, which left Vancouver at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, the 23rd ult.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—STANLEY BRIDGE, LEADING TO STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.—Our engraving presents a view of the fine bridge that leads to the beautiful park that is one of the glories of Vancouver. An artist has, under the name of "The Queen of Vancouver," preserved for posterity a memorial of the first nude natchus of a civilized community that took birth and shape here in the wilderness. It shows in the foreground a little rural hotel—with a group of men sitting or lounging in front and a

stranger on horseback either seeking entertainment for man and beast, or making inquiries as to the nearest settlement. In the background and at the sides—framing in the little hostelry, is the thick forest from which the site of it has been cleared. In Eastern Canada, in far too many instances, the settler proclaimed against the forest a war of extermination, and it is only in late years that a regretful consciousness that a well nigh irreparable blunder had been committed has stirred the heart of his descendants to make amends for a grievous wrong. The study of forestry, the formation of associations and the holding of conventions for forest protection and renewal and the institution of the festival of Arbor Day have all been so many acts of penitence for past misdoing. The Vancouverites began their career under the auspices of this new crusade against the enemies of one of creation's masterpieces, and among the charms of their city is the wealth of trees of grand Pacific Slope dimensions and species that adorn their park and streets and private residences. Stanley Park, which is entered after crossing the bridge shown in our engraving, is one of the finest recreation and breathing grounds on the continent. In "A Holiday Trip from Montreal to Victoria and Return," the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael thus refers to it: "After luncheon, Mr. Browning had a carriage and pair ready and we started for the park. This park, obtained from the Government, contains one thousand acres, and the corporation of the city are opening it up with first-class roads, like those of the Mountain Park in Montreal. Nothing gives one a clearer idea of the push and energy of Vancouver than the making of this park, for, fancy a city three years old leveling and making roads through a stretch of one thousand acres for the benefit of a community yet largely to be formed. I always loved the bush, but I never realized what its full beauty was until I took this drive. The roads wind in and out of a forest of brightest foliage, studded with trees that might be styled monarchs, emperors, mikados of forest royalty, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high and of proportionate girth. Mr. Browning pulled out a tape-line and measured two of these giants. One, a cedar, measured sixty-five feet three inches at four from the base, fifty feet round when measured ten feet from the ground, and the other, a Douglas pine, forty-five feet some inches from the base. We pulled down raspberry branches from the bushes and picked these aerial berries and consumed them on the spot. In short, we never saw such luxurious growth, trees and flowers and ferns all bearing testimony to the teeming life of the soil." Such is a glimpse of this delightful park as it was two years ago, but since then the work of ornamentation has gone on unceasingly, and now it is a scene that for varied charm has few parallels in any part of the world.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE ENGINE THAT TOOK THE ROYAL PARTY OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AS IT APPEARED WHEN DECORATED FOR THE OCCASION.—As an instance of the enthusiasm with which all the officials of the C.P.R. entered into the task of making the trip of their Royal Highnesses and their suite as pleasant as possible, and of doing due honour to the illustrious travellers, this engraving of the engine, captained by Mr. G. Middleton, of Donald, B.C., will, we are sure, be interesting to our readers. It is not every day that we see a decorated engine, but it is not every day that an engine is employed (in the New World at least,) in conducting a prince and princess over some of the highest mountains on the globe. Our readers will agree, we believe, that Mr. Middleton was equal to the occasion. Mr. C. H. Gibbons, of the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, who accompanied the Royal party across the mountains, says that "the perfection of the arrangements made by the C.P.R. for the Royal travellers was apparent as soon as the train was started on its trans-continental run. Their coaches were the finest on wheels; their dining-room, in charge of the Canadian Pacific veterans, French and Vaughn, epicurean palaces; and section men were patrolling the track all the way along in advance of the train to see that all was clear. Regulars of all descriptions were side-tracked, and everything else that could be was done to expedite and render more enjoyable the tour of Their Highnesses."

THE ROYAL VISIT.—INSPECTION OF THE SCHOOL CADET COMPANIES BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.—It was very natural that our youngest soldiers should wish to show their proficiency to the Soldier Prince, who began in Montreal that career of active service in which he has since won distinction in warmer climes than ours. When it was proposed, therefore, to make an inspection of the cadets one of the features of the programme for the opening day of their Royal Highnesses' visit, the little fellows of all ages mustered in strength. Leaving the Champ de Mars, after the inspection of the Fire Brigade, the Duke and Duchess, with their suite, amid enthusiastic cheers, drove along St. James street, up Beaver Hall Hill and along St. Catherine street to the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds. The cadets had already been on the spot for some time, and there was a large assemblage of wealth and fashion on the grand stand. Special arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the royal party, a handsome stand, tastefully draped and furnished with comfortable seats, having been erected for their use, while a small centre table was gay with choice flowers. The Duke and Duchess, with Mrs. Cavaye and the rest of the royal party, were received on their arrival, shortly before six o'clock, by Messrs. James Paton, F. C. A. McLaughlin and Fred. Nelson, and escorted to their seats amidst hearty cheering and much waving of ladies' handkerchiefs. An animated and beautiful sight met their view. The natural charms of the situation, probably un-

surpassed on the island of Montreal, were enhanced by as fine a display of manly vigour and boyish enthusiasm as any loyal city could supply. The various uniforms, made more striking by the contrast of green-sward, added picturesque-ness to the scene, and the *coup d'œil* evidently pleased the illustrious visitors. The cadets received the Royal party with a general salute to the strains of the national anthem, rendered by the Victoria Rifles band. There were six corps on the field—the High School boys in their natty gray uniform on the extreme right, and then the Eliock School corps, the Highland cadets, the St. John the Evangelist School corps and the St. Mary's College boys, in the order named. Major T. Atkinson, of the Sixth Fusiliers, was in command, with Captain E. J. Chambers as brigade-major. The general salute over, the Duke, accompanied by Sir George Stephen, General Sir George McNeill, Colonel Cavaye, Lieut.-Col. Houghton, Ald. Stephens, Major Lyman, Mr. McIndoe and Mr. Nelson, made a minute inspection of the ranks. He expressed his warm admiration of the soldier-like appearance of the lads and his gratification that they should be able to make such a good showing in so little time. Many a kindly remark was made to the little soldiers, whose enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch by the evident keen interest which the Soldier Prince took in their physical development. The St. Mary's College boys were praised in their own beautiful language, which the Duke, like all the Royal family, speaks so well. The inspection over, the party returned to the reviewing stand and the march past began. The wheeling into line was the first act to evoke applause, which, as the march continued, became enthusiastic in the extreme. The High School lads, under command of Capt. Macaulay, who led the way, made a most favourable impression, despite the disadvantages under which they had laboured in the effort to get to the parade ground, their annual examinations being now in progress. The Highland laddies, marching like a stone wall, evoked thunders of applause, which was renewed when the St. Mary's College boys passed by, their excellent marching obtaining the commendation it deserved. On the march past in quarter column the Highlanders again distinguished themselves, but on the double the High School lads and the St. Mary's College boys again won hearty praise. The detachments from the Eliock and St. John's Schools were small but well drilled, and give good promise for the future, while the Montreal Cadet corps also deserve praise for the manoeuvres. In fact, the whole parade was most creditable to the boys and to the city of their birth. After the march past, Sergeant Hamilton White, of the High School corps, who enjoyed the distinction of being the smallest boy on the field, was conducted to the reviewing stand, and, after being introduced, gracefully handed Her Royal Highness a bouquet of flowers, which was graciously received, and the little lad had the honor of a brief conversation with the Duchess, and left the stand the proudest boy on the field. Sergeant White acted as orderly for Captain Macaulay and gives promise of being a bright soldier. Captain Chambers was asked by Major Atkinson to act as brigade major, on account of his having been a captain in the High School cadets under Major Barnum in 1879 So. Lt.-Col. Houghton was commanded by His Royal Highness to express his thanks to the cadets for the great pleasure he had derived from witnessing their exhibition of drill, which had afforded him the greatest satisfaction. He was glad to see that young England in Canada was following in the footsteps of their glorious ancestry, and he hoped and felt confident they would long continue in the same strain of loyalty which prompted them at the present time and did credit to themselves and their country. This was communicated to the boys and their instructors by Major Atkinson, in command of the brigade, and His Worship Acting Mayor Stephens, in both French and English, and was received by them with hearty cheers.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—LACROSSE TEAM ON THE MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUNDS.—After the inspection of the cadets on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were treated to an exhibition of our national game. The antagonists were a team from the Montreal Lacrosse Club and that of the Caughnawaga Indians. The two centre players, instead of kneeling, walked to the front of the Royal box, when His Royal Highness threw the ball to them and the game began. Apart from the occasion which gave it importance, the games presented no special features of interest. The noble red man did not appear to any particular advantage at his own game, and the team that represented Montreal had things pretty much their own way. There were three games scored by Montreal inside of fifteen minutes, the first one lasting about ten minutes and the other two being taken in very short order. Then the Royal party left the box and there was a simultaneous rush for the exits. The shades of evening fell as the Royal party left for their carriages and the crowd dispersed.

THE GRAND TRUNK BOATING CLUB, POINT ST. CHARLES.—The first trial fours of this club took place on Saturday, the 7th inst., starting at 3 p.m. The club grounds were open to the public from noon. The following were the crews:

Crew No. 1— R. Kell (stroke), R. McLean, T. O'Brien, R. Laing (bow).	Crew No. 3— A. Green (stroke), D. Brown, D. O'Brien, D. Davies (bow).
Crew No. 2— W. Laing (stroke), G. Ward, G. Brantley, W. Charles (bow).	Crew No. 4— J. Bently (stroke), F. Green, J. Cuthbert, Geo. Hamidge (bow).

Sir Henry W. Tyler is honorary patron of the club, Sir Joseph Hickson is its honorary president.

THE MONUMENT NATIONAL.

The French-Canadian ladies were quite enthusiastic in responding to Madame Grenier's request to give a helping hand to organize a festival for the benefit of the Monument National. At a meeting, which was held this week at the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial, it was resolved that this festival would take place at Sohmer Park on the 24th of June. Madame Grenier will preside at the refreshment table and Madame Justice Jetté will act as treasurer. Madame Ouimet, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, will preside at the Tombola, Madame J. R. Thibaudeau and Madame C. A. Geoffrion will have charge of the flower table, Madame J. A. Laramée will dispense the ice cream, and Madame G. A. Hughes the cigars. The presiding ladies will be assisted by a number of young ladies.

SUCCI'S FAST.

The completion by Signor Succi of his self-imposed fast of forty days, regrettable as were its surroundings, is undoubtedly a remarkable feat. The penitential fasts of the Church in the Middle Ages, though sufficiently severe, yet permitted bread and water to be taken, with sometimes a refresher of dry cooked beans and small beer, and an occasional small fish in the evening; but we can recall no modern instance in which total abstinence from food has been, we were going to say indulged in, or at any rate practised, for so long a period without serious results. Most physiologists would, we think, before the fact have pronounced it impossible. The loss by the lungs, the skin, and the urine would have been considered to be too great for the nervous and circulatory systems to bear without the breaking down of some part of the machinery. Cases are on record where an animal has lived a much longer period without food—as, for example, the fat pig that fell over Dover Cliff and was picked up alive one hundred and sixty days after, being partially embedded in the *débris*; but here little motion was allowed, warmth was retained by the surrounding chalk, and life was sustained by the animal on its own fat. Dogs and wolves, again, are said to be able to sustain a complete fast for a month; but for a man to resist the depressing effects of a forty days' fast with nothing but water, which can hardly be called food, is certainly exceptional. Signor Succi is described as looking wan, thin, and fallow, and it is stated that he lost weight at the rate of about half pound a day during the latter days of his fast. The loss was no doubt in great part due to the elimination of carbon dioxide by the lungs and of watery vapour by the skin and lungs. His temperature was well maintained. His pulse varied, but was during the later days more frequent than natural. The room in which he lived was judiciously kept at a high temperature, and he did not exhaust his nervo-muscular apparatus by exercise. Perhaps the conclusion may be drawn from this experiment that a considerable proportion of our ordinary food is not applied to any useful purpose in the economy, but is converted in the intestinal canal into leucin, tyrosin, and other crystalloids, and that many of the inactive inhabitants of cities habitually eat more than is required to maintain their mental and bodily functions in the highest efficiency.—*Lancet*.

A FAMOUS VIOLIN.

The musical world will be interested to learn that the famous Alard Strad, known as the Messie has been added to the many magnificent specimens of the great master's work already owned in the United Kingdom. This violin, which is so perfect in condition and workmanship—it is dated 1716, and therefore belongs to the grand period of Stradivarius' work—as to deserve the epithet of "unique," must be familiar to English connoisseurs, who, in 1772, had abundant opportunity of studying it at the Exhibition of Musical Instruments at South Kensington, to which it was sent by its then owner, M. Vuillaume, the well known maker of Paris. The instrument, which is described in the catalogue of the Exhibition as being the only one which has come down to us in a condition of perfect preservation, was bought in 1760 by a distinguished Italian amateur, Count Cozio di Salabue, after whose death it was purchased in 1824 by the famous collector, Luigi Tarisio. Tarisio hid it away, refusing to let anyone see it till his death in 1854. A year later it was, together with many more instruments collected by Tarisio, purchased from his heirs by the late M. Vuillaume. Its condition of preservation was then such as to warrant the belief that it had scarcely been played upon during the whole 150 years of its existence. M. Vuillaume, who could not bring himself to part with the treasure, left it on his death to his son-in-law, M. Alard, the well-known French violinist, and the happy possessor of many rare and valuable instruments by the greatest makers. Now, as already stated, it is to be brought to England, the purchase having been concluded through a well-known Bond street firm; its ultimate destination being, we believe, to enrich the collection of a distinguished and wealthy amateur north of the Tweed. After the death of M. Alard, it passed into the hands of his son-in-law, M. Croue, who has sold it for £2000, the largest price ever paid, as yet, for a violin. It is intended to publish the interesting history of this violin, with illustrations reproducing the colour of the wonderful varnish.

THE AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY.

On account of an improvement in prices on the Stock Exchange comes a rush of new companies, the most noticeable of which is, perhaps, the Automatic Photograph Company. This company is formed to develop the latest phase of automatism, viz., put a penny in the slot, and wait forty-five seconds to be presented with your photograph. It hardly seems possible such a machine could work, but Mr. Isaac Joel, the inventor, says it will, and wishes to sell the patents thereof to the company for £60,000, of which £39,700 is to be in cash. If the machine will do perfectly all that is affirmed (on this we can offer no opinion) the Company should be great success owing to the novelty and cheapness of the new style of photograph. The cost of production of each photograph is ½d., so that the profit, added to the gain in selling frames and receiving advertisements on the photographs and machines, is estimated to give a return of over 30 per cent. on the capital.—*English paper*.

LA CROIX ROUGE.

Some years ago Mr. P. S. Murphy, of this city, published in the *Canadian Antiquarian* an interesting account of a relic of the Old Régime in Montreal, which, as it is probably new to many, and interesting to all, of our readers, we have thought it well to reproduce in this issue. Mr. Murphy's narrative runs as follows:

The "Red Cross" at the corner of Guy and Dorchester streets, Montreal, which for a century and a quarter has so prominently marked the burial place of Bélisle, the murderer, has long been an object of curious speculation. The popular story is that it marks the grave of a notorious highwayman, who robbed and murdered *habitants* returning from Montreal to St. Laurent and the back country by Dorchester street, which was at that time the only highway west of St. Lawrence street. This story is somewhat incorrect. Bélisle was not a highway robber; his crime was house-breaking and a double murder. He lived on Le Grand Chemin du Roi, now called Dorchester street, near the spot where the red cross stands. On the other side of the road, and a little higher up, Jean Favre and his wife, Marie-Anne Bastien, lived. Favre was reputed to be well off and to have money in his house. This excited the cupidity of Bélisle, who formed the project of robbing his neighbour, and, accordingly, one dark night broke into the house and fired his pistol at Favre, which, however, only wounding him, he stabbed him to death with a large hunting knife. Favre's wife rushed in to help her husband, and was met by Bélisle, who plunged the knife into her breast and then despatched her by a blow of a spade. Bélisle was suspected, and soon after arrested, tried and convicted.

The object of this paper is to set the public right about the legend of the "Red Cross," and to give its true history; also to show by the following copy of the "Requisitoire du Procureur du Roi," dated 6th June, 1752, that the terrible punishment of "breaking alive" (*rempre vif*) was then in force under the French régime in Canada. Bélisle was condemned to "torture ordinary and extraordinary," then to be broken alive on a scaffold erected in the market-place (the present Custom House Square) in this city.

This awful sentence was carried out to the letter, his body buried in Guy street, and the Red Cross erected to mark the spot, as fully described in the following document, referred to above, which is not only interesting, but historically valuable:

Extrait du Requisitoire du Procureur du Roi.

"Je requiers pour le Roi que Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle soit déclaré dument atteint et convaincu d'avoir de dessein prémédité assassiné le dit Jean Favre d'un coup de pistolet et de plusieurs coups de couteau, et d'avoir pareillement assassiné la dite Marie-Anne Bastien, l'épouse du dit Favre, à coups de bêche et de couteau et de leur avoir volé l'argent qui était dans leur maison; pour réparation de quoi il soit condamné avoir les bras, jambes, cuisses et reins rompus vifs sur un échafaud qui, pour cette effet, sera dressé en la place du marché de cette ville, à midi; ensuite sur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel, pour y finir ses jours. Le dit Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle préalablement appliqué à la question ordinaire et extraordinaire; se fait, son corps mort porté par l'exécuteur de la haute justice sur le grand chemin qui est entre la maison où demeurait le dit accusé et celle qu'occupaient les dits défunts Favre et sa femme. Les biens du dit Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle acquis et confisqués au Roi, ou à qui il appartiendra sur iceux, ou à ceux non sujets à confiscation, préalablement pris la somme de trois cents livres d'amende, en cas que confiscation n'ait pas lieu au profit de Sa Majesté.

"Fait à Montréal le 6e Juin, 1752.

"(Signé),

"FOUCHER."

[Translation.]

Extract from the Requisition of the King's Attorney.

"I require for the King that Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle be arraigned and convicted of having wilfully and feloniously killed the said Jean Favre by a pistol shot and several stabs with a knife, and of having similarly killed the said Marie-Anne Bastien, wife of the said Favre, with a spade and a knife; and of having stolen the money that was in their house; for punishment of which that he be condemned to have his arms, legs, thighs and backbone broken

at noon, he alive, on a scaffold which shall be erected for that purpose in the market-place of this city; then, on a rack, his face turned towards the sky, he be left to die. The said Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle, being previously put to torture ordinary and extraordinary, his dead body shall be carried by the executioner to the highway which lies between the house lately occupied by the said accused and the house lately occupied by the said Jean Favre and his wife. The goods and chattels of the said Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle confiscated to the King, or for the benefit of those who may have a right to them, or of those not liable to confiscation, the sum of three hundred livres fine being previously set apart, in case that confiscation could not be made for the benefit of His Majesty.

"Done at Montreal this 6th June, 1752.

"(Signed),

"FOUCHER."

NOTE.—The writer was informed by the late Dr. Meilleur that a few years ago some descendants of the Bélisle family were living at Bord-à-Plouffe (near St. Martin). They were quiet, honest, inoffensive people, but a stigma was still attached to their name, as their relationship to the murderer of Favre and his wife was known to the *habitants* of that part of the country.

P.S.—The above history of the "Red Cross" was narrated to me some forty years ago, by the widow of Louis Haldimand, a nephew of General Haldimand, Governor of Canada. This lady was born in 1774 and heard the story from her mother, who lived near "la Place du Marché" (present Custom House Square) when the execution took place.

P. S. MURPHY.

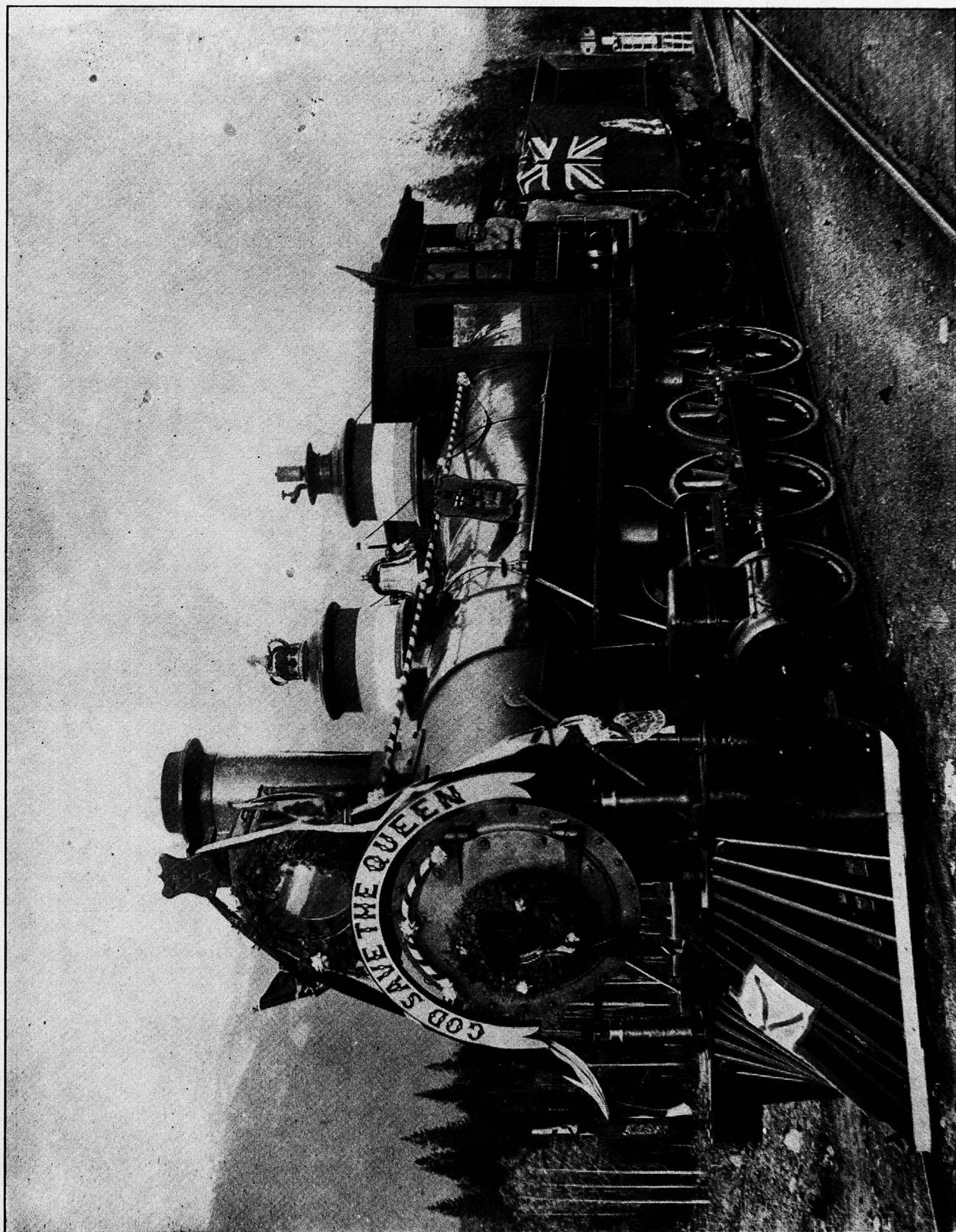
SYDNEY.

It is a fair land, this new Australian continent, and well worthy to be inhabited by the energetic Anglo-Saxon race. The whole mountain system of New South Wales lies below the limit of perpetual snow. The grandeur of the scenery is not to be compared with that of the Alps or the Rocky Mountains. On the contrary, from the plains the mountains look rather insignificant; but once on them, and looking into the gorges below, clothed with verdure, or on the broad plains far beyond, you are struck with the magnificent scale on which Nature has worked in these solitudes. Over all is a mantle of blue haze, which makes the whole effect most striking, and has given to the range of hills visible from Sydney the appropriate name of the Blue Mountains. However, there is nothing equalling the view you get as you enter Sydney through Port Jackson. It is needless to say a word of Sydney harbour. It holds the first place among the harbours of the world for convenience of entrance, depth of water, and natural shipping facilities. * * * I am agreeably disappointed with Sydney. Its shops and public buildings and hotels are handsomer, and its streets broader, than I had anticipated. I was frightened, I own, by what Mr. Froude has written about its mosquitoes. Perhaps mosquitoes do not like me; I am not sorry. Coming to Sydney by sea you feel, on the whole, that Eden cannot be far off. Nor is the climate so bad as some people fancy. In Naples, where so many English go, the summer is warmer and the winter much colder than at Sydney. The famed resorts on the Mediterranean seaboard, it is now confessed, bear no comparison with the Pacific slope of New South Wales, either for natural salubrity or the comparative mildness of the summer and winter; while the epidemics and pestilences which have devastated the regions of ancient civilization have never made their appearance on Australian shores. The Hawkesbury formation, over which the city of Sydney is built, provides it with an inexhaustible supply of sandstone of the highest quality for building purposes. The beauty of Sydney street architecture owes much to it, as it is a material admirably adapted for architectural effect, being of a pleasant colour, fine grain, and easily worked. * * * For natural facilities for shipping Sydney stands unrivalled. The water deepens abruptly from the shores, so that the largest vessels may be berthed alongside the wharves and quays. The Sydneyites love their harbour, and well may they do so, for none fairer is to be found under the sun. "What do you think of our harbour?" is the first question asked a stranger. A tale is told of the captain of an English man-of-war which was at anchor here, that he was so tired of the question being constantly put that he had a blackboard hung over the side of his ship, on which he had chalked up, with a view to save trouble and prevent further inquiries: "We admire your harbour very much."—*J. E. Ritchie*.

The celebrated Sir William Gull, late physician to the Queen, whose loss all temperance people mourn, gave the following evidence before the House of Lords: "Alcohol interferes with the conveying of the food into the system, and the public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. It carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form. I hardly know of any more potent cause of disease than alcohol; it causes diseased liver, which disorders the blood, causing diseased kidneys, heart, and nervous system, besides being a frequent source of crime of all kinds. A very large number of persons are dying day by day, poisoned by stimulants without it being known. Great injury is done to health by the use of alcohol in its various combinations (as wine, brandy, gin, rum, whiskey, or beer), even in so called moderate quantities."



THE ROYAL VISIT.—VIEW IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER; SOME OF THE BIG TREES VISITED BY THE ROYAL PARTY.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)



THE ROYAL VISIT — THE C. P. RY ENGINE THAT DREW THE ROYAL TRAIN ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)

TWO PICTURES.

BY HELEN FAIRBAIN.

This was the first opportunity which had presented itself of gaining an introduction to the goddess at whose feet he had cast fragrant offerings, and he made haste to avail himself of it. With a gracious smile, Mrs. Bertram granted compliance with his earnest request, and presently the doctor found himself *tête-à-tête* with Miss Gordon. The young lady contemplatively pulled the forefinger of her light tan glove half off, and rubbed it on again. Truth to tell, she hardly knew how to "take" this new acquaintance, being just a little bit shy of him on account of his literary reputation. And he? He was overpowered for the moment by this delightful nearness to the fair girl, for a glimpse of whom he had often gone blocks out of his way. But his wits did not desert him entirely. April weather afforded a beginning, and from that they drifted to other topics. Presently, with a perfectly unembarrassed candour peculiar to her, she told him that she was a little afraid of anyone "so clever" as he was. The doctor smilingly deprecated, and she continued in the same vein, expressing a naive wonder as to where he got his "beautiful thoughts." She had not only read his published verses then, but had actually thought of them; cared something for them! It was intoxicating to the poet and the man—so much so that he found himself telling her of his secret hopes and ambitions, of how small, how desperately small, his successes seemed in view of what he craved for; and she listened, looking at him now and then, her great blue eyes full of childlike innocence and intelligent sympathy, with an occasional appreciative interjection.

In the midst of this, to Keith Clarendon, almost sacred conversation, some one came to take her away from him. It was too bad, but the edge was taken off by the fact that she seemed not pleased at the interruption. For some time he watched her laughing and talking with other people, and experienced a slight chill on observing that her demeanour towards them was every whit as kind and sympathetic as it had been to him.

"I'm afraid I'm falling in love with her," he said to himself, "and I don't believe I've struck even the chord of friendship in her heart."

Once when in her vicinity he overheard a young lady exclaim:

"Oh! Edna, this is your birthday! Many happy returns!"

Not long after this, having unfitted himself for bandying conventional commonplaces by his conversation with Miss Gordon, he excused himself to Mrs. Bertram for such a short stay, and made his way out. Before going home, he paid another visit to the florist, which resulted in the purchase of an exquisite bouquet, upon which the young doctor felt an undeniable pleasure in expending three dollars. The usual bit of pasteboard, this time bearing the words "Many happy returns of May 1st!" accompanied it, causing the fair recipient to knit her brows in hopeless wonderment as to the identity of this mysterious unknown friend, who even knew the date of her birthday.

Ten o'clock that night found Keith Clarendon alone in his study, luxuriating in the depths of his most comfortable arm chair, a volume in his hand. He thought he was reading Emerson; he had thought so for the last half hour. Presently he became aware of the deception he was practising upon himself, and, taking careful aim, lodged the venerable volume on a sofa on the opposite side of the room.

"Now then," he soliloquized, "let a man be honest with himself and day-dream outright, without holding up an old philosopher for a screen!"

The clock ticked away seventeen minutes in silence, otherwise unbroken, then a sudden sharp ring at the door-bell struck across the quiet with its imperative turbulence. After the first jarred evulsion of feeling, the physician's instinct awoke, and when, within a few moments, the servant showed a young man into the study, the doctor was alert and interested. The youth, who wore a bulky red muffler, which enveloped his neck and reappeared at the terminus of his thick pea jacket, stated as the cause of his late call that Miss Ruth Carroll was very ill and wished to see Dr. Clarendon. Would he come at once?

"Miss Ruth Carroll!" the doctor repeated—half inquiringly, half ruminatingly—as he put himself into his overcoat. The youth volunteered a response.

"She said as how you did up her forehead for her last winter."

"Oh! yes; yes, I remember very well. Is she very low, do you know?"

"Can't get better, sir. Doctor says she won't live a day more, and she said as how she'd like to see you before she goes, if you'd come."

For answer, Clarendon lowered the gas and strode from the room, followed closely by the young man. A smart walk brought them to their destination—a little street, a *cul de sac*, off Bleury, where they sought admittance to a high brick house, of somewhat grimy exterior. At the top of the second flight of stairs they encountered the presiding genius of the house, who proved to be the mother of the young man with the red muffler.

After repeating in substance what her son had told Dr. Clarendon, she conducted the latter into a little room near at hand, where the dying girl lay. He bent over her and took one frail hand in his. She smiled faintly, saying:

"I am so glad you came."

"I wish I had known you were ill, and I should have come to you long ago," he rejoined.

"I have never been well since the beginning of the year. The last time I was at your office it was so slippery on the streets; there was ice everywhere. On the road home I fell and strained myself some way. I have been failing ever since. Mrs. Baird brought her doctor to see me, and he told me. I felt sure of it anyway. I'm going home."

Keith Clarendon gave the thin hand he held a sudden, fierce pressure, and looked away for a few moments.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he said, presently. "Anything you want done, or anybody you would like to see?"

"No; I have no friend to send for now that you are here," Clarendon winced at the words. "And I have nothing to leave, save my trunk and a very few clothes, and more than that is due to Mrs. Baird for all she has done. Here are your books," she continued, touching caressingly the volumes that lay beside her. "No one knows what they have been to me. I have read and re-read them—" Her voice sailed.

The doctor groaned audibly. "And I with shelves of books—" he began, and broke off abruptly.

"You will take them again," she continued. "I have given my Bible to Sam Baird. Mr. Fielding, a clergyman, was here this afternoon. He is coming again to-night. After a moment's pause, 'I am so glad you are here,' she said, putting her other thin hand over Clarendon's strong, warm fingers. With a swift, passionate gesture, the doctor sank on his knees and bowed his head, and the girl felt his hot tears on her hand. For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the laboured breathing of the young man as he struggled to master his emotion, and the quick, fitful respiration of the dying girl. Presently, without raising his face, he said in low, broken tones:

"Oh! my child; why did I do nothing for you when I could!"

"What more could you have done? You know you could not easily have been a friend to me," she said simply. "There are reasons, and reasons."

Yes, he knew it too well. He knew the thousand and one difficulties that would always lie in the way of a young man—cultured and well-to-do—befriending a poor, wage-earning orphan; and he mentally cursed the trammels and conventionalities of society in his bitterness, even while acknowledging that such befriending might only end in greater desolateness for its object. Musing sadly thus, he observed the sick girl move restlessly upon her pillow. Rising from his knees, he seated himself upon the bed, and drawing her woollen shawl about her, raised her in his arms. She acquiesced meekly, and seemed restfully content as her head leaned on his shoulder. Presently he spoke:

"You are not afraid. You are not alone?"

A quick smile glorified the white face. "Oh, no. I am not alone, for Christ is with me. I am going home to Him."

A low rap at the door was followed by the entrance of Mrs. Baird and Mr. Fielding. Clarendon did not change his position; he felt a strange right to be there. The clergyman knelt and prayed. Mrs. Baird knelt also, sobbing audibly in the folds of her voluminous hankchief. After the solemn *Amen*, the minister raised his eyes, and noting a warning change on the pallid face, he repeated:

"Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself. That where I am, there ye may be also."

The dying girl drew a deep breath. "Do you remember," she said to Clarendon, speaking with some difficulty, "you told me once you trusted there was a happy life before me? It is before me—now—and so near—oh, my friend, my friend," she dwelt lovingly on the sweet word, "so near. A happy life!"

Keith pressed his lips to her forehead. Once more he heard the words—"A happy life!"—and then there was a great calm. Mrs. Baird's sobbing grew into stifled shrieks, the clergyman's eyes filled with tears, and Dr. Clarendon knew that all was over.

The faint greyiness of the May morning was stirring in the chilly night air when the young doctor made his way homeward through the lonely streets. Suddenly, a memory of the previous afternoon floated vaguely through his mind, and he wondered if it was but a few hours since he had laughed and talked in Dr. Bertram's brilliant, crowded rooms. A few hours! It was aeons; it was another world.

Two weeks later the *Montreal Gazette* contained the following:—"Dr. Keith Clarendon leaves by C.P.R. train to-night for Vancouver on a voyage round the world. His many friends wish him a pleasant trip and safe return. We understand the doctor will contribute articles descriptive of his travels to several newspapers. These will doubtless be well worth reading, as Dr. Clarendon's ability to handle a pen is a well established fact."

IV.

Twice had the smiles of spring deepened into the laughter of summer, the still content of autumn, and the glistening quiet of winter. December had entered the lists valiantly—white with frost, armed with icicles, and whirled along in a drifting cloud of snow. One flurry of starry flakes after another had covered the ground, and when one day the soft grey clouds finally withdrew and old Sol

reigned once more in the clear Canadian sky, everything was beautifully, softly, dazzlingly white. Early in the afternoon of this glorious, winter day, two ladies met on Dorchester Street West, and paused for a brief confabulation. As they talked, a stalwart, handsome man emerged from the gateway of a residence near at hand and walked past them.

"Do you know who that is?" exclaimed one of the ladies with the air of a person who has an interesting communication to make.

"No; I do not."

"It's Dr. Clarendon, my dear; come back to wear his laurels in his native land."

"Is that Dr. Clarendon—the Keith Clarendon who wrote 'A Happy Life'?"

"The very one. They say he's made quite a little fortune, as well as a name, by it. You know he went abroad about a year and a half ago, and wrote it while away. Had it published in London."

"Well, there will be ado enough about him here now, you may be sure. Enough to spoil the young man."

"He isn't made of the sort of stuff that spoils," replied her companion with conviction. "He knows far too much to be vain."

In the meantime the young doctor's long strides were taking him rapidly eastward.

In appearance he was much the same man as two years previously, save that the expression of his face had undergone that inexplicable change, easy to observe, but hard to locate. The look that told of hope and expectancy had deepened into the expression of remembrance and thoughtfulness. Coming near St. Paul's Church, Clarendon observed lines of sleighs on either side of the road, and groups of people at the church doors and on the footpath.

"A wedding, I suppose," he soliloquized, and paused in front of the church, hearing the faint strains of the wedding march from within.

"They are coming now!" said some one near the door, and the word was passed on through the crowd, which ranged itself closely on either side of the red spread from the door to the stately covered sleigh, whose sleek bay horses tossed their proud heads, fluttering the white ribbon rosettes at their ears.

The doctor took a place amongst the others to see the bride pass out. Presently the excitement ran higher, there was a forward pressure of the packed lines of people, the triumphant strains of the wedding march floated out with clearness, as the church doors went back, and down the carpeted steps came a vision of cloudy tulle, white velvet and orange blossoms.

Clarendon felt a strange thrill, a sudden mental commotion, as he saw Edna Gordon, the jewel in all this fair setting. In the few moments that they were within view, he took in the fact that the bridegroom was a man of noble presence, and that the fair girl leaning on his arm in her snowy raiment was bewilderingly lovely, beyond what he had ever seen her before. Then the young pair were shut into the sleigh, the coachman flourished his be-ribboned whip, the bay horses pranced forward, and a bevy of fluttering, pink and blue bridesmaids were the cynosure of all eyes—of all save Keith Clarendon's; he was looking after the sleigh as it rolled away westward.

"Who is he? Who's the bridegroom?" queried a voice behind the doctor. It was one girl asking of another the question which had already formulated itself in his mind. He listened keenly for the response.

"Don't you know? Do you mean to say you didn't hear of the engagement? I thought every one in town knew about it. Why, he's Sir Philip Stanhope, an English baronet, and tremendously rich. Edna Gordon's beauty didn't go for nothing."

For a moment the doctor felt a strong desire to confront the garrulous young lady who was rattling about the *trousseau* and kindred matters, and tell her that Edna Gordon's mind and heart were as beautiful as her sweet face, and that for his part he thought Sir Philip had done excellently well. Then he smiled, and detaching himself from the crowd, hurried to his office. One half hour later a messenger left a parcel at the door of the Gordons' residence. A square white card attached to it bore the inscription "Lady Stanhope," and in the lower right hand corner "A Friend."

The lovely bride gave a little cry as it was placed in her hands. "Look, Phil!" she said, turning to her husband, "it's from the 'Unknown'."

With trembling fingers she removed the wrappers and cover, and lifted from the box an exquisite gold necklet.

"I fancy your 'Unknown' has been abroad," said the baronet as he took the necklet and examined it critically, "that is of East Indian workmanship and a very beautiful specimen." Then in an undertone to his bride, "He's a rarely generous fellow, who ever he may be, to send you such a lovely present now when I've got you!"

Christmas Eve once more. Dr. Clarendon's valise is lying packed and ready for his homeward trip. Just now he is sitting in his study chair, regarding with an amused smile the energetic gestures of the French lawyer, Lemesurier, who sits opposite to him, and who is discoursing vigorously on the advantages of married life, upon which, by the way, he proposes entering shortly.

"You take my word for it, Clarendon," he says, punctuating his remarks with waggings of his forefinger, "it's the best thing a man can do. You'll find it out some day and follow my example—surely," the last word delivered with the emphasis of conviction.

The doctor smiles as he rises from his chair and glances at the little brass clock. Leaning for a moment against the mantel shelf, he speaks, more to himself than to his companion, it would seem :

"Some day, perhaps. No one knows what may happen. But not—not until two pictures which Time has painted for me have grown dim!"

THE END.

"CHIL DIE."

The chancel of an old cathedral was filled with day's fast fleeting light—a rare sweet light, toned down to ecclesiastical dimness by many stained and pictured windows.

The grand tones of an organ, played by no unskilful hand, pealed throughout the noble building and echoed in the hollowness—echoed amid the multitude of pillars which silently and sternly as guardians of the House of Prayer rose heavenwards in their majestic columns—echoed, and pealed, and swelled, and died away into liquid-like tenderness of tone, then grew again in strength and thundered forth in sonorous music, closing in a final outburst of harmony.

Nevertheless, the strong nervous fingers did not appear to have tired, for they wandered over the keys in an absent, dream like manner, as if they could never quite be satisfied, while the player called out in a mellow voice that breathed the spirit of the man :

"Sonny, you need not blow any longer, thank you. I have kept you too long as it is. You must be very tired."

"Yes, I is vewy tired," lisped a wee little woman's voice in sharp reply, "I is vewy tired, 'deed, sir! Johnny told me you 'ood on'y want me to blow for half a' hour and the clock has struck two times since I beginn'd."

"Dear me, child, and who are you? How did you come to blow for me this afternoon? Gracious me! it's a wonder you were able to blow at all!"

"Johnny wanted to do a boat he was doing, and so he brought me to the 'thedral. I's of'en blowed for you afore. He show'd me how the little thing jumped up and down a long time ago."

"Well! Well! Well! And what's your name, Childie?"

"That's it!"

"What! Childie?"

"Ye—s, Childie!"

"And how did you get that name?"

"I's chris'n'd Childie!"

"Heavens! But tell me, little one, what is your mother's name?"

"Mum—mie's name is Rogers—Missus Will'um Rogers."

"Ah! But what was her maiden name."

No answer.

"What is her Christian name, child, then, her first name? Quick! Tell me," and the organist, in his anxiety to know, had caught hold of the little pink-white form that was touching his knees.

"Daddy calls mum—mie Matty!" answered the child.

"My God! and you are my—" escaped from the trembling lips of the questioner, and the strangely dim eyes filled, then overflowed with tears, which, gushing forth with the sudden pain, fell unheeded down the cheeks.

"What is you crying for? Kiss and make it up," and the little face was raised in expectancy. But the generous offer was not accepted, seemingly not heeded, so deep in meditation or in dreams was the favoured one.

"Come, Childie!" he said at last, with a strange quietness in his voice, "climb on my knees and I'll tell you all about it, and you shall be my confessor and absolve me for crying." And, as the bright little woman crawled on to the organ seat and from thence to the lap of the long-haired musician, he asked: "What colour is your hair, Childie? Is it like your mother's?"

"Oh, dear no!" proudly expostulated the little maiden.

"Mine's more prettie than mum—mie's. Mine is gold and mum—mie's is on'y brown—'cept when the sun shines on it; but mine is gold ev'wy time, and my eyes is blue! What colour is your eyes? Why there's somethin' the matter with them. They is so funny. I's afraid of you. Let me go! I want to go to Johnny!" But the long, strong fingers were now fast entwined round the little waist and in a tone that spoke of a peaceful resignation came the pitiful truth: "Childie! I am blind. Do you want to leave me now?"

"Oh, no! no! I see you home. I will. Johnny never told me. Oh, I's so sorry. How did you get blinded? Was you born blinded? My kitties was born blinded. Was you?"

"No, little one. Now listen and I'll tell you a story." And preparatory to the tale that was to be told, Childie leaned up against the sad looking man with every assurance of good faith.

"Once upon a time," he began, "before you were born, little woman, when I was a young man, I was deep—deep in love. Ah! she had just such pretty golden brown tresses as you say you have, and every bit as soft and silky. Well, Childie, do you understand me?"

"Ye—s, thank you. Did you get marr'd?"

"Hush! We will come—nearly—to that later on. I was learning to play this dear old organ, and I was to be allowed to marry when I could play sufficiently well to get a position as an organist. One day when I was learning (I was trying to read some difficult piece—quickly, I remember), it became very dark and I couldn't see very well, and I made mistakes and I grew cross and very angry, and

finally when it became so dark I could play no longer and I would have to leave off, I swore a dreadful oath, and just at that moment a flash of lightning lit up the church and darkened my eyes—for ever. Ah! truly it was the Lord's doing for my desecration of his sanctuary."

Up went the little arms and twined round the blind man's neck: "Did it hurted you vewy much?"

"No, Childie, not that; it was what came after. When I became blind, my occupation, my studies, my learning, all were gone. I would have to begin anew. When I was carried senseless from the cathedral that day, the ill tidings travelled speedily to the home of my future wife—to my—to her I loved, that her lover had been struck blind. Vainly she pleaded for me, for my utter helplessness, God bless her. She loved me then, but parents' wills are oft-times stronger than a daughter's love, and she yielded when she found that I would not have her throw herself away upon a sightless log. Years rolled by, and, as each year passed, I became more masterly at this dear old organ. I put my whole soul, my whole strength, into my life's work. I learnt to love my organ, and at last I could play this grand old fellow as well, if not better, than I could have done had sight been left me. Lastly I was appointed the organist, and thank God! I have played for them ever since!"

"What did the pretty lady do?" asked Miss Curiosity.

"Ah! ha! Childie, she did what was right and proper for her to do. She married, and, I think, lived happy ever after."

"Then why did you cry jus' now?"

"There, little sweetheart, you wont understand me. My tears were only tears of pleasure not of woe. A thought—a sign—came to me thro' the darkness and told me my dear one had not forgotten me in my loneliness. But come, come, you must see me home now, and I must close the organ. There, that will do. Put your little hand in mine. My! how warm it is. Just like—ah! well! we'll say good night to the 'thedral. Good night! Good night!"

Clank, clank, clank, sounded the blind man's stick, and soon the great door creaked as he pulled it to.

Hand in hand through the quaint old town the child and the blind man walked until they reached a little white-washed cottage, with its roof of thatch gilded in the noon-tide rays. The wee guide looked longingly at the hollyhocks and modest daisies. She said, as her companion stooped to where the Sweet Williams grew beside the wall flowers, that leaned so lazily up against the walls so white: "Was you sorry the pretty lady—" but the rest of the sentence was never completed, for the childish curiosity had been satisfied with a kiss and a bunch of the garden's sweetness.

TYNDALL GRAY.

AN EARLY CHINESE BANK NOTE.

Within the last few days the trustees of the British Museum have become possessed of a Chinese bank note, which was issued from the Imperial Mint just 300 years before the circulation of the first paper money in Europe. Whatever doubts may attach to the priority of certain other inventions claimed by the Chinese, it is impossible to deny that they were acquainted with the art of printing many centuries before the days of Gutenberg. According to native records, the art of printing was in use in China in 593 A.D., but it does not appear to have been employed in the preparation of bank notes until the ninth century. From that date notes were periodically issued until the middle of the 15th century, when the practice fell into disuse, and was only revived about 40 or 50 years ago.

The note of which we are now speaking is one which was issued in the first year or one of the first years, of the reign of the first Emperor of the Ming dynasty, after the overthrow of the Mongol dynasty established by Kublai Khan. It was of the notes issued by the last-named Sovereign—who was a profuse floater of paper money—that Marco Polo speaks when he says:—"The Great Khan caused the bark of trees, made into something like paper, to pass for money all over his country." According to the Venetian traveller, the notes were made "of the bark of a certain tree, in fact, of the mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the food of silkworms—these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a fine white bast or skin, which lies between the wood of the trees and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black." This exactly describes the material on which the present note is printed, and it is probable that paper manufactured in this way continued to be used for bank notes until their issue was suspended in about 1455.

None of the notes seen by Marco Polo, and indeed none earlier than the present one, are known to exist, and of these only three copies are said to survive. The interest attaching to this rarity is, therefore, very great. It is older than the first real bank in Europe—that of Barcelona (1401); exactly three centuries separate the date of its issue from the establishment of the Bank of Stockholm (1668), which was the first bank in Europe to issue notes; and it is only a century later than the pieces of stamped leather—the prototypes of European bank notes—which were issued by the Emperor Frederick II. at the siege of Faenza in 1241.

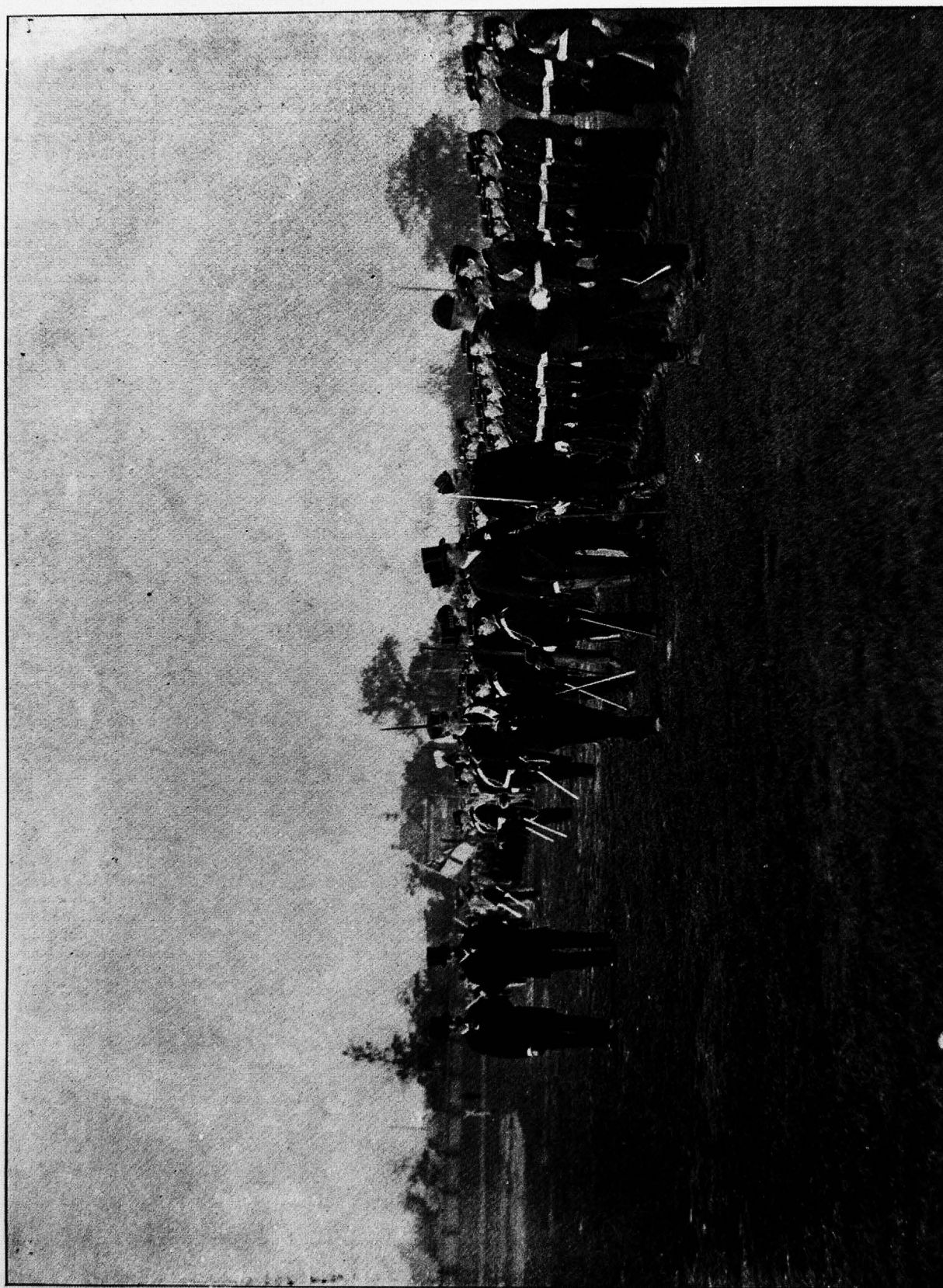
It is noteworthy that Kublai Khan's bank notes were imitated in Persia by Kaikhatu Khan in 1294; and by Sultan Mahomed Tughlak in India in 1330-31. In both these instances the over-issue of notes caused the suspension of the practice, and in China the same cause led to the same result in 1455.—*Times*, May 23.

S. C. L.

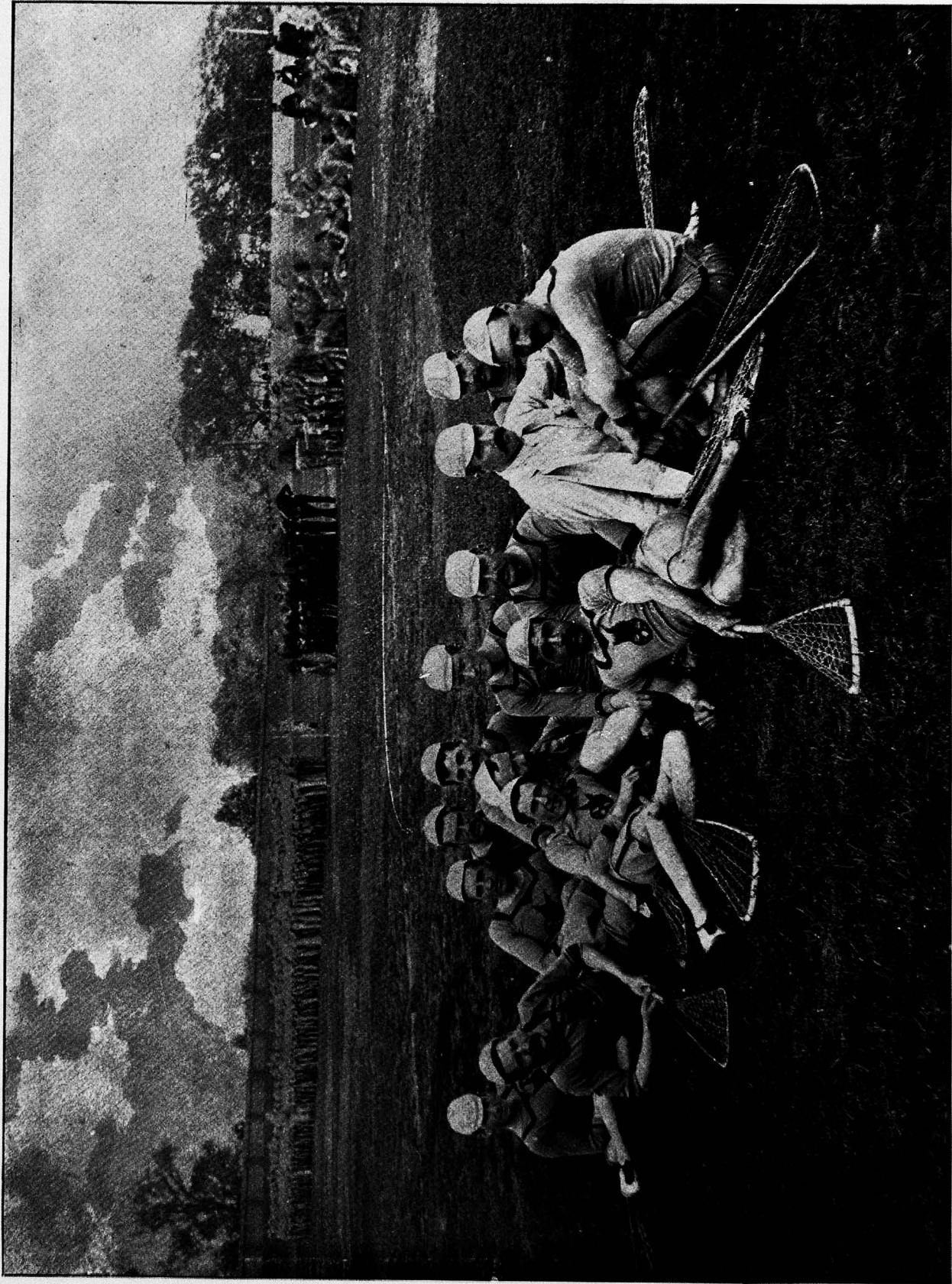
[This piece of satire was suggested by the "Notes and Queries" meeting of the Society for Historical Studies and the Society of Canadian Literature.]

There may be folks—an' I don't doubt
Ye'll find a plenty uv them out—
Who speak right loud in meetin', cool
Ez hunks uv ice; I'm not no fool,
Leastways, I b'lieve I'm not—but, sakes?
To think uv sech, jist plumly takes
Away my breath; "No sir," sez I,
"I can't an' I'm not goin' to try."
Ye reely might ez fairly count
On seein' me ketch an' try to mount
A buckin' broncho from the plains
(The kind yer friend there took the pains
Uv trainin' when he wuz out west,
Reckon he wished he'd let them rest).
But seein' ez how ye're pow'ful bent
On hearin' us, I'm jist content
To put my think in writin'—fair
For them ez wants to read, an' square.
To-night, ye say, is set apart
Fur notes an' queries. Well, to start,
I'll tell ye, this here is my note—
Or 'twill be when I have it wrote—
An' queries—well, the pint's jist there,
I want to query, fair an' square,
Why is it—fur ye know it's true—
The last thing a Canuck will do,
Is read a work that's from the pen
Uv one uv his own countrymen?
The chaps themselves that writes the stuff,
They read each other's, smart enough.
But, fur the gen'ral public, why
I most believe they'd rather fly
Than buy an' read Canadian work—
They'd liefer read a bloomin' Turk?
There's Roberts, now, a likely lad
Ez this young country ever had,
Squash full o' po'try too, the kind
That makes ye see things in yer mind.
I tell ye, Roberts knows the ropes,
Goes straight ahead, an' never gropes
Fur words an' things. He'll let ye drop
Plump down 'mongst a pitaty crop,
Or take ye wanderin' out, afar,
Beside them dikes o' Tantramar.
Well—ask yer nex' door neighbor how
He looks on Roberts, an' I vow
He'll say, "Who's Roberts? Never knew
The chap?" An' yet, ye know it's true,
He'll know what collars Byron wore,
An' the sort o' knob on Tenu'son's door.
Then that young chap in Ott'wa town,
That's got frog music jist done brown?
(I vow when Archie uv an' spoke,
Ye'd thought ye heard the cretur's croak?)
Why, readin' uv his pieces will
Jist give ye sort uv warmin' thrill,
To think he's ondeni'bly ours—
A b'y uv his reel dazzlin' pow'rs?
An' yet, ye'll find there's mighty few
What knows uv Lampman ('sides uv you
An' me an' other lit'ry folk).
Now don't it seem a tidy joke!
They'll know about Ralph Waldo's ma,
An' Charlotte Brontë's cranky pa,
But nary thing about the men
In their own land that drives the pen?
Take Willyum Wilfurd Campbell, he
Can tell ye everythin' he see
About them grand old lakes uv his,
At sunset or at pale moon riz!
Bliss Carman writes real dandy things,
There's somethin' in them fairly rings,
Our own Miss Crawford writ ez good
In di'lect verse ez Riley could.
There's other scribblin' women too,
Reckon ye know a tidy few?
Then, comin' nearer to us, there
Is our own risin' Chateaulair,
Who writes as dignified a pome
As could be writ away from home?
I know they're mostly jinglers, those,
But we have lots a-writin' prose.
Although it's true, jist at this time,
The most uv them jist sticks to rhyme,
There's dozens more—a fine, spruce set!
Worth bein' rightly proud uv—yet
They're not, by no means, treated right,—
Expect they're mad enough to bite!
But, law! jist see how much I've wrote—
A most uncommon drawn out note!
An'—hope ye wont think I'm to blame—
I'll make a query uv my name.

It is hard to say how much we could forgive ourselves if we were secure from judgment by another whose opinion is the breathing medium of all our joy; who brings to us, with close pressure and immediate sequence, that judgment of the Invisible and Universal which a self flattery and the world's tolerance would easily melt and disperse. In this way, our brother may be in the stead of God to us; and his opinion, which has pierced even to the joints and marrow, may be our virtue in the making.—*George Eliot*.



THE ROYAL VISIT.—H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING THE MONTREAL CADETS
ON THE M. A. A. A. GROUNDS, ON MONDAY JUNE 2.
(Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE MONTREAL LACROSSE TEAM AT REST, M. A. A. GROUNDS, JUNE 2.
Cumming & Brewis, photo.

CAMPING IN MUSKOKA.

The above title means to many a most delightful holiday, freedom from every-day annoyance common to daily life in town; and even if these are felt, the general feeling of "It does not matter" is also as apparent; a carelessness generally induced by the life spent in the open air, on the water and in the sunshine from early morning to moonlit darkness.

A chain of lakes in the township of Muskoka, district of Algoma, lies in the north-west portion of Ontario, and in one of these (Lake Joseph), which opens out of Lake Brosseau, is the camp in which we are so pleasantly situated.

A train called the "Muskoka Express," a division of the G.T.R., leaves Toronto three days in the week during the summer months, and, stopping but seldom, lands its passengers at a little village called Gravenhurst, where a clean, trim-looking steamer lies at the long, narrow wharf to receive the travellers and deposit them at the different ports along the lakes. After a capital early dinner on board, we all go on the wide white deck, well protected by wraps, as the fresh breezes induced by the progress of the "Nipissing" make one feel that the hot, close air of the town is a thing of the past, and we inhale with delight the fine exhilarating air of Muskoka.

Numbers of young men with camping outfits, tents, canoes, guns, rods, etc., are on board, looking, in their flannel garments and small peaked caps (something after the order of a cricketing cap), canvas or tan leather shoes and easy coats, as though they intended to carry death and destruction into land and water; business men, more advanced in years, bare their heads to the soft wind as though courting the breeze to blow away the outlines of figures and stocks from their weary brains; pretty maidens with fascinating dresses of serge and cotton, and bewitching summer hats; mothers with large families; boys and girls of all ages, all combine to form a bright picture of humanity.

At several stopping places were big summer hotels, and the greatest interest is manifested in the arrival and departure of the steamer, which lands a daily mail bag at many of the wharves. One post office was called "Redwood," and close by were the large private houses, built so high up that long flights of stairs were ranged along the rocky side of the hill, one of these stairways being marked out by fluttering red flags, which had a very gay effect.

The scenery is as charming as the absence of hills or variegated foliage can allow it to be; thousands of islands dot the surface of those placid lakes, and one glides in and out as though through the intricacies of a network of pine trees and dimpling waters. Later on in the afternoon the sunset began to cast its lengthening shadows, and then its shafts of gorgeous colouring, so that bare rocks and dark firs seemed to be clad in a moving mass of gold and red. In the autumn when the maples, oaks and birches have put on their gorgeous livery of the turning leaf, the scene is more impressive; but even now their is a sort of fascination in watching one villa after another of islands opening out on the still, shimmering lake. Many camps of white tents and temporary wooden huts, or "shanties," catch one's eye against the darkness of the green background, and here and there on the mainland one can see the settler farmer marking the sites of his green fields, too far off to see the disfiguring blackened stumps of the mighty forest trees, which have crashed down beneath the blows of his axe; sometimes, alas! the great tree crushing the strong frame of the hewer beneath its huge limbs. Towards dark we are landed at the island to which we are destined, called Victoria, or Governor's Island, from the fact of the pretty house on it having been presented to the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario during Her Majesty's jubilee year by some of the citizens of Toronto as a tribute to the gracious hospitality which marked her reign at Government House.

The island itself is about 40 acres in extent, with a wide view of lake and islands to the east, and on either side of the island run narrow channels, up one of which the steamer frequently goes on its way to Port Cockburn, at the head of the lake, and at which place is a large, gay, summer hotel, filled through the three months which constitute the Muskoka "season" by visitors from all parts of Canada, and sometimes the United States sends a contingent to help in the general gaieties and pastimes. The house proper on Governor's Island is built much as an Indian bungalow, or house in the Hawaiian Islands. A large sitting-room runs through from end to end in the centre, on either side are bedrooms, and in a corner of the sitting-room is a quaint little stairway which goes up to another apartment almost as large as the room beneath, and which has a lovely view down the lake from the little balcony in front. A wide verandah runs round three sides of the house, whereon are hammocks and easy chairs to suit the tired ones. A few feet away is another and smaller building known as the "Shanty," where are dining-room, storeroom, etc., also with a verandah of 12 feet; still farther off is the kitchen, an admirable idea, where the heat, at times (and flies), are tropical. A hut of piled up stone makes a good place for provisions, and down on the little wharf is a big boat-house where the canoes, boats, fishing tackle, etc., are kept, and above is a huge room under the sloping roof, which is always, with one consent, given up to the bachelors, who studiously refuse to be made comfortable according to feminine ideas. No luxuries lurk there. All is of the sternest type; no fripperies of any kind allowed; monkish-looking pallets line the walls, with bright, hard blankets

and coloured pillows, a looking-glass of the smallest dimensions and one chair, with numerous shelves and hooks, make up the sum total of furniture. The lake below makes a splendid bath-room, and the balcony in front is equally good as a towel-rack, to judge from the row displayed daily thereon.

The house was painted in an arrangement of grey, old gold and crimson, the gable-like front giving a very picturesque effect. The "Shanty" was all in tent-like stripes of red and white, while the kitchen and little fence around it showed quiet hues of olive greens. "We are nothing if not artists."

Paths are cut through the woods, and one can take a walk of over a mile in their windings, out to the extreme end of the island.

The daily life can be full of variety; if the house party is large there is something to do for everyone, and many and various are the tastes displayed. At one time we had a *littérateur*, a musician, an artist, an elocutionist, a doctor, a lawyer and, last but not least, a professional beauty. These, with the Governor and madame, made up a charming circle; oh! and I forgot, there was another, of whom it was innocently asked "What does he do?" (a question how often asked on this side of the Atlantic!) and the answer was, "He is *always* a tea broker."

The morning was made lively with yells and shouts from the bathers at the boat house, one of the amusements being to call the two dogs, who were the beloved companions of the whole camp, to the edge of the wharf and then douse them with showers of water, which would almost madden the animals, and their barking, the splashing of the water, and the shouts of the bathers made a din indescribable.

One of the dogs, a most intelligent animal, with a beautiful hound-like head, rejoiced in the name of Victoria. Ariadne Josephine Muskoka, was the property and devoted companion of the artist, and after a few mornings of this boisterous gaiety absolutely refused to join in it, leaving the fun to Fuss, a more easily excited fox terrier, who belonged to the tea broker.

Poor Fuss was made the means of a practical joke which gave one of the party an involuntary bath. One of bathers had soaped the edge of the wharf where the boats were drawn up, and then calling loudly and eagerly to the little dog, Fuss ran down the wooden slope, barking furiously, and the next moment her feet flew from under her, and she slid ignominiously into the water amidst derisive yells from her tormentors. Later in the day the colonel was pushing a canoe into the water when he unwittingly slid on the carefully soaped boards and followed the fate of Fuss: but, his good temper being proverbial, nothing but a hearty laugh was the consequence.

The bath in the cool water appeared to induce enormous appetite for the substantial breakfast of porridge, fresh fish and eggs, flanked by great platters of buckwheat cakes and huge scones cooked to perfection by our dear old Scotchwoman, "Mrs. Broon," and served by a red-haired, quarrelsome but good servant boy, whom she always designated as "Robairt." The shanty was hung with grey felt paper, and done up with turkey red cotton, and the snowy-white oilclothed table formed a pleasing contrast. We always sat over breakfast a long time, the artist dispensing fragrant tea or coffee from her boiling kettle on the tiny oil stove, and discussed what direction the voyageurs should take for their picnic for that day, and about noon saw their preparation complete. The basket was got ready, a list of necessities being nailed up in the shanty amongst the different stretches of the camp during the stages from tents to houses, so that nothing was forgotten; then came the embarkation, the long green canoes, and sometimes a boat, were made ready with cushions, shawls, books, etc., and the flotilla moved off, making a most picturesque effect, with the paddles flashing in and out, the bright jackets and caps of the girls and the equally brilliant flannels of the men harmonizing with the brilliant sunshine. It is remarkable how well the most glaring colours look in Muskoka. Quiet, artistic tones do not shade with the hues of land and water; one does not see exactly why it should be, but the fact remains.

The fashionable beauty's elegant figure looks to advantage in the bow, and the practised hand and graceful paddling of the artiste are charming to see, while the way in which the long limbs of the tea broker and the elocutioner are tucked away under the thwarts, to use the expression of one of the girls, "consumes one with admiration."

Numbers of expeditions can be made to Joseph River, Little Lake Joe, Bass Lake, Chief Island, all sorts of inlets and outlets known to campers, where they can fish, get water lilies, then land on some convenient spot and make their fire, boiling their black kettle, and making the very best tea (which is tied up in little muslin bags) ever drank. Notwithstanding the late breakfast, the luncheon is always welcome, and huge slices of bread and butter, sardines, and potted meats, jam, cake, speedily disappear, after which the picnickers lounge about, reading, writing, sleeping, while some more energetic disperse to gather berries of different kinds. Sometime a farmer is visited; the settlers, many of them, being most friendly to the campers. Sometimes a fresh place has to be explored or an old haunt revisited; and, finally, when the shadows are falling long across the sky, and the moon peeps out, the little fleet make their way homeward, to find that those left behind have also had a charming day of enjoyment, perhaps fishing, some fine salmon trout or a noble pickerel or bass being shown as the result of the day's labour. Trolling is a very favourite amusement for those who prefer rowing to paddling, a troll

being an awkward thing, rather, in a canoe, and in August, when the fish do not bite so readily as earlier, or later, in the season, a "deep" troll will attract some lazy trout from the cool depths, and great is the excitement when, after cautiously pulling in hand over hand, a frantic plunge tells that a heavier weight than usual is on the hook. "Gently, gently; now then!" Pull, pull; plunge, plunge; the silvery nose is seen, and the beauty is just in the back, well over the gunwale, when comes a still more terrific plunge and away Mr. Trout escapes back to his watery home, there to tell the tale, as we often thought, to his companions; for troll as we might, not a bite would come for the rest of that day. Again, it is most tantalizing to row through schools of the small fish which are supposed to be pursued by their larger fellows, and see rows of small tails flashing in the sun, and perhaps a tremendous splash is heard in the rear, and the small fry disappear, only to re-appear a few feet further on. One evening, I especially remember, just before sunset the lake seemed literally alive with these "schools," and they did not seem to mind the splash of the oars or sound of voices in the least.

Sailing the canoes is a pastime much indulged in, and pretty, indeed, the light craft look scudding before the wind.

The island was fairly alive with squirrels of a small kind, whose antics nearly drove the dogs wild. The little fellows soon found the dogs were helpless in the way of tree-climbing and jump as high as they might they could not get near the impudent little squirrel, who would chatter and squeak away, while Victoria and Fuss were making the echoes ring with their barking and whining. Presently one would run down the tree to just within a safe distance of Victoria's nose, and mock her in the funniest fashion, and just when the dog was in the midst of her highest leap he would fly down to the ground, leap clean over Victoria's head, scamper across and be up another tree chattering vociferously, while the dog howled with anger at being so ignominiously treated. These little brown squirrels swim long distances, and stretched out in the water look double their size on land. One day two of the gentlemen were rowing, when they saw a little squirrel swimming slowly, evidently quite exhausted, though a long way from land. One of them held his oar out towards it, the squirrel crawled on it, and after a moment moved up the oar, jumped on his preserver's shoulder and sat there until the boat touched the shore, when it sprang away, now quite recovered, and disappeared in the wood; it apparently thought that the one who saved it would have no evil design. Another story will show, however, a wealth of instinct curious in such animals. In a country house, on another lake, where the artiste was staying, the whole premises were over-run with squirrels, inside and out. Finally, they got into the rooms, then into the closets, and one day when she took out a jacket all the buttons were found to be neatly nipped off, evidently having been mistaken for nuts. What a disappointment when that portion of the winter store is attacked!

Porcupines are plentiful also, the great, unwieldy creatures frequently gnaw and scratch at the painted walls of the house to try if they can get in. Anything greasy will attract them, on one occasion the paint being gnawed off a tin safe where butter was kept. Dogs suffer most severely if, by chance, they come into contact close enough to receive the barbed quills in their flesh, from which they have to be torn with pincers or the teeth.

Minks appear now and then, carrying off fish, if any is left by chance within reach, and wild mice run all over without attracting notice, except from the dogs, who would sit for an hour looking at a hole where one had recently appeared. They are quite tame; a whole family being found happily settled in a table drawer were not in the least frightened, and the mother would take crumbs from any friendly finger held towards her. One night when the whole camp was in the sitting-room, peacefully or noisily, as the case might be, pursuing each his or her ordinary avocation of reading, playing bezique, carving wood, showing portraits, telling fortunes, or what not, suddenly there came a rush round the verandah, and Robairt flung the door open, and with his red hair in rampant confusion, his eyes red also with excitement, he exclaimed, in his extraordinary dialect: "Foose has caught a moose!" and before anyone quite took in what he meant, in trotted Fuss as proud as Punch with a mouse hanging limply from between her teeth. The usual consequences on such occasions followed—shrieks and a general stampede to the stairs, tops of benches and tables on the part of the girls, and shouts and yells from the men, with a general dash at Fuss who preserved her own equanimity in the funniest way, evidently satisfied that she had done her duty to the utmost of her power—Robairt, looking on meanwhile from the doorway with a broad grin on his freckled face, quite delighted with the whole affair and his own share in it.

Bats were in dozens, coming as nightly visitors, and when on the verandah or in the sitting-room there were constant shrieks of dismay from the ladies and howls from the dogs, who would leap over everything to get nearer. Sometimes a skilfully wielded tennis racket would cut the bat's career off, the least touch appearing to kill it.

Last Sunday we could attend service at the Island where we went for the mail, and it was a picturesque sight to see the boats coming off from the different islands.

The service itself was of a Methodist form, all joining in the hymns with tremendous vigour, and different members of the congregation being called on at the moment to assist in the service, which was held in the open air, all sitting under the trees with the view of the lake in front, a table in the shade being placed for the minister who took the most prominent part. Occasionally a really excellent ser-

mon was heard, especially from a minister from Ohio, who had a pretty summer home near by. He had a fine sonorous voice and good command of language, and on one occasion he likened the little fleet of boats and canoes which came to bring their owners to the service to the same kind of scene he had witnessed in Norway, where so many of the farmers can only hear the Word of God preached during the summer season when they all come to a meeting held by some good pastor for their benefit; but no doubt the picturesque costumes and grand surrounding scenery make up even a more glowing picture than our more conventional Muskoka could furnish.

The Red Indian is seldom seen now; only twice during our stay did any appear. Two women, one old, fat and ugly, the other not so old but equally fat and ugly, came one day in an old birch bark canoe, with a bundle of rags apparently in the bottom; and sitting in the middle was a little child. They brought some pretty mats and baskets of sweet-scented grass; were very reticent, speaking little English, and with no trace of the romantic legends attached to the dusky savage. They had come from Rama, in Lake Couchiching, a long way off, and were too glad to get clothes or ordinary necessities in return for their handiwork.

Many hotels are about the lakes now, which makes the getting provisions an easier matter than it was in years gone by, as the little tug boats come up twice a week during the season, bringing up eatables of all kinds, and taking orders, which they fulfil on the next trip. They call at all the houses and many of the camps, and must make a fair thing out of their buying and selling, also taking passengers from different points to make excursions, and thus we often found friends on board.

One of the hotels has a large handsome tug belonging to the establishment, and with its cabin windows draped in scarlet, and many flags flying in the breeze, it made a most splendid appearance, and many and gay were the parties assembled in it. Some friend who had a large house on a neighbouring island, the only house with a brick chimney-piece and open fire-place, with dogs (whereon burned mighty logs of wood), had a little steam yacht, run with petroleum, and whenever we heard the musical little pipe there was a general stampede to the wharf where "The Madge" would lie, looking so pretty with its red-lined seats and soft scarlet cushions, forming most luxurious divans, and the brass of the machinery flashing brilliantly in the sun. At times the musician would bring her guitar, and with talking, laughing and singing the "Madge" would puff along in the most important fashion, going in and out of the islands, and steaming ahead at a capital pace. A deep troll was let out, and many a big trout and bass fell victim.

Many of the settlers are glad to sell any produce they have, and many curious characters are met amongst them. One, from whom we got milk and vegetables, brought twice daily by two blue-eyed boys, who looked as though life was a thing to be taken very easily, must, we thought, have been a schoolmaster, perhaps in some small village in England, partly from the air of authority with which he would give his opinion, partly from the long words he used; he would spout Shakespeare and Byron in a most rasping voice, and lecture the youngsters as though he meant it. Another, a capital boatbuilder, was a good philosopher, and would give vent to the oddest sentiments, sending us into hidden fits of laughter; for he was a shy man, and I doubt his ever coming again, however much we wanted him, if we offended him.

Some Scotch settlers had a beautiful farm down the river, their fields and gardens a picture of care and neatness. The highest price was always paid for their produce. The wife had a large family, her house was a model of neatness, and yet withal she had nine boarders through the summer. How she managed to keep herself and children as she did was a mystery. They had been burned out, but their Scotch thrift weathered them through their troubles, and the wife told the artiste one day she "thought they were on the right side now."

Once during the season a party of five was made up, consisting of the lawyer and his wife, the artiste, the doctor and the tea broker to "go a-fishing" in some of the back lakes. They started one fine morning, taking the little steamer "Muskoka" up to Port Cockburn, or, as it was commonly called, "Fraser's" from the name of the proprietor of the large hotel there. There they got into an open waggon and drove some nine miles into the back country, up and down the corduroy roads, along hills in blazing sunshine and clouds of dust, drawn by a very unequally matched pair of horses, which made the drive no easier, one being a steady old farm hand, "which nothing her dismayed," the other a frisky young colt, which was with difficulty restrained from breaking bounds altogether, only checked by the stolid perseverance of its mate. The farmhouse was reached at length where quarters had been engaged for the night, not the most inviting, either. The mistress of the house at first sight appeared to be quite an oldish woman, with ragged looking head, apparently no teeth to speak of, and dirty dress. The enthusiasts went off to catch fish in the few remaining hours of daylight, and on returning were amazed to find their hostess an entirely different looking person altogether to what she had been on their arrival. Her hair, by some marvellous means, was curled up in a most luxuriant fashion, the hollows of the thin cheeks were filled up by the missing teeth, which apparently were more for ornament than use. A clean dress and apron replaced the former untidy garments, and an appearance of at least ten years younger was the result.

There was a large dairy in connection with the ranche,

and so milk and butter were both good. Hot biscuits, meat and eggs were produced, the campers had brought their own tea with them, so a delightful meal was the outcome of all the preparation which went on in the one big room where everyone sat, the "parlour" being so dreary that all, with one consent, remained in the kitchen.

The next morning the artiste reported having slept soundly, notwithstanding feather beds and noises of every kind, humane and animal, which disturbed the earliest dawn. As soon as possible they went off in force to the lake, which was only a very short distance from the house, and getting into a huge boat were pulled out to the fishing grounds, and in a few hours had a big catch of between forty and fifty bass of varying sizes. As many as possible were packed in leaves and moss in a box, and the next morning the waggon was mounted and the return drive was accomplished much under the same conditions as the one before. A dear little girl was a bright spot in the somewhat dreary farmhouse. She was an adopted child of some five or six years old, lovely in face and winning in ways, following the two ladies about as though they were something she knew not of, and on their leaving she was richer than she ever hoped to be, I imagine, as she confided that she was "saving up to buy daddy a moustache cup for a Christmas present," so her fortunes were swelled to the extent of being able to buy a dozen moustache cups if she wished—a lonely life for a child, but infinitely more to be desired than the pent-up existence of a city waif.

There are many guide books and maps of Muskoka, illustrated and without such attractions, issued now for the traveller, and everything can be learned about this charming part of the country with ease.

Rain comes seldom, but when it does a fall of several days is often the case. Then if one cannot get out in the canoes the camp is thrown on its own resources for amusement. A fire light in the wood stove soon throws a cheery glow of heat into the big sitting-room; the ladies take up their work, the elocutionist spouts forth themes grave and gay, the *littérateur* reads a tale or poem for us with fitting emphasis, the guitar is heard twanging musically, stories are told, topics discussed in every shade, games played, and the most wonderful likenesses taken, not by sun or pencil, but cut out in white paper, the profiles thus produced being afterwards gummed in a book of red cotton pages, the effect being in many cases so good that it is needless to attach the names underneath. The time passes so quickly that luncheon comes, then dinner, before we know the day gone. One accident only happened during the summer. The colonel, by some violent jerk, dislocated his shoulder, or rather the arm at his shoulder. The whole camp was in a fine ferment in a moment. Some of the ladies having been through "ambulance courses of lectures," were most anxious to lay violent hands on him at once, but this was prevented. The night was getting dark, but all flew off in various directions, hoping to find a medical man from other islands, in the meantime bandages being got ready for the operation of "putting in"—the tender hearts of the governor and madame mentally suffering as much as the colonel himself almost in bodily anguish. Most providentially the artiste and the elocutionist going, at lightning speed in their canoe, found a very well known medico on his island not very far from the camp. He was also an old friend of the governor's and most kindly turned out of bed to come to our relief, and in a short time the agony was over, not a groan being heard during the process of the pulling and tugging necessary to get the limb into its right place from the colonel, who, true soldier that he was, bore the wrenching pain without a murmur. The doctor was sitting on a low bench only a few inches from the floor, so as to get a greater purchase on the arm itself, putting his foot under the arm-pit to give the strongest force. He had just shot the joint back when we heard a hearty laugh from both, and rushing in found the colonel at full length on the floor with his arm in place and the doctor also on the floor, but not with intention, the bench having broken under his weight, and a tumble being the result. However, we were only too glad to have this happy ending to the accident.

The echoes are wonderful in that part of Muskoka. One can hear a sentence repeated over and over again, and the numerous "calls" in which the campers indulge are heard in every variety of tone all round the lake. The camp fires have a lovely appearance, too; some like tall pyramids of red light, and the darker the night the more brilliant the fire, the red glow being seen for miles; but to many of the old campers these evidences of visitors to the once peaceful lakes are not at all wished for. In fact, one day the artiste said, in a most impatient tone, "I wish these visitors would go away, one can hear the voices as plainly as though they were close at hand. I heard just now someone on a neighbouring island say, 'Jimmie, take that pot round to the kitchen!' Now, why should Jimmie take the pot to the kitchen? Muskoka is getting quite spoilt." But, of course, many rather enjoy the brightness given to the day by seeing the little tugs steaming about and the pretty passenger boats puffing along with their gay crowds of young folks, perhaps bound to Shadow River, where the waters are so marvellously clear that each leaf and twig is reflected as in the most brilliant of mirrors. A photograph taken of a young and fair voyageur in her canoe, pausing in the river, seemed as though the canoe was turned upside down, each fold in the dress, even, being seen most accurately.

The atmosphere is clear and fine to a wonderful degree, a warm day, when the heat is unusual, producing much the effect of a mirage, the islands seeming to be lifted up with the golden shimmering light. On such a day as that we took ourselves either to "Arthur Seat," a green mossy nook

amongst the ferns high up on a rock which rose in the middle of the wood, or down to the cool shores of the "Ladies' Bathing Place," where the breeze came delightfully to cool the air and the sun glistened down on the beds of scarlet pigeon-berries and golden-rod, and the hours of heat were passed in reading, writing, sleeping or chattering.

The day came when we were to "break camp," and we were all sorry to say good-bye to the pretty island and comfortable habitation. Books, work, sketches were packed up, everything moveable put away in the attics, all sorts of treasures distributed amongst the settlers and children, boats and canoes put away, windows boarded up, and, lastly, the Union Jack, which had floated proudly from the boat house, was pulled down, and we all said good-bye, hoping to meet next summer at Governor's Island to go through again all the delights of a summer in Muskoka.

The purity of the air, the soft brilliancy of the atmosphere, and, perforce, the plain but nourishing food, which are the main conditions of a holiday in Muskoka, render a sojourn there of inestimable value to everyone, but especially to those whose energies have been taxed in the sultry heat of a city. A man will appear, pale, languid, and at first wanting nothing but the mere facts of living, eating and sleeping; but in a few days the recuperating power of air and water make themselves felt, and in a short time a bronzed, active, healthy being, weighing many pounds more than on arrival, is seen rowing, paddling, sailing, fishing, even chopping wood, with an energy hitherto unknown. And all this makes an interest not felt often in "welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest."

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

MR. STANLEY'S BOOK.

In Queen's Bench on the 21st ult., before Mr. George Murray, the Special Examiner appointed by the court, the end of the litigation between H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, and Mr. Troup, the transport officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, was reached. The object of the action by Mr. Stanley was to restrain Mr. Troup from publishing a work which had been advertised under the title, "With Stanley's Rear Column; a Narrative of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, including a diary showing how events led up to the assassination of Major Barttelot and a failure of this branch of the Expedition, by John Rose Troup, transport officer of the Expedition." It was contended on behalf of Mr. Stanley that Mr. Troup, who had previously been an officer in the service of the King of the Belgians, was precluded from publishing this book by an agreement which he entered into with him in January 1887, in which he undertook not to publish anything in connection with the expedition for six months after the issue of the official publication of the expedition by the leader or his representative. Before the learned Examiner had taken his seat in court, it leaked out that the whole of the litigation had been settled. The terms of the settlement were not disclosed.

HUMOUROUS.

"Well, Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?" "It's pretty good fun. I like comin' home the best, though."

COTTON MERCHANT (to son who wants to be a poet): Why, boy, remember that poetry, even good poetry, will never pay as well as cotton, even bad cotton—especially bad cotton.

A WOMAN'S REASON.—Maud: Why have you thrown Clarence overboard? Madge: I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose. Maud: How did his nose get broken? Madge: I struck him playing tennis.

ART CRITICISM.—First Critic: Well, what do you think of it? Second do: Capital; exceedingly realistic treatment of the subject; true to nature! . . . By the way, have you any idea what it is intended to represent?"—Grip.

A WEE BOY beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see how busy I am at these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?'" "That would be funny for you."

A SPORTSMAN went out for a day's shooting, taking with him an idle weaver from the village to carry his bag. Crossing a field on the way to the moors, a bull met the sportsman, who dropped on his knee, presented his rifle at the enraged animal, and shot it dead. Coming up to the scene of operations, Sandy with the bag over his shoulder looked at the animal, and said:—"Ah, weel, sir, if that's the kind o' game you're gaun to shoot I'll awa' hame, an' ye can carry yer bag yersel'."

DR. PARR (the celebrated scholar) was once preaching in the country parish of another clergyman, and, as was his habit used very learned language. The rector afterward said to him, "They could not understand you." "Nonsense," said Dr. Parr; "I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend." "Well," said the rector, "I will call one of them in, and see if he understands the meaning of the word 'felicity.'" So he called in a labouring man, and said, "John, can you tell me what is the meaning of 'felicity?'" "Well, I don't know, sir," said John; "but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig."



GRAND TRUNK BOATING CLUB, POINT ST. CHARLES, MONTREAL.

(Holbrook, photo.)

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Deloraine and return \$28

Moosomin " \$28

Glenboro' " \$28

FARMERS' EXCURSIONS.
JUNE 17, 24, JULY 8, 1890.

Saltcoats and return \$28

Moosejaw " \$30

Calgary " \$35

Special Colonist Excursions

Will leave all Stations in Ontario and Quebec on

JUNE 17th

Return until July 27th, 1890.

JUNE 24th

Return until August 4th, 1890.

JULY 8th

Return until August 18th, 1890.

For full particulars apply to nearest Station or Ticket Agent.

HUMOUROUS.

MRS. NERVOUS: I want a good girl. Now is this girl you recommend, capable? Agent (pityingly): Capable? Why, ma'am, that girl is capable of anything.

"OH, would I were a bird," she sang. And the young man leaned his head wearily upon his hand and murmured, "Would you were, and the window open."

AN ENGLISH PAPER SAYS:—America is rapidly becoming a nation of knights. Even now you couldn't throw a stone without hitting a Knight of Labour, or a Knight of Pythias, or a Knight of Honour, or a Knight of the Golden Eagle, or a Knight Templar, or a Knight of the Silver Horn, or a dozen or so of other varieties of knights.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.—"Well, Mrs. Brown, if yez don't raise my wages I shall be obleeged to be afther lavin' yez whin me month is up." "Why, Jane! when you came here you knew scarcely anything; it was I who taught you." "An' shure, mum, wouldn't I be afther bein' wuth more now, whin I know so much, than whin I didn't know nothin' at all, at all?"

THE SAGO PALM.

The sago palm bears fruit but once. Its load of nuts is its final effort; it has fulfilled its allotted task in the great round of nature, and there remains nothing for it but to die. The nuts become ripe, and are strewn in around the tree, until the fruit-stalk stand up by itself empty and bare. The great branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on, until what at one time was a mass of white sago and pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibres. One day the trade-wind blows perhaps stronger than usual, and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in its fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before.—"A Naturalist among the Head Hunters," by C. M. Woodford.

MR. ALMA TADEMA'S ARCHÆOLOGY

Some exception is taken this year—probably for the first time—to Mr. Alma Tadema's archæology. How comes it that a vigorous plant of the *Clematis Jackmanni* adorns one of his Roman scenes in the New Gallery? If the *Clematis Jackmanni* is a variety of the plant introduced into the world by Mr. Jackman, of Knaphill, Surrey, within the last quarter of a century, as botanists believe, being a cross between the wild English plant and the great white-flowered *lanuginosa* of China, how can it have appeared in Italy eighteen hundred years ago? The artist might as well have depicted a Kate Waterer rhododendron or a Virginia creeper, or some gay new tulip fresh from the nurseries of Haarlem.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PREHISTORIC MAN AN EPICURE.

An English microscopist has been examining the teeth of a prehistoric skull, and his findings are interesting because of their fresh contribution to our knowledge of the life of stone-age man. In the cement-like deposit surrounding some of these teeth the microscope revealed minute relics of food in such variety that we must conclude that those early people, or at least the race that inhabited Western Europe, were far from restricted in forms of diet, for these appeared to be bits of wheat husk, vegetable and fruit cells, particles of fish and animal bone, barblots of feathers and other food indications. All these things point to the conclusion that our prehistoric ancestors who lived so long ago that we cannot definitely fix the date, and to whom some archæologists have imputed a low mental condition, were intelligent enough to recognise the bountiful supply of nutritious elements that nature afforded. It would appear, too, that they were sufficiently advanced to cultivate the soil, and to be able to exercise a taste of preference for certain kinds of food. Certainly the man we can design from a tooth in this fashion is much removed from the ape as we know him, or from the supposititious dry-opithecoid improvement of the miocene strata.—*Phrenological Journal* (U.S.A.)



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

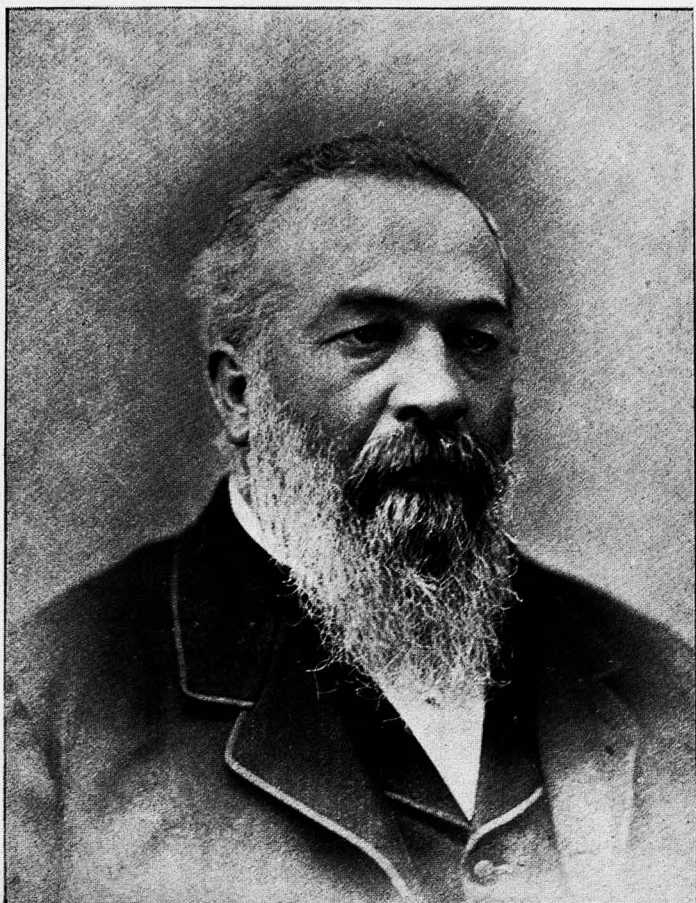
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

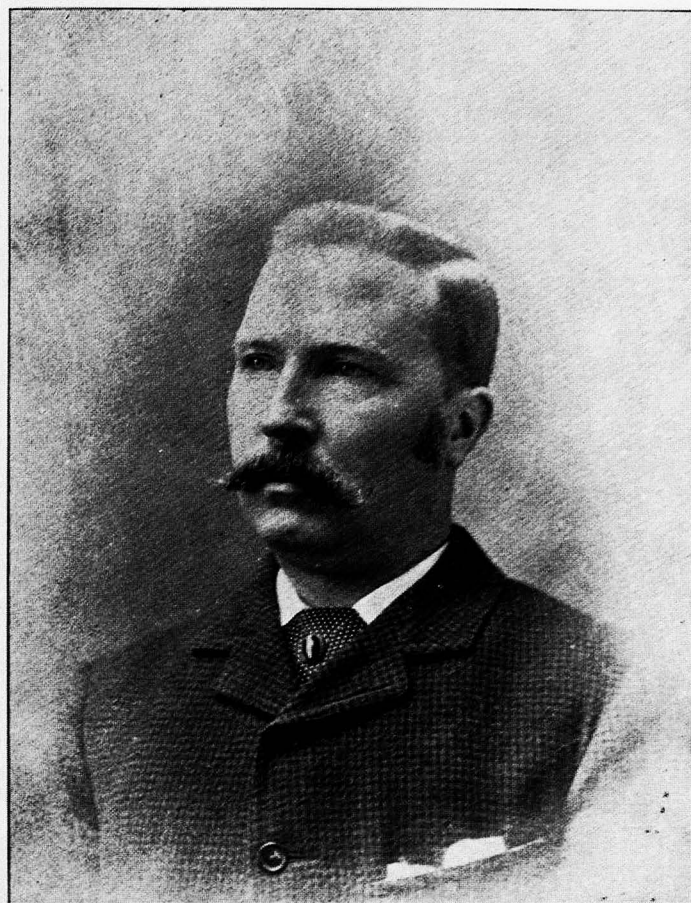
VOL. IV.—No. 103.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 21st JUNE, 1890.

\$4.00 per annum.
In Great Britain, 21s. 6d.



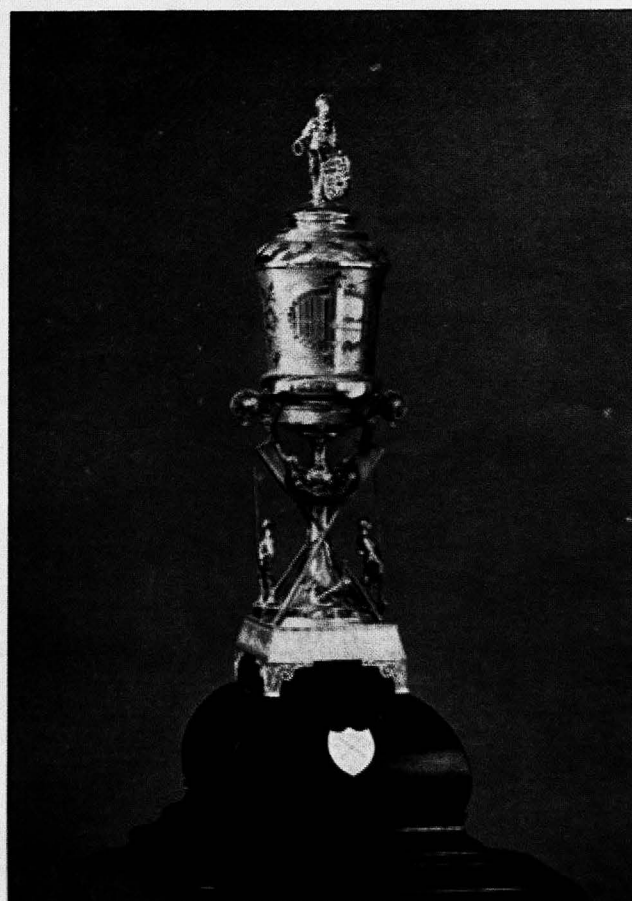
THOS. EARLE, M.P., FOR VICTORIA.
(Hastings, photo.)



LT.-COL. EDWARD GAWLER PRIOR, M.P., FOR VICTORIA.
(Hall & Lowe, photo.)



HARRY SHEPPARD,
WINNER OF THE HIGHLAND COSTUME TOURNAMENT, VICTORIA.
(Jones, photo.)



SILVER TANKARD,
Presented by Messrs. Crane, McGregor & Boggs, for Amateur Sculling
Championship of B.C., Victoria, 24th May, 1890.
(Fleming Bros., photo.)

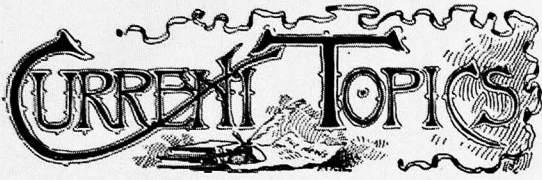
The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.
 GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,
 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
 36 King Street East, Toronto.
 J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
 Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.
 London (England) Agency:
 JOHN HADDON & CO.,
 3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
 SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

21st JUNE, 1890.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—A canvasser for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who has been entrusted with subscription receipt books numbered 2621 to 2640 inclusive, in Victoria, has failed for two or more weeks to render an account of them. Citizens are warned against accepting any number ranging between the above figures.



The present issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is intended to show what can be accomplished by concentrating on a particular locality the attention which we ordinarily devote to the resources and scenery of the country at large. We have endeavoured to make the people of Eastern Canada acquainted with the history, progress and present condition of Victoria, with its people, its leading men, its commerce and industries, and the rare beauties of its scenery. We trust that the results of our efforts will prove satisfactory to our readers, both in Canada and out of it. We also hope that this plan of making known their local habitation and themselves to their fellow-countrymen, and to the great outside world, may find favour with other Canadian communities. The Dominion is a vast region. We are only gradually becoming aware of the extent and variety of its natural wealth, of its wondrously diversified scenery, of its boundless possibilities. To lay these worthily before the public by pen and picture is the task that for nearly two years we have been endeavouring to discharge. Something has been done—enough, we hope, to justify the name and existence of this paper. But much still remains to be done. In fact, we are as yet but a little way past the starting-point, and the goal of achievement, of which our title gives the promise, is still far off. To attain that goal triumphantly, we must have the sympathy and coöperation of intelligent and patriotic Canadians. We believe that the undertaking deserves their help, and many, we are assured, are disposed to assist us. This Victoria number shows that they can do so, while at the same time promoting their own interests.

Although the political history of British Columbia does not yet embrace half a century, the province has during that time passed through several changes parallel, in some respects, to those which our Atlantic provinces have undergone. The erection of the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Victoria was succeeded six years later by the organization of the island into a colony, with Mr. R. Blanchard as Governor. In 1851 Mr. Blanchard's place was taken by Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Douglas. Under his rule a council was first established, and then provision was made for the election of a House of Assembly. The mainland was not constituted a colony until 1859, and

for some time subsequent it was under the supervision of the Governor of Vancouver's Island. In 1864, on Governor Douglas's retirement, Governor Kennedy was appointed to succeed him at Victoria, while Governor Seymour was given the jurisdiction of the mainland, with New Westminster as his metropolis. Two years later the colonies were united, and five years afterwards British Columbia entered the Dominion. With the exception of two years, Victoria has been the capital of our Pacific Province since its first organization.

"There is no fairer land in the world," writes the Marquis of Lorne, "than the country about Victoria, the capital of Vancouver. The climate of much of the island is like that of Devonshire or Jersey." Prof. John Macoun, the botanist of the Geological Survey, in recording his experience of a visit to Victoria in the latter part of December, 1872, mentions that, a fall of snow having taken place, the papers came out next day with an account of the extraordinarily cold weather, and he was led to infer from the surprise expressed that such weather was not common in winter. "Jessamines, roses and violets," he adds, "were in flower, and everything betokened a mild winter. The summer on the coast is everything that can be desired, being dry and pleasant." A New Yorker, writing home after his arrival at Victoria, said: "If any citizen will bring his family here for one summer, he will find the truth to be that Victoria combines in itself more advantages as a summer resort than any of the eastern resorts with which he is probably familiar. Victoria must become the great summer resort of the Pacific coast. No seaside place further south has this cool and even temperature of seventy degrees, from which, during even the warmest part of the day, the thermometer seldom varies ten degrees either way between June and September. * * * And it is worthy of note that, as we are credibly informed, there is not a mosquito on the island. Certainly we have seen none." The same writer extols the satisfactory cuisine that awaits the tourist on his return from the various expeditions to which the myriad resources of the island continually invite him—a point on which the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael and Principal Grant have also laid stress. Then he goes on to speak of the admirable roads, the delightful drives through a bewildering wealth of forest beauty—pine, fir, cedar, oak, and all the hardier trees.

Speaking at Victoria on the 10th of September, 1876, Lord Dufferin, a veteran yachtsman, thus referred to his trip on British Columbian waters: "Such a spectacle as its coast line presents is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line of battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of your province, and communicates at points some times more than a hundred miles from the coast with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the

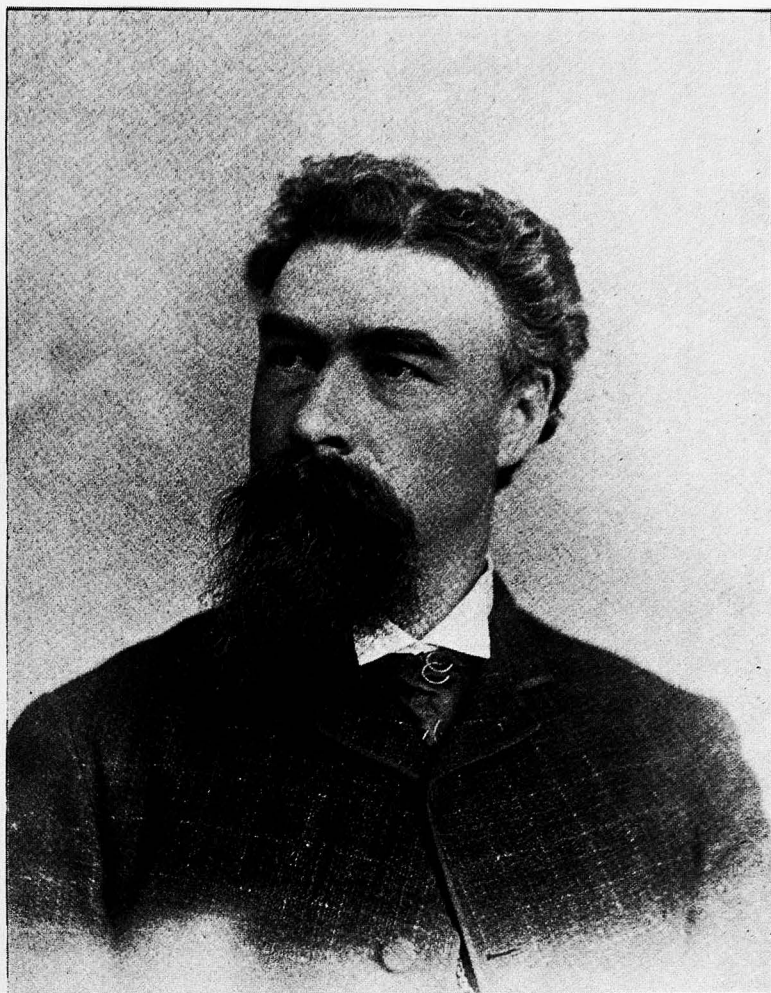
interior, while at the same time it is furnished with innumerable harbours on either hand, one is lost in admiration at the facilities for inter-communication which are thus provided for the future inhabitants of this wonderful region."

The Rev. Principal Grant is equally enthusiastic in describing the voyage down the Gulf of Georgia to Victoria—with the agricultural districts of Cowichan and Saanich on the Vancouver side, the islands that fringe the mainland opposite, and Mount Baker, the great feature in the landscape. Gazing at the giant sentinel of the Sound, he cannot help resenting the avarice and ignorance that robbed Canada of such a landmark. Its very name is evidence of Great Britain's right by priority of discovery. Joseph Baker was the third, as Peter Puget was the second, lieutenant of the Discovery. "On the fourth of April, 1792, the birthday of King George III., after whom he had named the Straits of Georgia, Captain Vancouver took formal possession for His Majesty of all the waters of Puget Sound and of the coast north and south along which he sailed. All the prominent capes, points, harbours, straits, mountains, bear to this day the names of his lieutenants and friends, just as he named them on his great voyage. He changed nothing. As the old Portuguese navigator, Juan de Fuca, had discovered the Straits of Fuca, his name was honorably preserved, and as Vancouver met a Spanish squadron that had been sent out to give up Nootka and other Spanish claims on the coast to Great Britain, he adopted the names that the Dons had given to any channels or islands, such as Valdez, Texada, Straits of Malaspina, etc." From his first lieutenant, Zechariah Mudge, he named Cape Mudge; Johnstone's Channel, from the Master of the Chatham; Mount Rainer, from Rear Admiral Rainer; Fort Discovery, from his vessel, thus creating a memorial of possession which he never dreamed that a future generation would slight. Away south on the Columbia was a later reminder of Vancouver's visit in that most flourishing of Hudson Bay Company's establishments, on which Sir George Simpson dwelt with such pride in the record of his great journey. Fort Vancouver, the site of which was a point of land near the junction of the Willamette or Wallamet (as Irving calls it) and the Columbia, was named after his captain by Lieut Broughton, commander of the Chatham. Had the English offer to compromise on the 49th degree to the Columbia, and thence by that river to the ocean, found acceptance, that older Vancouver would now probably be a great Canadian city, and a worthy monument to the patriotism of the British explorer.

The *Daily Colonist*, of Victoria, considers Herr Geffcken's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, to which we have already referred, the ablest and clearest exposition of the fisheries question that has yet appeared in print. His argument on the United States claim to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring's Sea our contemporary deems unanswerable. It is brought to a close in these words:—"The assertion of that court (at Sitka) that the latter is a land-locked sea is, therefore, utterly unfounded, far more so as in 1821 Russia at least was in possession of both coasts of that part of the Pacific, whilst the United States only possess the eastern coast, and the western is formed by Kamtchatka. The American position is, therefore, clearly untenable, and the grievance that

the Victorian sealers pay no rent, and can, therefore, undersell the Alaskan Company, is utterly irrelevant. What is only more astonishing than this preposterous pretension is the patience (not to say the supineness) with which the British Government has allowed this grievance to remain unredressed over nearly three years; and it is very natural that such a shifty policy should be highly unacceptable to the colony which has suffered from it, and it is plain that this question ought to be decided at the same time with the fishery question."

The people of Victoria are naturally most anxious to have their harbour improved to the fullest extent of which it is susceptible. The outer harbour is, according to the last report of the British Columbia Board of Trade, quite equal to all demands likely to be made on it, both as to depth of water and wharfage facilities. These, it is said, can accommodate vessels of the largest tonnage. The scheme of forming a Harbour Trust is now under consideration—the Board having applied, with that end, to the authorities at Ottawa. They wished to know, in case such a Trust were formed, for the purpose of acquiring the foreshore rights and taking over and improving and maintaining



JOHN GRANT, M.P.P., MAYOR OF VICTORIA.
(Hastings, photo.)

the harbour, whether and to what extent the Government would guarantee the interest on the debentures.

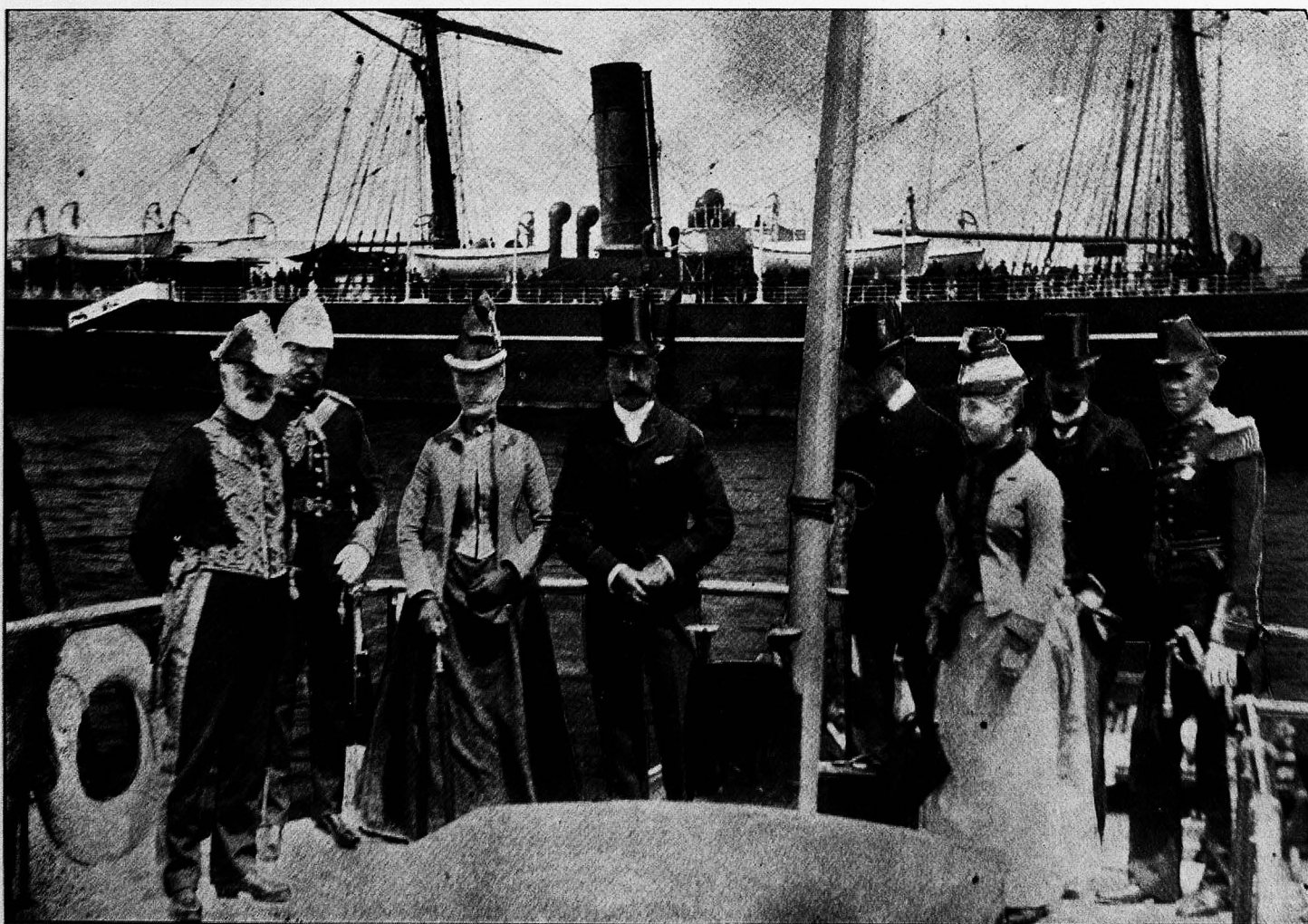
The mercantile community of Victoria is greatly interested in the extension of railroad communication between the capital and the other parts of the island and the mainland. The extension northward of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo line will be sure to benefit very materially an important section of country, and, in connection with the project, the opening up of new coal mines in the Comox district, must give a very real impulse to the development of the provincial resources. This line has the advantage of being admirably administered. An important fact in relation to the same subject was the incorporation, some twelve months ago, of the Canadian Western Central Railway Company, with permission to construct a line from the eastern boundary of British Columbia through the Peace River and Cariboo districts to the Pacific seaboard at Seymour Narrows, there to connect by ferry or otherwise with the Esquimalt and Nanaimo line. The eastern end of the line is intended to connect with the Manitoba railway system, and thus to afford complete and direct communication right through from Atlantic to Pacific and *vice versa*.



PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, VICTORIA.
(Maynard, photo.)



THE JUBILEE HOSPITAL, VICTORIA, OPENED ON 22nd MAY, BY H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
(Maynard, photo.)



THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD THE TUG LORNE, NEARING VICTORIA.
(Boorne & May, photo.)

COAL

The New Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Co., Lim.

(Formerly the Vancouver Coal Co.) are the Largest Coal Producers on the Pacific Coast

THE NANAIMO

(Gas and House Coal)

SOUTH FIELD

(Steam Coal) and

NEW WELLINGTON

(House and Steam Coal)

ARE MINED BY THIS COMPANY ONLY

The "Nanaimo" Coal gives a larger percentage of gas, a high illuminating power unequalled by any other Bituminous Gas Coals in the World, and a superior quality of Coke.

The "South Field" Coal is now used by all the leading Steamship Lines on the Pacific.

The "New Wellington" Coal which was introduced early in the present year has already become a favorite fuel for domestic purposes. It is a clean hard coal, makes a bright and cheerful fire, and its lasting qualities are unequalled by any other coal in the market.

The several mines of the Company are connected with their wharves at Nanaimo and Departure Bay, where ships of the largest tonnage are loaded at all states of the tide. Special dispatch is given to Mail and Ocean Steamers.

SAMUEL M. ROBINS, Superintendent

VICTORIA, The Queen City = = =
= = = of the Pacific Coast

The Capital and Commercial Metropolis of the Province of British Columbia

F. G. RICHARDS, Jr.

LEADING REAL ESTATE AGENT IN THE CITY

Money Loaned and Investments Made for Non-Residents

This Beautiful City is illuminated by **Are and Incandescence Lights**. It has now **Five Miles of Electric Street Railway** operating, to be increased at once to **Twenty Miles**. During 1889 over **One Million** dollars were expended in building. Nearly **One Million** appropriated for **Sewerage**. **Twenty-five Thousand** were spent in improvements on **Beacon Hill Park**. Population has increased this year to **Twenty Thousand**. Our **Public Schools** are the best on the coast. **Bonuses** have been granted to

Sugar Refinery, Rice Mill, Flouring Mill, and Paper Mill

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED
BEST OF REFERENCES FURNISHED

F. G. RICHARDS, JR., 51 YATES STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.

Among the railway projects that are now in course of accomplishment, may be mentioned the construction of the Shuswap and Okanagan railway, which will pass through a fine rich country, hitherto isolated from any market. The modifications in the original plan of the C.P.R. bridge across the Fraser river at St. Mary's Mission, due to representations from the British Columbia and New Westminster Boards of Trade, as well as the improvements of the channel at the mouth of the river have been favourable to navigation. Sea-going vessels of considerable draught can now ascend as far as New Westminster, to the great advantage of that city and the surrounding district.

The Board of Trade of British Columbia, while acknowledging the beneficial results of the limitation of the number of boats employed by the canneries on the Fraser to 330—with 100 "outside" or fishermen's licenses—is of opinion that, to do justice to all concerned, a thorough inspection of the rivers during the fishing season on the part of the Fisheries Department is still necessary. It also calls attention to the need for a survey of the Cod Banks that exist off the coasts of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands. These banks are said to be extensive, and, in addition to black cod or "skill," halibut has been taken in considerable quantities.

The coal in Vancouver Island is deemed to be practically unlimited. Coal has been shipped from the new mines in the Comox district during the past two years. The quartz mining operations in the Kootenay district are said, through lack of communication with the rest of the province and the Dominion, to be largely controlled by aliens. Deposits of iron and copper ore in various localities throughout British Columbia await the hand of enterprise, backed by capital. Altogether the mineral industries of this great province are only on the threshold of development.

Considerable progress has of late been made in the development of British Columbia's virtually exhaustless timber resources. The Board of Trade report mentions the recent incorporation of a number of wealthy and enterprising companies. Under favourable circumstances, this important industry is sure to assume proportions worthy of the country's vast areas of forest land.

VICTORIA.

The Queen of England reigns, in name as in fact, at three widely severed points on the shores of the vast Pacific. In every case, the region or spot thus honoured forms part of an island. Of the islands in question, one is the largest in the world: it is the spacious Terra Australis, the great new world of the southern seas, and its most flourishing province is Victoria. The second of these islands is one of the smallest in any ocean, but by no means the least important. For half a century the British flag has waved over its rugged cliffs and its busy capital bears the name of our Gracious Sovereign. Eastward across the broad Pacific, until east has been transformed into west, lies our course from Hong Kong to that other Victoria, third of the name, in which just now we are more especially concerned. Its history, though brief, is not without its romance. It is associated with great deeds of valiant explorers, and with the enterprise of men whom Canada holds in honour. The waters that gleam in its genial sunshine bear in their names the

records and traditions of many a bold adventurer—Spanish, Russian and English, and even Greek. For Juan de Fuca, though in the service of Spain, was of Hellenic origin, and bore in early life a long Hellenic name. His entrance through the Strait which preserves his memory took place, we are told, just a hundred years after the discovery of America by Columbus. Two centuries later Spanish captains, in company with English commanders, undertook to map out the Strait of Fuca and to solve the problem of the north-west passage. The English vessels on that occasion were commanded by George Vancouver, who left his name to the island on which Victoria stands. Grateful for the helpful courtesy of his Spanish colleague, he would have associated him in the honour of the nomenclature, but the double name was unwieldy, and Quadra's claim has long been practically forgotten. But Puget and the other lieutenants and comrades of Vancouver are still commemorated in the scenes of their labours.

Meanwhile, from another direction interested inquirers were directing their steps to the same ultimate goal. Until a comparatively recent period, men of science had not ceased to hope for the discovery of a water-route from east to west and to the north of this continent. The voyage of Henry Ellis to Hudson's Bay in 1746-47 was expressly undertaken in such a quest. Though Ellis, like his predecessors, failed to find any trustworthy indications of such a route, his faith in its existence remained unimpaired. The state of geographical knowledge in England at a much later date may be inferred from the statement attributed to the Lords of the Admiralty in connection with Vancouver's expedition. "The discovery," said their Lordships, "of a near communication between any such sea or strait (that of Juan de Fuca being in their minds) and any river running into or from the Lake of the Woods would be particularly useful." At this time, Sir Alexander Mackenzie was on his way along the only north-west passage that was to reward the zeal of so many explorers. Already Hearne had seen the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the Coppermine, as Mackenzie did later after descending the great river that bears his name. Still persevering in the face of obstacles and difficulties that would have deterred many a bold, vigorous and experienced explorer, he was able in due time to trace on the rocks beyond the great barrier of mountains the words: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land the 22nd of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." Twenty-seven years, however,—years of controversy, struggle, and even of bloodshed—were still to elapse before that union of the rival companies, which was eventually to give birth and name to the island capital of the Pacific, took place under its founder's auspices. For Sir George Simpson, the first governor of the amalgamated societies henceforth to be known as the Hudson Bay Company, was the destined founder of Victoria. In 1843 the Fort, which was the nucleus of the future city, was erected, and until 1858 it remained a post of the company. In the year when the connection was to come to an end, a project was formed to plant a settlement under the company's influence and control. Mr. R. M. Martin made a strong plea in favour of this scheme in a work, published in 1849, and dedicated to Earl Grey. The latter statesman, who was then Colonial Secretary, was well disposed towards

the plan, and the Government adopted it. In 1849 Vancouver Island was created a Crown Colony, and began its career as a recognized civilized community.

In the meantime important events had been taking place on the mainland. The discovery of gold had attracted crowds of fortune-seekers, chiefly from San Francisco, while emigrants had also made their way across the continent. In the "Mineral Wealth of British Columbia," by Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey—a brief summary of which has already appeared in this paper—an interesting sketch of the discovery of gold and the progress of gold mining will be found. In 1858 the mainland was created a colony, and in 1866 the two colonies were united. In the following year the federal union of Eastern Canada took place, and in the summer of 1871 British Columbia entered the Confederation. During the intervening years Victoria had been growing into an important city. Not long since we gave some statistics of its industrial and commercial progress, and we have frequently had occasion to direct attention to the rare natural charms of the site and its surroundings, and to the singular healthiness of the climate. It is "the most charming city in America," says the Rev. Dr. Grant, and successive Governors—Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne and Stanley—have extolled its beauties of scenery with unstinted praise. During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, it wore its gala dress and looked as queenly and triumphant as its name.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MARBLE.

At Rudge's marble works, Victoria, two fine specimens—the one of excellent sandstone, the other of pure white marble—are at present attracting the admiration of all interested in mineralogy. The sandstone, which is of remarkably good colour and grain, was recently discovered to exist in immense quantity on Addington Island, near Alert Bay. The samples brought down are of a fine, gradations stone, which cuts, saws or bores well, and which will stand fire better than any known fire brick. This last mentioned quality rendering it especially adapted for furnace building, while it can also be used to splendid advantage by builders and in monumental work.

Addington Island, where the quarries are located, contains about one hundred acres of the sandstone. Messrs. Hewson and Rudge are the owners of the valuable find, and their intention is to develop it at once. They claim that the quality of the stone is much superior to the Nanaimo article, while it can be profitably marketed at a lower price. Addington Island, alone of the group of which it forms one, contains the sandstone which is already being used by Victoria cutters. Of the marble great things are expected. It is pronounced of harder, closer grain than the Vermont production, and is said to be comparable only with Italian. It cuts well and takes an unsurpassed polish, while its solidity ensures its durability. Of the full extent of the supply which is contained in the mountain at Knight's Inlet, little is known. The deposit appears inexhaustible—at any rate, there is enough to last the Pacific coast for centuries. Rutland marble now monopolizes the trade of America, but the owners of Knight's Inlet mine expect to compete successfully with the Vermonters, having a better article, which they will be able to sell just as cheaply. It is anticipated that the new marble will take the place of all imported material here at once, and that the trade that will be opened up by its exportation to the United States will constitute another important and profitable industry for British Columbia.—*Colonist*.

A MAP OF VICTORIA.

To make our Victoria number thoroughly comprehensive a map of the city and surroundings would be required. Time did not permit of this, as the recent compilations, necessary for a revised map of Victoria, are now in the hands of the lithographers, and ere long the enterprising publishers, T. N. Hibben & Co., of Victoria, will issue a neat pocket map at 50 cts., after the style of Brownlee's well-known Manitoba map. This map will embrace not only the city but also the suburban properties, and we can confidently recommend it to people at a distance. The compilations are made direct from the records of the Registry office, and may be relied on. Mr. John Keen, C.E., deserves particular credit for the skilful manner in which he has brought together all this valuable information.



THE AMATEUR ROWING CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.—This beautiful challenge cup, which was offered by Messrs. Crane, McGregor & Boggs, of Victoria, is one of the handsomest of the many handsome prizes that Canadian aquatics have elicited from generous and public-spirited givers. The entire piece is about three feet high. It is on an ebony base, rising up by steps to a dome, which is occupied by the trophy proper. In front of the base is a shield bearing a St. George's cross and the inscription, "Presented by Crane, McGregor & Boggs, May 24, 1890." "Amateur Championship Cup, Province of British Columbia, 1890." The cup stands on a silver table, on the sides of which are engraved several sailing scenes. The cup itself is urn-shaped, and is elaborately engraved and chased. In an ornamental oval on the front of the cup is the representation of an oarsman in an out-rigger, a light-house and a narrow channel being in the background. On the top of the cup stands a figure holding a wreath in his right hand and supporting a shield with his left. The cup is supported on each side by a pair of sculls, with an anchor and rudder at the foot. Two oarsmen stand on either side in rowing costume. A wreath of myrtle in gold is suspended between the blades of the oars. The cup is ornamented with gold bands artistically chased, and has been much and deservedly admired. The following are the conditions on which it was offered: It has to be won two years in succession, and is open to all persons who have not since the first of May, 1889, won money in any boat race, or who have not since that date been matched for money against any person in any athletic or aquatic contest, or who have never taught or pursued athletic sports or exercises as a means of livelihood. Any person who has ever won money in a shell race is barred. The cup is to be held by the Amateur Association or Club of which the winner is a member from the time of such winning to the first of May following, when it is to be returned to the donors. Should the winner not be a member of any association or club, the cup inscribed with the name of the winner shall be placed at the disposal of the donors until finally won.

JOHN GRANT, ESQ., M.P.P., MAYOR OF VICTORIA.—This gentleman has been connected with the development of Victoria for a great many years. It was as a merchant in that city that he attained his ample means, his high reputation for public spirit and integrity, and his popularity with all classes of the community. As one who knows him remarked to our representative, he could be mayor *in perpetuum* if he desired it. Mr. Grant has been engaged in provincial as well as civic politics for nearly ten years. He was elected to the Provincial Assembly for Cassiar at the general elections of 1882, and has since then continued to represent the district, having been twice re-elected.

LIEUT.-COL. PRIOR, M.P.—With the career of this gentleman our readers have already been made acquainted, his portrait and a brief sketch of his life having appeared in an earlier number of this paper. Lieut.-Col. Prior is extremely popular, his public spirit and genial manner having won the good will of all classes of society. As we mentioned in our former notice (February 15), Col. Edward Gawler Prior is the second son of the Rev. Henry Prior, and was born in the parsonage at Gallowgill, near Ripon, Yorkshire, on the 21st of May, 1853. He was educated at the Leeds Grammar School, and served his articles with J. Tolson White, the eminent mining engineer, of Wakefield, England. In 1873 he went to Vancouver Island as assistant manager for the Vancouver Coal and Land Company, and having been connected with that organization for several years, was appointed Government Inspector of Mines for British Columbia. On resigning this position in 1880, he entered mercantile life, and is now senior partner of the firm of E. G. Prior & Co., of Victoria. He is also largely interested in mining and other enterprises, and is a life member of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers. In 1886 he was elected to represent Victoria in the Provincial Assembly, and in January, 1888, in response to a large and influential requisition, he resigned his seat in the Local House, and was chosen by acclamation successor to Mr. Shakespeare in the Dominion Parliament. It may be recalled that he seconded the Address in reply at the last session. He is Lieut.-Colonel commanding the British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, and is one of the A.D.C.'s of His Excellency the Governor-General. As we mentioned some time ago, Lieut.-Col. Prior was selected to take command of the Wimbledon Team, which sails for England on the 25th inst. A special interest attaches to the trip, as it is the first occasion of meeting on Bisley Common.

THOMAS EARLE, ESQ., M.P.—This gentleman has for years been associated with the commercial and industrial progress of Victoria. He is a prominent member of the British Columbia Board of Trade, and sits in both the Council and Arbitration Board of that body. On the resignation last year of Mr. E. C. Baker, as member of the House of Commons for Victoria, Mr. Earle was elected by acclamation to the vacant seat. In his parliamentary, as in his mercantile record, Mr. Earle is sure to be patriotic and public-spirited.

THE ROYAL PROVINCIAL JUBILEE HOSPITAL, VICTORIA.—The formal opening of this fine institution, which has been erected at a cost of some \$60,000, was one of the most important events associated with the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Victoria. As soon as it was ascertained that Prince Arthur would call at Victoria on his way from India to England, the committee of the institution resolved to request His Royal Highness to open it formally. A cable was accordingly sent to him at Yokohama, but unhappily it did not reach there in time to permit of an answer being sent back, and, consequently, the committee had to await the arrival of the Abyssinia to repeat the request. A letter signed by the president of the hospital, T. R. Smith, Esq., Robert Ward, Esq., and W. M. Chudley, Esq., was presented to the Duke by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, asking that he be kind enough to formally open the hospital. His Royal Highness heartily accepted the task and the committee hurriedly made preparations for the event. The royal party arrived at the institution shortly after three o'clock, and were welcomed in the board room by the committee, composed of Messrs. Robert Ward, W. C. Ward, Alex. Wilson, Mayor Grant, James Fell, George Byrnes, Dr. Davie and Mr. Chudley, the indefatigable secretary, and were introduced by His Honour the Lieutenant Governor to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Mr. Chudley then addressed the Duke on behalf of the committee and expressed his and their thanks on behalf of the citizens of Victoria, for the kindness of the Duke in opening the institution in person. In a few well-worded remarks, Mr. Chudley explained to the Duke and Duchess the objects of the hospital, and gave a short speech on its history. His Royal Highness spoke briefly in reply. He said: "Sir and gentlemen:—It was a very kind thought of yours to ask me to perform this pleasing ceremony of opening this Victoria Jubilee Hospital. I am happy to say it has been my good fortune in many parts of Her Majesty's empire to open many similar institutions. I think there is hardly a town in India in which there has not been some institution opened in connection with Her Majesty's Jubilee, and, therefore, it affords me great pleasure in being present among you to-day, and opening an institution which, I am sure, will be a great benefit to the city of Victoria, and, doubtless, to the inhabitants of the Island of Vancouver. I can tell you that nothing could give our Gracious Sovereign greater pleasure than to feel that her name is connected with any institution that has for its object the alleviation of suffering, and I will not fail to tell her of your kind wish that I, as her son, should be connected with the opening of this institution. I hope that the good work you have to do will be fully realized, and I hope that your hospital will be the means of diffusing a knowledge of medicine, and possibly of nursing, which has been found, in many parts of the empire, to be productive of the greatest good to the people. It will now afford us great pleasure to go and inspect your wards." Little Miss Grant, daughter of Mayor Grant, presented the Duchess with a richly made bouquet, which was graciously accepted and the donor thanked for it. After the close of His Royal Highness's remarks, an inspection of the building was made by the royal party, Dr. Davie conducting the Duchess, while Mr. Chudley guided the Duke and Mrs. Nelson. The royal visitors expressed themselves as much pleased with all the arrangements. The president, T. R. Smith, Esq., was unavoidably absent, he being detained at Vancouver, and consequently was unable to be present at the ceremony of opening, much to the regret of his colleagues. The hospital is worthy of its name, both in architecture and interior arrangements. On the right of the main entrance is the governors' room, which, so soon as the furniture arrives, will be comfortably supplied with Morocco seated oaken chairs. Opposite is a reception room; further on are the quarters of the medical staff, and adjoining them is the dispensary. The main passage opens upon a series of corridors leading to the different wings, which form a convenient promenade for patients who are unable to get out of doors. There are three public wards, each capable of accommodating sixteen beds, while on the ground floor, and conveniently located, are about a dozen private rooms. The bedsteads in the wards are partly in wood and partly of iron, but the latter will eventually be distributed all over. The mattresses are of hair, with straw palliasses underneath. One of the wards is already full of convalescents, while in another there are ten patients. There are two public sitting and dining rooms, all comfortably furnished apartments. The nurses' kitchens and pantries are conveniently placed, and are well appointed, dumb waiters connecting them with the main kitchen in the basement. The bath and wash room accommodation is all that could be wished for, a special feature being the facility with which, when required, fresh air can be flushed through them. There are three operating rooms, which will be supplied with all the latest requisites. There is a room for accident patients close by the doctors' quarters, who will there be on hand without any delay. One of the private rooms has been handsomely furnished by Mrs. Alex. McLean and the appointments of another are the gift of Mr. Joshua Davies. Outside and in a separate building are wards for the accommodation of erysipelas and fever patients, who will thus be kept separate from all the rest. The dining room for the staff is a handsome one. On the first flat, upstairs, are two double rooms and four single ones; but how these are to be disposed of has not yet been determined. There are six convenient rooms on the third storey, with which communication is had by a dumb waiter. Below, in the basement,

are the kitchen, pantry, store room and three furnace rooms. The kitchen is fitted with a large and improved range, the supply of crockery and table ware, part of which has already arrived being large. The basement is painted in drab, the rest being in oak grain. Throughout there is an air of cleanliness and sweetness that is most refreshing. The successful completion of this fine institution is largely due to the generosity and self-denying and unwearied exertions of a few devoted citizens, and notably of Messrs. T. R. Smith, W. M. Chudley, the late Alex. McLean, James Fell, John Grant, Robert Ward, Joshua Davies, E. A. McQuade, Alexander Wilson, C. E. Redfern, J. H. Todd, George Byrne and Dr. Milne.

THE LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER.—Of the games that were organized in honour of Victoria's festal triduum, the lacrosse match between the Victoria and Vancouver teams was by no means the least interesting feature. This match, which came off on the Queen's birthday, was the first in a series for the championship of British Columbia and a handsome trophy. The referee was Mr. A. McKenzie, of New Westminster, and the umpires were Mr. B. Simpson, of Montreal, and Mr. H. McGregor, of New Westminster. In the first game the Vancouvers scored by a ball thrown from behind the flags, Cullin running out to knock it past missed it and D. Smith struck it down and through the flags, scoring first game for the visitors. Time, six minutes. In the second game frequent stoppages occurred, and prevented an exhibition of good lacrosse. Finally, Simpson shot on the flags, and the umpire's hand went up, giving the visitors the second game. In the third game the Victoria boys seemed to settle down a little, and after a few minutes' sharp play scored the first game by Sprinkling in a straight overhand shot. The fourth game was the best contested of any, and the ball travelled from one end of the field to the other in quick time, and some good, neat play was exhibited by both teams. Sprinkling again made a good shot on the flags, and a cry of game went up, but was disallowed by the umpire. Discouraged and disheartened, the boys again made a desperate attempt, but the defence was equal to the occasion and the ball was returned to the other end, where the visitors made it very interesting for the defence of the home team. Several shots were made direct on the flags. Finally the ball passed the goal from behind, and Cullin, the goal-keeper, stopped it about a foot in front and it bounded back through the flags, scoring the third game for Vancouver. The fifth and last game was simply a repetition of the fourth and decided by a splendid shot from Nicholls, and won the match for the Vancouvers.

THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE PIER AT VICTORIA.—This engraving gives a fine view of the Duke and Duchess and their suite, just after landing, and as they were taking in their first impressions of Canada's Great West. It is a fit companion picture to the engraving of the Royal party leaving the Abyssinia.

H. SHEPPARD, WINNER OF PRIZE FOR HIGHLAND COSTUME.—It will be seen that the "garb of old Gaul" is appreciated by the sturdy clansmen of the Pacific Coast, no less than it is in the eastern provinces of the Dominion. Master H. Sheppard, son of a highly respectable citizen of the British Columbia capital, was the winner of the prize for the best Highland costume at the games instituted for the three days' celebration.

VICTORIA IN 1860 AND VICTORIA IN 1890.—These two engravings, when compared, supply an instructive record of the progress of British Columbia and its capital. In the earlier year, the distinguished founder of the city closed his eventful career at the eastern terminus and headquarters of his great domain, after having the honour of receiving the heir to the throne, in his home of prophetic name. The Pacific town, which had arisen at his bidding, was at the date of Sir George Simpson's death not yet out of its teens. It was already, however, a metropolis, as it has since remained, and as doubtless it is destined to remain. It was, as it had been from the first, a place of importance, from its site, from its natural advantages, from the healthiness of its climate and the wondrous beauty of its scenery. Its picturesqueness may be recognized in the view that we present to our readers; its commercial facilities cannot be denied. The thirty years that lie between the dates of the two illustrations were years of progress. If we seek an intermediate standpoint from which to survey the years behind and the years yet to come, perhaps we could choose no more fitting time than those weeks in the summer or early fall of 1876 when to British Columbia and Victoria, especially, Lord Dufferin brought a message of conciliation and good omen. Probably there are Victorians who can still recall that farewell demonstration in Beacon Hill Park, at which not only young and old of all classes in the provincial capital, but a great multitude from the surrounding country assembled to do honour to Her Majesty's representative. Lord Dufferin parted from his well-wishers with words of promise on his lips. The intervening years have brought fulfilment—to the province even more ample than expectation, however sanguine, had ventured to forecast, but to Victoria, not unmingled with disappointment. Nevertheless, in inviting our readers to look first on this picture, then on that, we find in the contrast only hopeful inspirations. Elsewhere in this number we give, from many sources, evidence of what the energy and enterprise of her citizens are winning for Victoria, and we have reason to feel assured that in the future a development awaits her, industrial and commercial, far in excess of her progress in the past.

GARESCHÉ, GREEN & CO.

= Bankers =

GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA, B. C.

DEPOSITS received in Gold, Silver and U. S. Currency. Interest paid on the same on time deposits.

Gold Dust and U. S. Currency purchased at highest market rates.

Sight Drafts and Telegraph Transfers, San Francisco, New York and Canada.

Exchange on London, available in all parts of Europe, England, Ireland and Scotland.

Letters of Credit issued on the principal cities of the United States, Canada and Europe.

AGENTS FOR WELLS, FARGO & CO.

The **Westside**

J. HUTCHESON & CO.

General : **Dry Goods Importers**
& Fancy
70 GOVERNMENT ST.

VICTORIA, B. C.

DRESS SILKS, Costume and Mantle
Clothes, Silk Underwear, Alexandre
Kid Gloves, Maltese X or Westside Kid
Gloves, Real Lace Goods, Ribbons, &c.

OUR MANTLE and JACKET Department is unrivalled in Victoria.
Our Dress-making Branch is in charge of a first-class Artist.

INSPECTION INVITED

J. Hutcheson & Co.

LONDON OFFICE: 61 ST. MARY AXE

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

AGENTS FOR

The Northern Fire Assurance Company, of London
The British and Foreign Marine Insurance Co., of Liverpool
The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, of London
The British Columbia Canning Company, Lim., of London

Canneries: { Deas Island, Fraser River
Naas River Fishery
Windsor Cannery, Skeena River
Rivers Inlet Cannery
Victoria Cannery and Saw Mills

Victoria, B. C.

R. T. WILLIAMS

- PUBLISHER -

Blank Book Manufacturer, Paper Ruler

• • and Rubber Stamp Manufacturer

OFFICE OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA DIRECTORY

VICTORIA, NANAIMO, VANCOUVER AND

NEW WESTMINSTER CITIES DIRECTORY

GOVERNMENT AND BROAD STREETS

VICTORIA, B. C.

ROBERT WARD & CO.
Victoria
Royal Swedish and Norwegian Consulate.

ROBERT WARD & CO.

76 Wharf St., Victoria, B. C.

Merchants and Importers

Execute Indents for every description of British and Foreign Merchandise, Lumber, Timber, Spars, and other Products of British Columbia.

SHIPPING AND INSURANCE AGENTS

CHARTERS EFFECTED

General Agents:—Royal Insurance Co.; London & Lancashire Fire Ins. Co.; Standard Life Assurance Co.; London & Provincial Marine Ins. Co., Ltd.; Union Marine Insurance Co.

Risks Accepted, Policies Issued and Losses Promptly Adjusted in Victoria

Wholesale { Curtis & Harvey's Sporting and Blasting Powder.

- Agents: { J. & W. Stuart's Patent Double-Knotted Fishing Nets, Twines, etc.

Sole Agents for the following Brands of British Columbia Salmon:

Ewen & Co., "Lion," "Bonnie Dundee"; Bon Accord Fishery Co., "Bon Accord," "The Consuls"; British Columbia Packing Co., "Caledonia," "Indian"; A. J. McLellan's "Express."

TURNER, BEETON & CO.

VICTORIA, B. C.

H. C. BEETON & CO.

33 FINSBURY CIRCUS, LONDON

Commission and Shipping Merchants and Importers

Indents Executed for any description

of European and Canadian Goods

AGENTS FOR

Guardian Fire Assurance Company, of London

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company

Inverness and Balmoral Salmon Canneries, Skeena River, B. C.

Queen Cannery, Fraser River. Etc., Etc., Etc.

H. C. BEETON,

Agent for British Columbia,
33 Finsbury Circus, London.

J. H. TURNER,

Victoria.

VICTORIA SINGLE AND DOUBLE ACRE PROPERTY

I sell nothing smaller because a "VICTORIA ACRE" and upwards fits both RICH and POOR.

ACRES ON THE MAIN HIGHWAYS

Within 16 minutes ride of City Hall and Post Office by Electric Railway

FROM \$400 TO \$1200

Good Water, Church and School on Property

Splendid View of the Harbour, City and Surroundings

WM. C. HAYWOOD

Read article in this number, entitled
"A Bright Picture."

Government St., Victoria

Central Book and Stationery

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

HIGH GRADE STATIONERY

BEST VIEWS OF CITY AND COUNTRY

ALWAYS ON SALE

We have on hand a stock of the Finest Goods imported into the Province.
All the new and late Novels published.

Complete Works of the Standard Authors.

ENCYCLOPEDIAS, DICTIONARIES AND ATLASES OF THE LATEST DATE

Special arrangements with Eastern Publishers to forward any new novelty of late date.
Prompt attention given to all orders

BOX 737

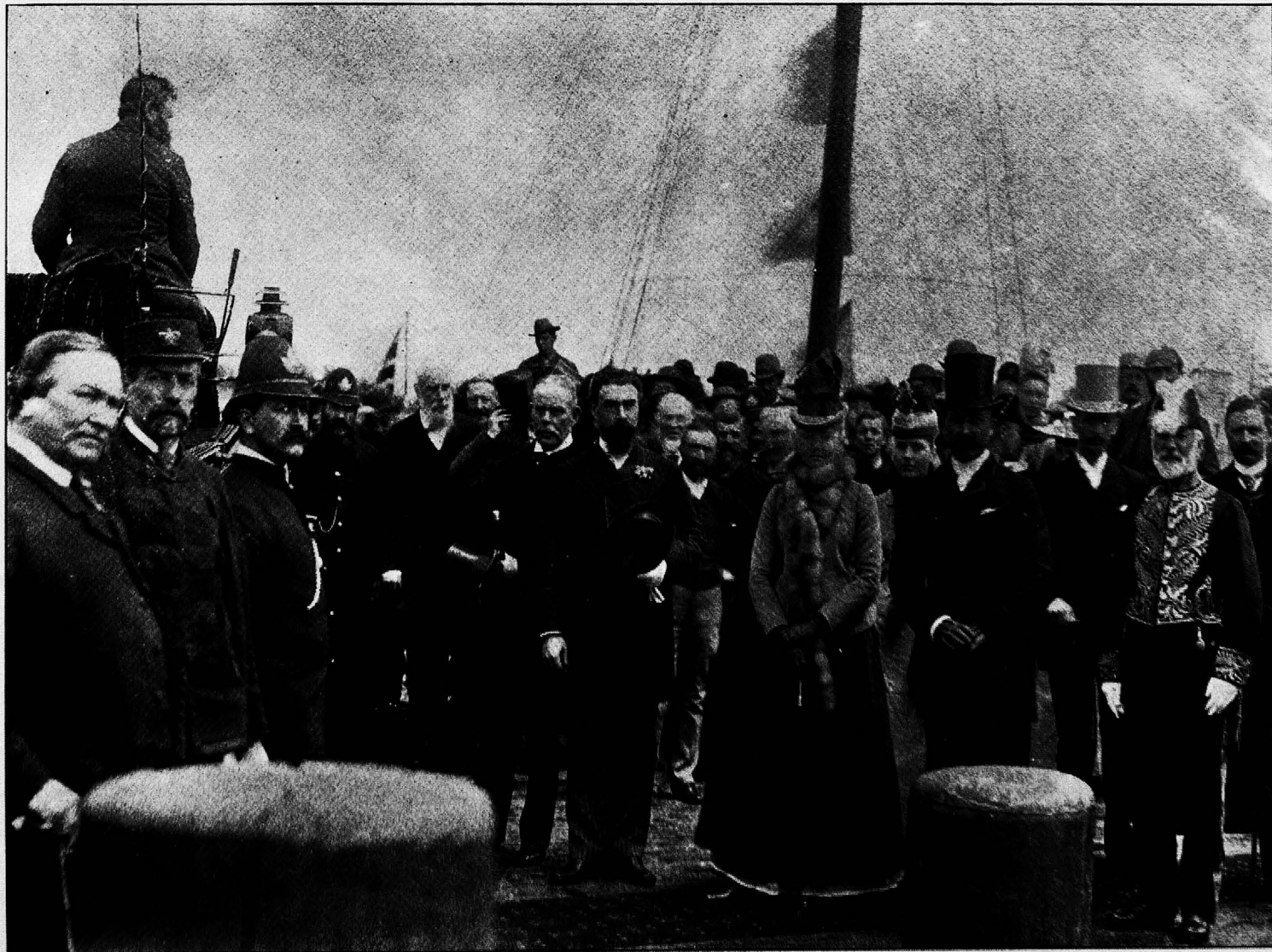
45 GOVERNMENT ST.

J. R. KERR

Victoria, B. C.



BEACON HILL, VICTORIA.—LACROSSE MATCH, 24th MAY, VICTORIA vs. VANCOUVER.
(Maynard, photo.)



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, THE MAYOR OF VICTORIA AND OTHER PERSONAGES
ON THE PIER AT VICTORIA, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LANDING OF THE ROYAL PARTY.
(Boorne & May, photo.)



THE REGATTAS AT VICTORIA, B.C., 24th MAY.

(R. Maynard, photo.)

1. The Cloudburst Race. 2. Indian Canoe Race. 3. The Naval Race. 4. The Gorge. 5. The Sailing Race.

THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD THE ABYSSINIA IN VICTORIA HARBOUR.—Our engraving shows a scene to which our readers can hardly be considered strangers, as we have already published an illustration of the *Abyssinia*. The Royal party were gathered on the main deck as the great Pacific steamer came in view. As it neared the wharf, the *Lorne*, a handsome and very powerful steamer—the most powerful plying in Victoria waters, we believe—put off to take the illustrious guests from the *Abyssinia*. It was gaily decorated for the occasion, and flags fluttering from gun-wale to masthead bore witness to the loyal enthusiasm of the island capital. Our representative had an opportunity, during the brief trip to the landing, of some conversation with His Royal Highness, and our artist was not idle. On disembarking the Duke and Duchess were received by the Mayor, John Grant, Esq., M.P.P., and other leading citizens, including officers of the Army and navy, members of the Dominion and Local Legislatures, members of the City Council and other persons of note. A guard of honour from "C" Battery, under the command of Lt.-Col. Holmes, was drawn up and the band played the National Anthem. After appropriate formalities, the Duke and Duchess, with their suite, were conveyed in carriages to the Government grounds, where a large crowd had already assembled. As the Royal party passed through the gates a salute was fired—an impromptu, it is said, due to the ingenuity of the contractor, who let off twenty-one successive blasts from the outer wharf. "The holes in the hard stone had," says the *Victoria Times*, "been loaded with dynamite and electric fuses connected, and, as the Ducal party passed, the sharp reverberations rang out with almost military precision of time, every shot going off splendidly." The weather was glorious, veritable queen's weather, worthy of the name of the city and of the visit to it of the children of our gracious sovereign.

IN THE ORDINANCE GROUND.—In this engraving our readers are reminded (if, indeed, there was any danger of forgetting it) that the Island of Vancouver, with its lovely metropolis, is British soil. But, as we have pointed out elsewhere, the name of the capital is sufficient evidence of that fact. There is, however, a certain Old-World, Horse Guards look about this scene that calls up associations essentially British.

GOOD ACRE LAKE, BEACON HILL PARK.—Our readers have here a glimpse of one of the most admired features of Victoria's charming recreation ground. The scene is one of a picturesqueness not to be disputed.

BEACON HILL PARK.—This is one of the most charming spots in the vicinity of Victoria. It consists of three hundred acres of land, a considerable portion of which has been laid out and ornamented. But its chief value lies in its situation and the delightful views that it commands on every side. All tourists who have visited Victoria have spoken of it in enthusiastic terms. Beacon Hill Park is, moreover, the centre of many historic associations, as it was there that all the great festal gatherings connected with events of importance in the progress of the city took place. The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught has added fresh memories to a record in which Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne and Stanley, with other celebrities from near and far, are conspicuous figures.

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S PLATE IN THE DRIVING PARK.—Our engraving shows a scene which indicates that Greater Britain, whether in Australia or the far west of the Canadian Dominion, still clings tenaciously to English sports. The Jockey Club is one of Victoria's newest institutions, and the gathering on the Driving Park race-course on the 23rd ult. was its first spring meeting. As far as numbers were concerned it was a marked success. The weather was delightful, a clear atmosphere tempered with a breeze of freshness, filling the air with ozone. There were from three to four thousand spectators, and, for a racecourse gathering, remarkably select. In fact, the judges were quick in adjudicating on the society that should occupy the grand stand. In this respect there could be no improvement. The event of the day was the race for the Queen's plate. The entries were: Gerty, Young Beaultralph, Beeswing, Ploughboy, Rocket and Young Brady. From the first, the honours were divided chiefly between Beeswing, Gerty and Young Brady, and when they appeared on the track they increased the public confidence. They were pretty animals, all of them, and no doubt owing to the superior handling of the jockeys, the horses started away fresh and fiery. Beeswing led at the start, and held that position with tenacity. They all kept well together; deception and fraud had gone far away and honour taken their place. Each man's ideal was to place his horse first opposite the judges. Gerty made a splendid move forward and closed in, conveying the impression that she was going to fulfil the wishes entertained of her. But there was a horse there named Young Brady, admirably mounted and a sure traveler, to whom Gerty gave place and ran in for third place. When the horses passed the judges' stand (there was no winning post or flag) it was Beeswing first, Young Brady second and Gerty third. Beeswing and Brady were close travellers and kept close together when once they got near one another. Time, 3¼.

ROSE TREE.—British Columbia, as our readers are aware, is famous for its roses, and this is not the first time that the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* has had the pleasure of showing some specimens of what it can do in bringing them to perfection. This wide-spreading, heavily-laden tree is by no means the least worthy product of the soil and sun of our western province and of the taste and skill of its people. It is, indeed, an example of rose-growing

that would charm the heart of that great English amateur, the Rev. Reynolds Hole, who wrote "A Book About Roses."

T. N. HIBBEN & CO.—Thirty-two years ago the Pacific Coast, where now flourish Vancouver, Port Moody, New Westminster and many other of those vigorous western towns, was an uninhabited wilderness. The huge trees of the Pacific Slope occupied the surface now filled by pretentious stores and warehouses and almost princely mansions. Victoria, however, though far from being what it is to-day, had even then acquired the dignity of a town. Its inhabitants, moreover, showed even then a taste for literature, and the desire for good reading matter was gratified by Mr. T. N. Hibben, who, in 1858, established the first stationery and book store in the place. From his intimate knowledge of the details of his business and of the tastes of the people, his success was assured from the first. But it was not on either of these that he depended; his aim was to lay, broad and deep, the foundation of a thoroughly stable business, and as a result his memory is now looked back upon with respect as that of a man who was ever honest and open in all his dealings. The establishment is to-day carried on under the firm name of T. N. Hibben & Co., on the same enterprising and fair-dealing lines as those on which it was founded. Thirty-two years have seen many changes in the affairs of Victoria. From a comparatively small place, nothing more than a Hudson's Bay trading post, in fact, it has grown into a handsome, rich and influential city, whose citizens are noted throughout Canada for their mental culture and refinement. Hibben & Co.'s business has grown along with the city, and has contributed to it in no small degree by supplying high class literature and carefully fostering the taste for it. Victorians were never without the current literature of the day; all that was necessary was to ask for it and it was found to be in stock. Few, if any, western cities or towns, however enterprising they might be, can tell such a story. But then there settled in Victoria a class of educated people, who could not dispense with that mental food which is necessary to the refined intellect. The view shown in our engraving is not that of the ordinary stationery store of a new western town. It has every appearance of the substantially fitted and thoroughly equipped establishments seen in many of the old country cities, and it is equal to them in every respect. Here can be found every requisite for the office, the library and the store; books from the simple paper-covered primer to the most important classic; from the cheap novel to morocco-bound volumes of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and hosts of others; journals from the local newspaper to England's proud *Thunderer*; periodicals from the *Boys' Own* to the *Graphic*, *Harper's*, the *Century* and others innumerable. The hymn and song book are both here; but while the wants of the most fastidious are supplied, everything is conducted with a view to cultivating a taste for pure literature. There can therefore be found nothing in this store that may not be taken into the home. Here the office can be fitted out from the waste paper basket to the easy-going Caligraph Typewriter, which is becoming quite popular in Victoria. The various big publishing houses of England and America, as well as the British and Foreign Bible Society, are represented here, and their publications are always to be obtained. In a word, it is a model stationery and publishing establishment—a credit to its founder and its present proprietors.

PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN BEACON HILL PARK.—This is an excellent institution, intended mainly to illustrate the great natural resources of British Columbia. It contains specimens of the fauna and flora of the province, of its geology and mineralogy, and is in the course of becoming a most useful and creditable institution. The zoological garden—devoted to the preservation of animals indigenous to the province, is of considerable educational value.

RESULT OF A DAY'S SHOOTING.—This engraving is its own interpreter. The hunters have evidently not been idle, and their spoils show a considerable variety.

TO A ROSE.

Brightest flower before me,
From thy heart thy flows
Odors wild and pleasant,
Lovely, lovely rose.

Delicate thy petals,
Beautiful and fair,
Innocent and modest,
Type of beauty rare.

Yet, though every virtue
Thy whole nature shows,
Thou art nothing, nothing,
To another rose.

JOSIAH H. GARDNER.

ISOCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

When Mr. H. N. Topley, of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, was in town the other day, he exhibited to the leading photographers of Montreal some of his isochromatic photographs, one in particular showing all the colours of the chromatic scale. After a thorough examination they expressed the opinion that these were among the finest photographs they had seen.

HONOURS FOR A TORONTO DOCTOR.

The degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred by the Johns Hopkins University on Mr. T. Logie, a graduate of the University of Toronto. He matriculated at Toronto in 1883, and in each succeeding examination won the scholarship in modern languages and the president's medal in the final year. He has spent the last three years in Europe and at the Johns Hopkins University, where he became successively university scholar, fellow and fellow by courtesy. Dr. Logie has been appointed to take charge of the Romance languages in Williams College, Mass.

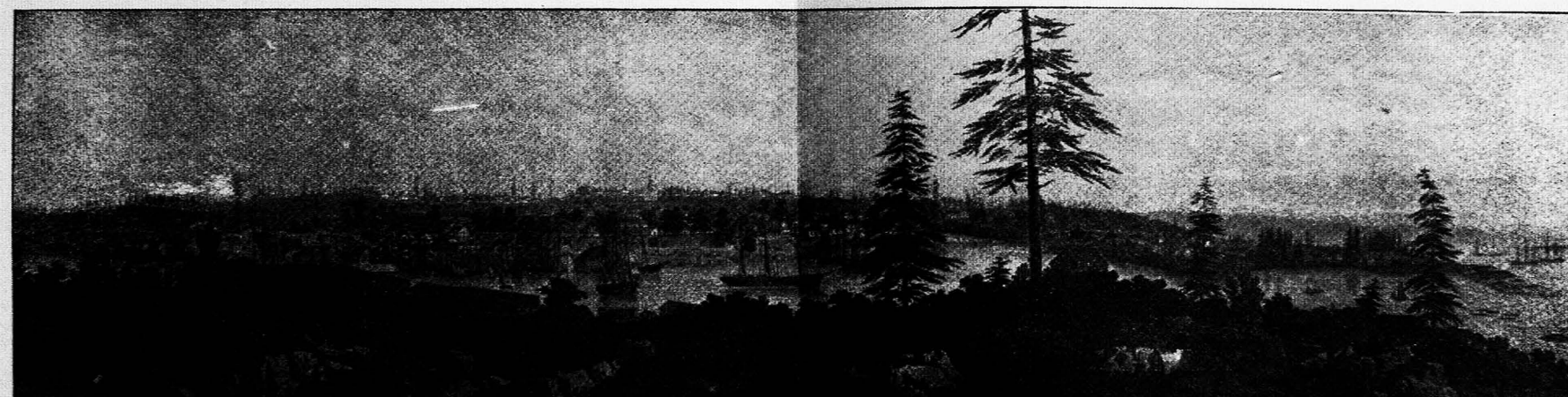
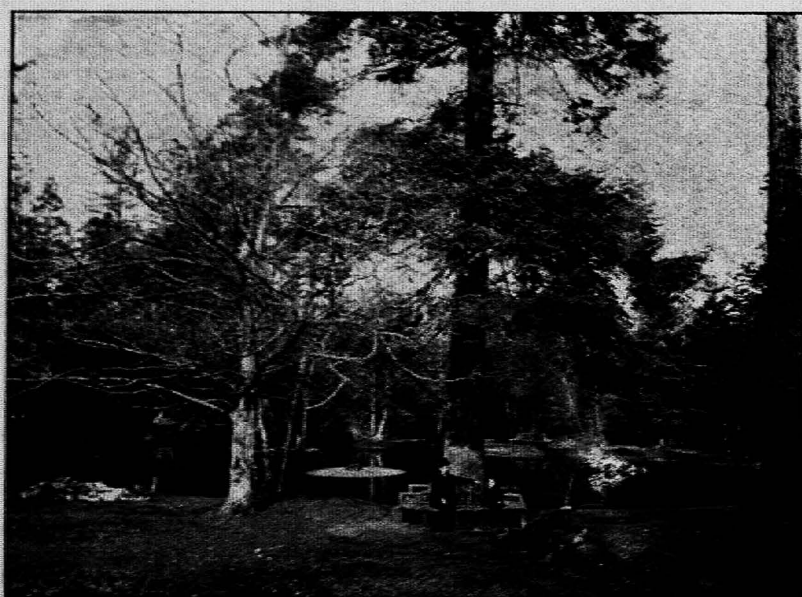
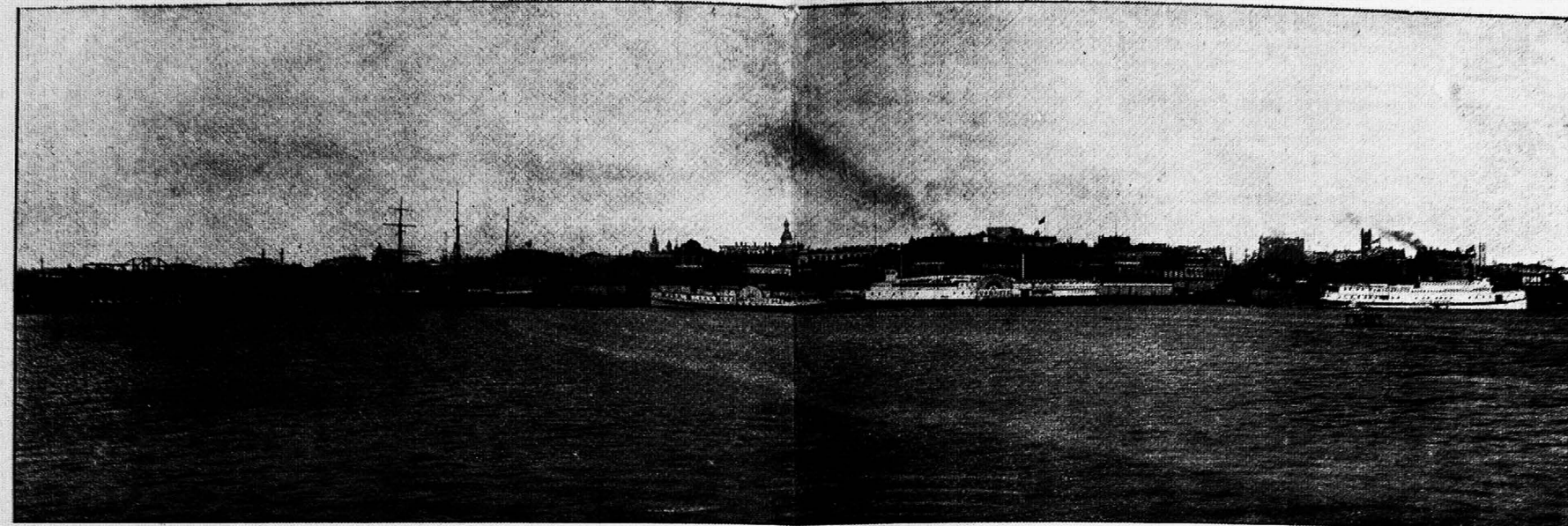
AMONG THE SELKIRKS.

In our last issue we briefly referred to the volume—"Among the Selkirk Glaciers," recently published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The author of it, the Rev. William S. Green, F.R.G.S., accompanied by the Rev. H. Swanny, another skilful mountain climber, undertook to make a map of the elevated region that comprises the glaciers—a region as yet unexplored by men of science. They fixed upon four inches to the mile as the scale of their map and their task, we may be sure, was no easy one even for expert mountaineers. They managed, however, to ascend Mount Bonney—next to Mount Sir Donald, the highest in the range. A more formidable task awaited them after they reached the summit—that of getting down again. The situation of unhappy visitors to the fabled Avernus was, in a manner, reversed, save that the facility of the ascent in this case was only comparative. The following is the account of the adventure:

At 4 p.m. we commenced the descent, and going as fast as possible, between glissading and running we were soon down to the col, beyond which the curved peak rose to the westward. As the evening sun was now shining on the side of the peak by which we had ascended, we felt that, soft as the snow had been in the morning, now it would be all slush and the bad bit consequently much worse than before. We thought anything would be better than to attempt such a descent, so we determined to try and turn the peak in flank and cross the steep slopes of snow, plastered on to its face, which we had carefully considered during our ascent.

Accordingly, we bore away to the left, descending to a shoulder of the ridge below the peak. On reaching it we found ourselves on the brink of the precipice overlooking the glacier-filled valley to the westward, and it too was topped by a cornice. Farther to the right the *névé* we were on curved downwards, and though nearly vertical in its face, there was no actual cornice. It looked an exceedingly uncomfortable bit of work, but our only choice lay between it and what seemed the worse descent over the summit of the peak. The question was, could we reach the snow slope below the brink of the precipice? and having reached it, would it bear our weight? H. buried himself as deeply as possible in the snow, and when he considered himself quite firm I turned my face to the slope, and holding on to the rope kicked my toes in and went over the brink. I took the precaution, too, of burying my axe up to its head at every step. Just below the brink there was a projecting crag. This I thought would give a firm footing before testing the snow slope. I got one foot on to it, and was taking it as gently as possible when the rock gave way, a large piece of snow went with it, and fell on the slope twenty feet below. I stuck my knees into the snow, but felt my whole weight was on the rope. Then I heard a swishing noise in the air, and glancing downwards saw that the whole snow slope had cracked across, and was starting away down towards the valley in one huge avalanche. H. hauled cautiously but firmly on the rope, and getting what grip I could with toes, knees, and ice-axe I was quickly in a safe position, and the two of us standing side by side, watched the clouds of snow filling the abyss below, and the huge masses bounding outwards. We listened to the sullen roar, which gradually subsided, and all again seemed quiet except that a few blocks of consolidated snow went careering along, down the glacier, for some time after the great mass of the avalanche had come to rest. This route was manifestly impracticable. There was now no choice. We must retrace our steps to the summit of the curved peak, and go down by the same road that we had come up. We had eaten nothing since a few mouthfuls at 11 a.m., so between anxiety as to what lay before us and hunger, we felt far from happy. Never did anything feel more weary than that plod up the snow slopes to the peak. There we sat down to rest; I searched my pockets and found a small packet of tea and one cigarette. H. ate the tea, and I enjoyed the cigarette, and feeling our nerves in a more reliable condition, we commenced the descent.

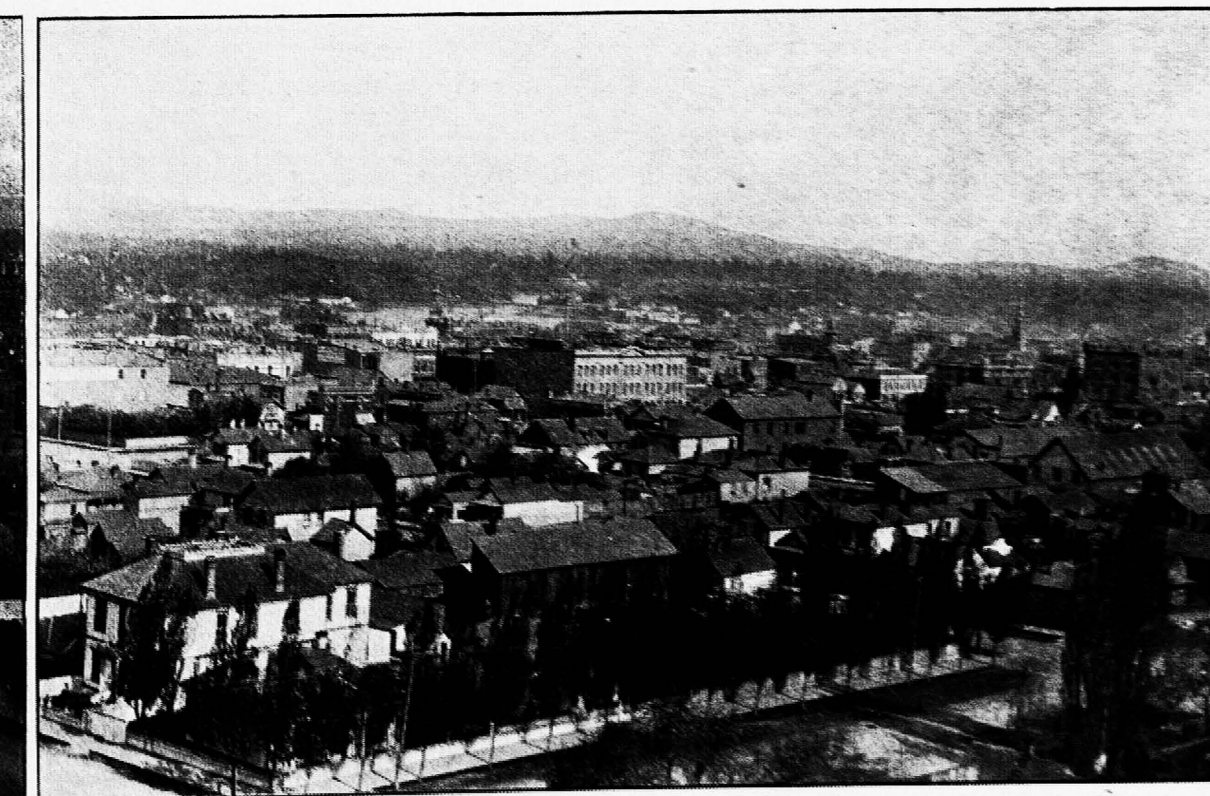
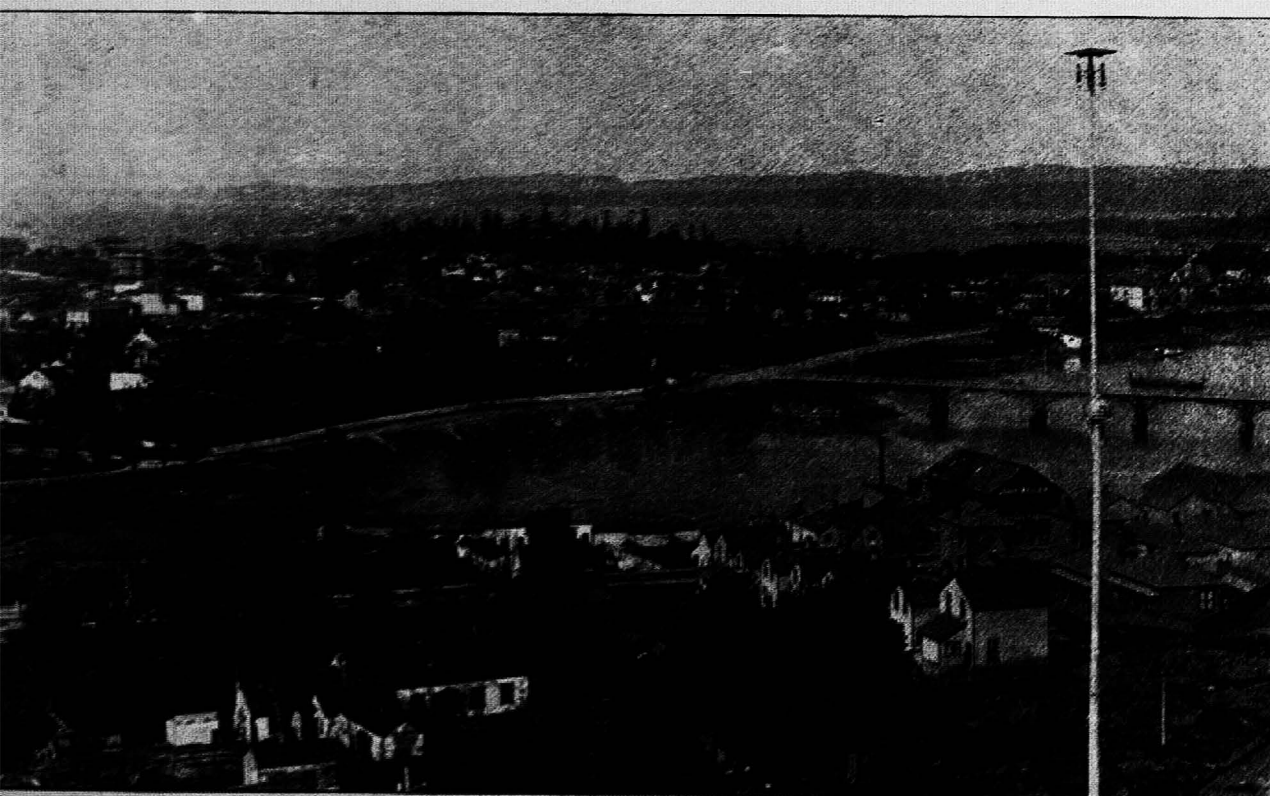
As far as it was practicable, we went down by the crags avoiding the snow, and made each step as secure as possible by shoving tons of loose slates and shales over the precipice. Then we had to quit the rocky ridge and cross the little snow-filled couloir to the other ridge. The snow on this was the chief danger, for it would not bear the slightest weight and it covered up the sharp loose slates. The axes were no use to us, so taking off the rope, we tied them together and lowered them down, then making a bowline hitch on the other end of the rope, we hung it on to a crag, and, with its help, scrambled down fifty feet to another firm foothold. A smart chuck brought the end of the rope free, and hitching it on again, we reached with its help the more secure portion of the ridge, and felt once more happy, for all danger was past.



VIEWS IN BEACON HILL PARK.
(Maynard, photo.)

VICTORIA IN 1860.
(From a lithograph.)

VIEWS IN BEACON HILL PARK.
(Maynard, photo.)



PANORAMA OF VICTORIA, B.C.
(From photographs taken by Maynard, specially for the "Victoria Souvenir Number" of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

THE GEM OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

In attempting to convey an impression of Victoria, B.C., to the people of Eastern Canada, the writer is at a considerable disadvantage. Victoria is still but little known in the East. The attention of older Canada has been rather attracted by the phenomenal advancement of such towns as New Westminster and Vancouver, which, with numerous other spots of no small pretensions, have sprung up, mushroom fashion, at the approach of those magical steel rails of the C.P.R. Indeed, when Vancouver commenced its wondrous rise, the general thought was that Victoria would die a natural death; but somehow that expectation is far from being realized. Her position makes her the key to Canada from the West, and such she must ever remain. Nature has decreed it, and in vain has man endeavoured to wrest that right from her. Victoria is beautiful as well as useful; she occupies one of the most charming and advantageous positions on the Pacific Coast. At her foot rolls that portion of the majestic ocean known as the Strait of Juan de Fuca; to the south looms up the Olympian range clad in the snows of ages, seeming, in a clear atmosphere, but a few miles away, though there are sixty miles of sea between the base and the coast of Vancouver Island. In fact, these great eminences seem so close at hand that one can almost imagine their virgin snows to be within a few hundred yards of the rich green foliage in which Victoria is half buried. The sea rolls right up to and almost surrounds some localities, dividing the city by numerous arms. This lends a delicious freshness and purity to the atmosphere; with a breeze from any point comes the health-giving sea air, and on all sides are beauties of scenery, according to the point from which they are viewed. In the numerous inlets can be seen sailing and steam yachts and other pleasure boats, for Victorians love pleasure. But the waters are disturbed in a more practical manner by the paddles and propellers of trading and passenger boats, the place never being lonely for want of craft. The sounds of hammering tell of ship-building, and not a week passes without a christening ceremony marking an addition to the Pacific Coast or river fleets. Further on, and near the upper end of the city can be seen the black smoke of iron works, and the clanging of boiler riveters is heard. This indicates that Victoria is the only place on this coast, north of San Francisco, where facilities are possessed for building an entire man-of-war, from keel to gunwale. Lying here and there low down in the water are small, queer-looking craft, that seem to be hiding out of sight. They are sealing schooners, come in here for supplies, and a stirring romance is the story that is told by some of them of their adventures in the sealing grounds. They run the gauntlet of the American navy ships from the time they leave Victoria till they come back again, if, indeed, they are not captured, as some of them have been. Periodically they come in here with a little budget of news from the scene of their hazardous toil. Sometimes they have had their share of peril; at others they report all clear sailing. A little higher up is heard the sound of the humming, swishing saws of lumber mills and furniture manufactories, blended with the music of the blacksmith's anvil in various keys, according to the work going on in the various shops. Leaving this and descending a slight hill to the city, a pleasing sight meets the eye. There is no frenzied rush; there are no feverish-looking faces; there is no mad gallop of horses. Were it not for the evidence of modern fashions, one would imagine that he had fallen into a city of Quakers, or people closely resembling that staid, contented sect. Everyone walks calmly; few are in a hurry; no one ever rushes. Notwithstanding these indications of tranquillity, it is surprising what an amount of business is done and what large sums of money change hands in the course of a week. Not much fuss is made, but as they would say in the Province of Quebec, "*ils y arrivent tout le même*." In the matter of buildings, Victoria has cultivated a beautiful rural architecture rather than the grandly impressive and solemn type of Eastern cities. In the midst of the city one seems to be in the country, for one has only to walk a few rods from the Royal Exchange to find one's self among sweetly pretty rows of cottages, buried away in a veritable bed of roses, lilac, honeysuckle, woodbine and all these charming flowers that abound in English country towns. In fact, Victoria is all one sweet-smelling flower garden.

But a new era has been dawning in the architecture of Victoria, which has developed into what may be called the stone age. This, however, for the present is showing itself in churches, schools and public buildings rather than residences, the people not yet caring to discard the quaint rural cottage, to which they have grown accustomed. Occupying such a unique position and so beautifully situated, it seems a pity that Victoria's sewerage, with the exception of one public and several private drains, depends altogether on the natural slope. There is, however, at present under consideration a plan which will make the city the sanitarium of the Pacific Coast. Transportation through Victoria is supplied by the inevitable hack, which is supplemented by an excellent service of electric street cars, Vandepoel's overhead system extending throughout the city and giving excellent accommodation. It is the intention of the company to further extend the lines beyond the municipal limits to several interesting resorts, such as the Driving Park, the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Esquimalt, the "Hill" and other spots. The work has been commenced, and some of the tracks have been laid to this end, and when the undertaking is completed this summer a number of pretty and cheap drives around Victoria will be made easily accessible to the public.

There is not a place in Canada, with the exception of Banff, which can boast of such beautiful drives as Victoria. Banff is a mixture of the sublime and beautiful; Victoria is all beauty, presenting on every side landscapes that it is a joy to look upon. One of these delectable spots is the Gorge, an arm of the sea running up by the city and back into the island for a considerable distance, through a peculiarly quaint and prettily antiquated type of scenery. The rocks, instead of frowning sullenly and severely, after the manner of their kind, are clad comfortably with fat good-natured looking moss, and flanked by thick and ancient trees. This spot is one of the finest, as well as prettiest boat-racing courses that could be desired, and is made the scene of an annual regatta, which has come to be regarded as one of the features of the Queen's Birthday celebration. Victorians are very fond of the water, and nearly everyone has a boat or yacht in which to dart along this pretty course and across the harbour.

Then for those, invalids and others, who are in search of a more invigorating and bracing atmosphere, there is Beacon Hill, comprising a large park situated on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, facing the snow-clad Olympian range. This is part of the grandeur of Victoria, and Nature has not been sparing in her gifts. In this instance it is true that distance lends enchantment to the view, for on their magnificent Hill, within sight and sound of the restless sea, Victorians can bask in the shade, sheltered from a hot summer sun, and gaze on the snows of the eternal winter which rules on the mountain beyond. No icicles to drop on one's head, no heavy burden of fur coat and cap, and yet the snow and ice of years and years are plainly within sight. The sun sets, and these snows are transformed into terraces of glittering gems of colours divine, whose sheen is softened and purified by the intervening water and the distance. Still we lie in summer flannels on the grass, and we forget the ice and the snow because we do not feel their chilly breath. On the Hill there are many attractions; it is Victoria's recreation ground, and is made the theatre of all athletic games and manly sports. Here we have a group of Englishmen in their white flannels, playing their national game, cricket; there we see the Canadian boys engaged in their lightning-like pastime lacrosse, looking well, like Canadian boys all the world over; yonder we see the American game of baseball, and still further on we discern the knights of the swift-speeding bullet at the rifle range. The latter is a favourite sport here, and although in the Eastern Provinces little is heard of British Columbian riflemen, there are here some of the best shots in Canada. The grounds around are filled with pleasure parties, the water below is dotted with boats and yachts, while further out can be seen the smoke of steamers and the white canvas of sailing vessels bound up or down the Straits, to or from Victoria. To enumerate all the attractions of this gem of the Pacific Coast would demand more space than I have at my disposal, but the illustrations in this number will give some idea of Victoria's position, advantages and beauties. British Columbia invites her elder sister, Eastern Canada, to become better acquainted with her and to utilize that great connecting link, the C. P. R., to develop the riches lying dormant in the bosom of her mountains; to cultivate a feeling of provincial interdependence and confidence, and in doing so promote the welfare of this Dominion, which has been so bountifully blessed by a kind and a generous Providence.

OSCAR C. BASS.

SONNET

TO HUNTER DUVAR, HERNEWOOD, P.E.I.

Honour and ease, and length of days be thine,
Glad singer of our country's fairest Isle,
Whose soul, whose song, no politician's guile
Can rifle of their native summer-shine;
Sky-domed upon the altitude divine
Of just desert thou sittest; and canst smile
At mask and mime upon the plain below,
At king and harlequin, a motley show,
Unstable as the mockery of wine.
Lo! thou art compassed by a sleepless host,
Those light battalions, consecrate to good,
Thy Fairy Folk encamped in Hernewood,
Whose bugle blasts proclaim that no rude ghost
May haunt the calm of thy art quietude.

Montreal.

GEORGE MARTIN.

"THE NEW HIGHWAY TO THE ORIENT" is the title of a beautiful little work just issued by the General Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, descriptive of a tour to the Pacific Coast over the trans-continental line. It is superbly illustrated with many full-page engravings and its forty-five pages of gracefully-written matter, contain much useful information concerning the cities, towns and scenic marvels reached by the Canadian Pacific system. It is well worth your while to secure a copy, which may be obtained free upon application to W. F. Egg, District Passenger Agent, Windsor Street Station, Montreal; W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, 118 King street west, Toronto; C. E. McPherson, District Passenger Agent, 271 Washington street, Boston; E. V. Skinner, General Eastern Agent, 353 Broadway, New York; J. F. Lee, Commercial Agent, 232 South Clark street, Chicago; C. Sherry, District Passenger Agent, 11 Fort street west, Detroit, Mich.; or D. McNicoll, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me courteously to take some slight exception to the gist of your remarks in "Woman's Domain" in your issue of 7th June, re woman's rights, arising out of your approbation of woman in medicine. I think it should be better understood than it is that woman in medicine as a modern fact—a revived mediævalism as it is—is a resultant of the movement so often branded and scorned, roughly named "Woman's Rights." It is because the advocates of the right of women to do whatever she finds her natural gifts lead her to wish to undertake—her right as a human being to the freedom inherent in humanity—have pressed this right upon public consideration pertinaciously, under great sufferings of cruel mockings and scourgings, yet with an abiding faith in its justice and, consequently, its propriety, that woman stands where she does to-day. The movement, scarcely half a century old, has had, may indeed still have, as all radical reforms likewise have, its excrescences; but these are not itself and in the majority of cases these excrescences exist more in the eye of the unlearned and unsympathetic beholder than in the cause itself. You say, for instance, that Canadian women "are not great advocates of woman's rights," meaning, as your subsequent remarks show, that they are not showing themselves deeply interested in municipal and political affairs, because they have not yet "run" for office in these connections. Possibly they never may; but if they should, after having duly considered the bearing of civil and national politics upon the home, the real, practical life of the nation, it might be that the suspicious, "curious things" that the "Council Chamber"—of Montreal, I presume—now "hears" would be greatly modified, if not altogether changed. Such things have been in other bodies than city council chambers, and I trust that the time is not far distant when our men, laying aside their selfishness, jealousy and prejudice, may say to woman, "Come over and help us," not only in making pure and righteous homes, but in making our nation. Here you will quote "influence" against me. I beg to submit my own thought on that subtle agent. Influence is like heat, a radiation; but if you want active work you must take the fuel and directly locate it in the machine you would endow with power. Another thought. I do not believe in woman using her influence to undo or undermine the conclusions of another; it is prejudicial to all independent thought and makes of a man a tool. Such he should not be. Nor woman, either.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

SARAH ANNE CURZON.

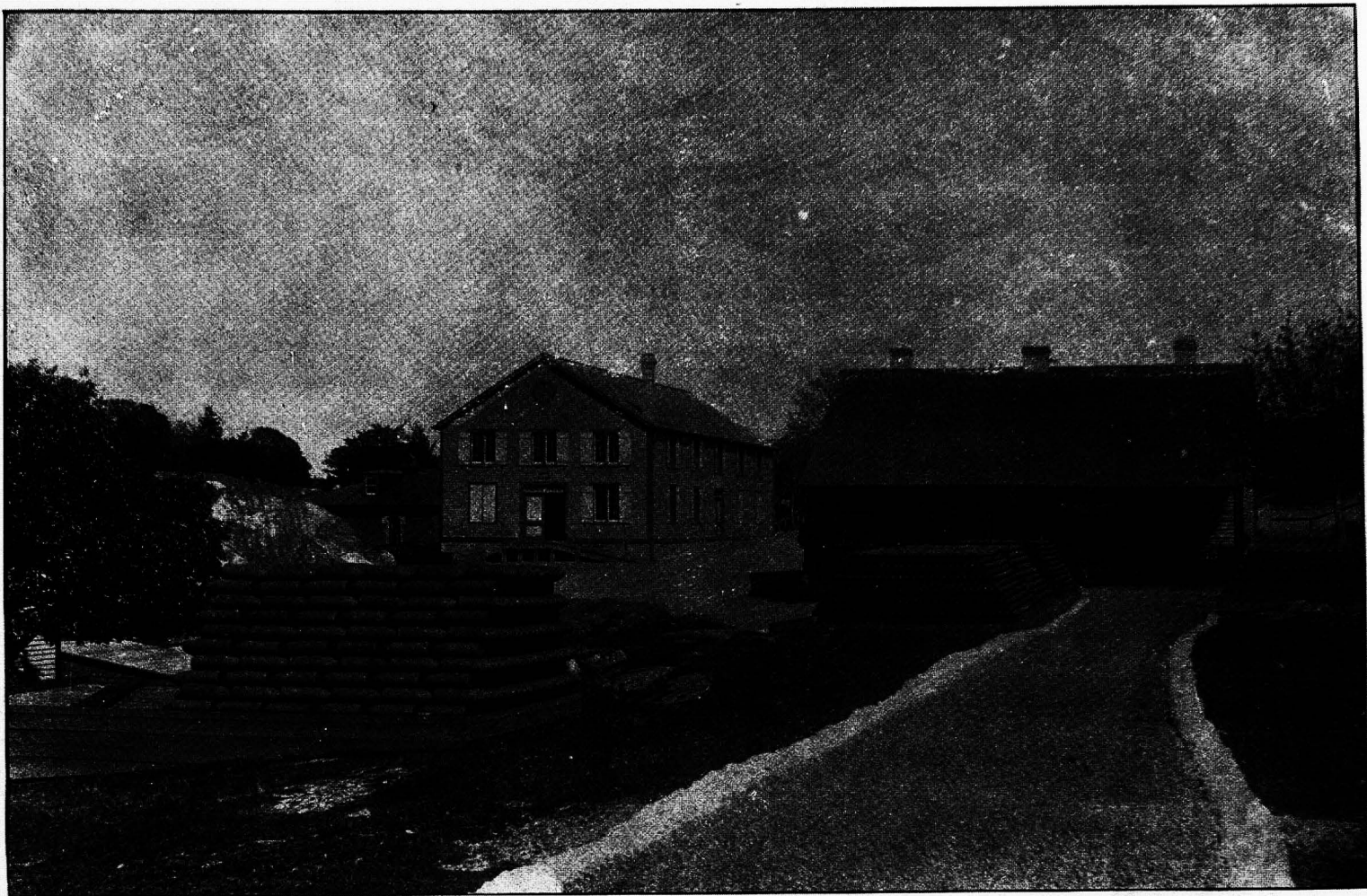
Sec'y of the Woman's Enfranchisement Ass'n of Canada.

MINING INTERESTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

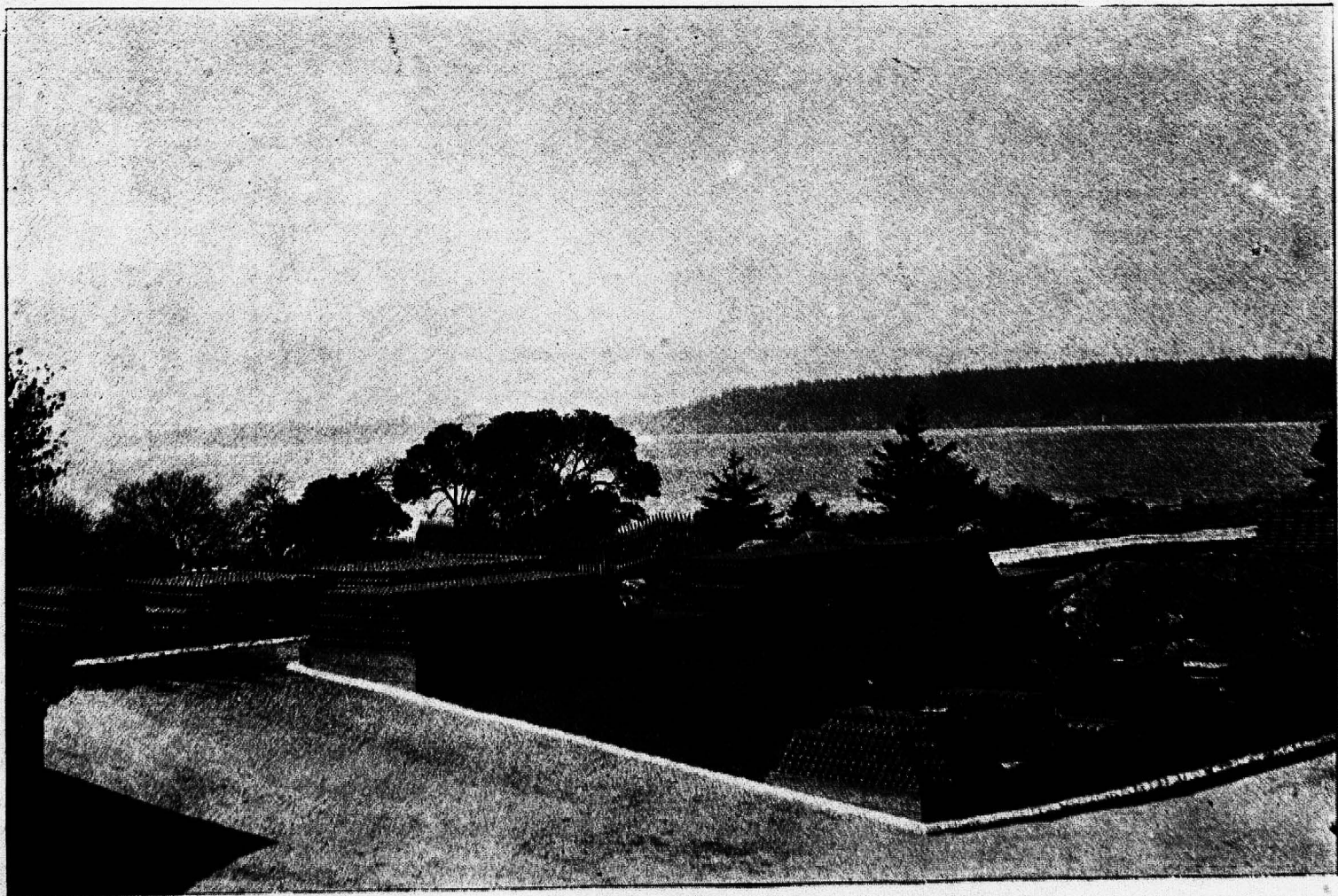
The annual report of the Minister of Mines of British Columbia for the year ending 31st December, 1889, shows that from 1858 to the present time the estimated total yield of gold and silver amounted to \$52,236,753, the gold product of 1889 having been \$588,923, of which \$490,769 were known to have been exported by the banks, leaving some \$98,154 as having been carried away in private hands. The year's estimated yield of silver was \$47,873. The number of miners employed was 1,929, their average yearly earnings having reached \$330. The exporters of the gold referred to were the Bank of British Columbia \$254,816, Garesche, Greene & Co., \$188,580 and the Bank of British North America \$47,373. The yield in the Cariboo district reached \$217,892, of which \$78,542 are credited to the division of Bakerville, \$41,150 to Lightning Creek, \$37,000 to Quesnelmouth, and \$61,000 to Keithley Creek. Cassiar is down for 54,910, Kootenay (western division) gold, \$12,700, silver \$47,873, eastern division do gold \$36,200; Lillooet, gold \$60,364; Yale, Osoyoos division, \$10,500 gold. Similkameen division, \$35,800; total for Yale \$46,300. The reports of the various commissioners deal at greater length with the respective sections, all of them intimating how greatly and profitably it is possible to extend operations, among the necessary conditions being the reduction of the duty on mining machinery and the providing of improved transportation facilities. The inspectors of coal mines announces that during the year the following mines have been operated, their respective outputs having been: Nanaimo Colliery, 223,870 tons 18 cwt.; Wellington 273, 383 tons 14 cwt.; East Wellington, 51,372 tons; Union Colliery, 31,204 tons. The output of the year was 579,839 tons 12 cwt., the coal on hand 1st January, 1889, having been 10,922½ tons. The exports of these collieries was 443,675 tons; home consumption, 124,574½ tons, and on hand 1st January, 1890, a little over 22,504 tons. The statement below shows the output and export of coal from 1887 to 1889.

	Output. Tons.	Export. Tons.
1887.....	413,360	334,839
1888.....	489,800	365,714
1889.....	579,830	443,675

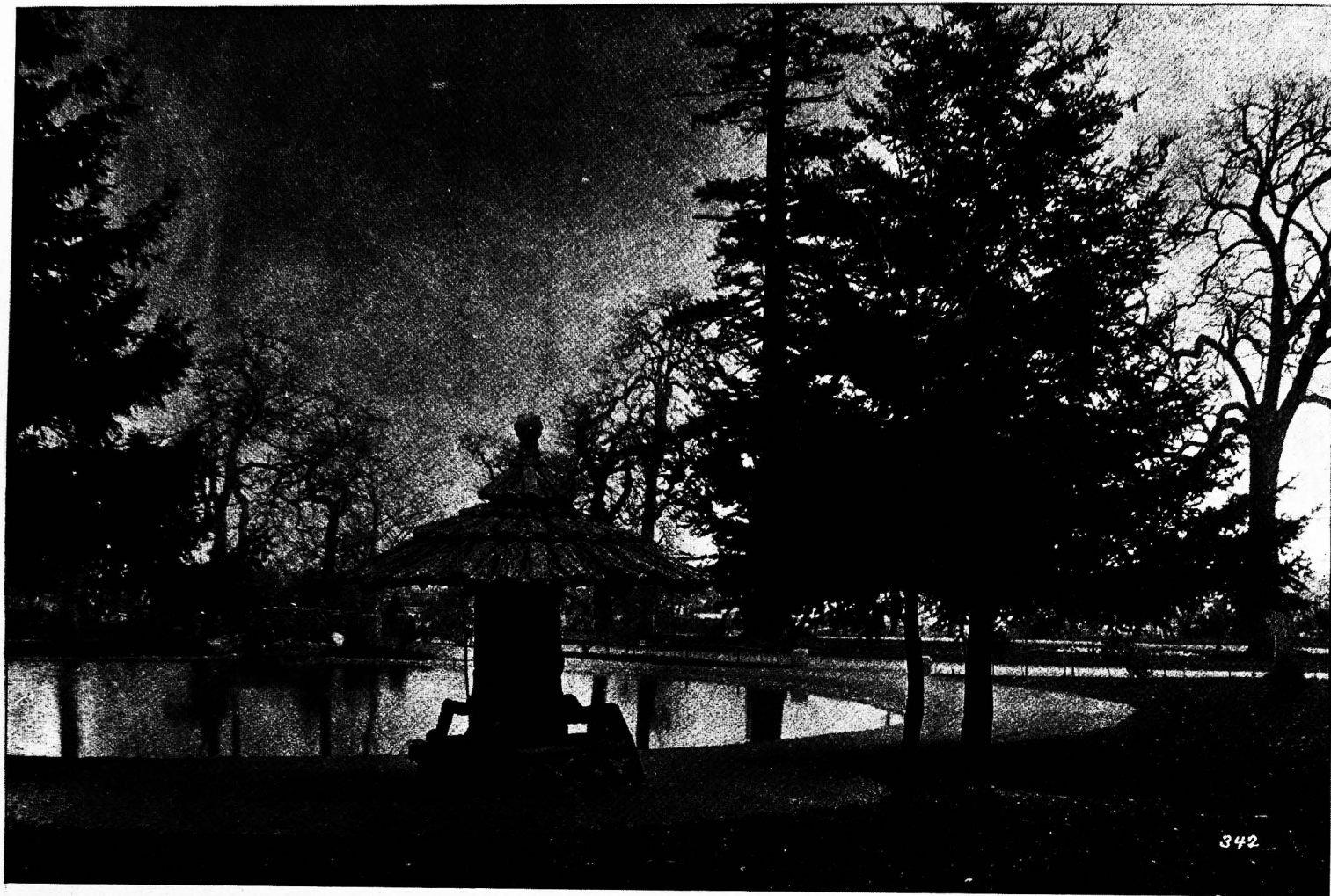
La Grippe has proven a very expensive disorder in England. The *British Medical Journal* states that the influenza cost in Great Britain \$10,000,000, one half of which was paid by insurance companies, and the other half caused in loss of wages. In the United States the loss to the companies was \$1,018,460 by La Grippe alone and \$1,827,184 from pneumonia and bronchitis arising out of it.



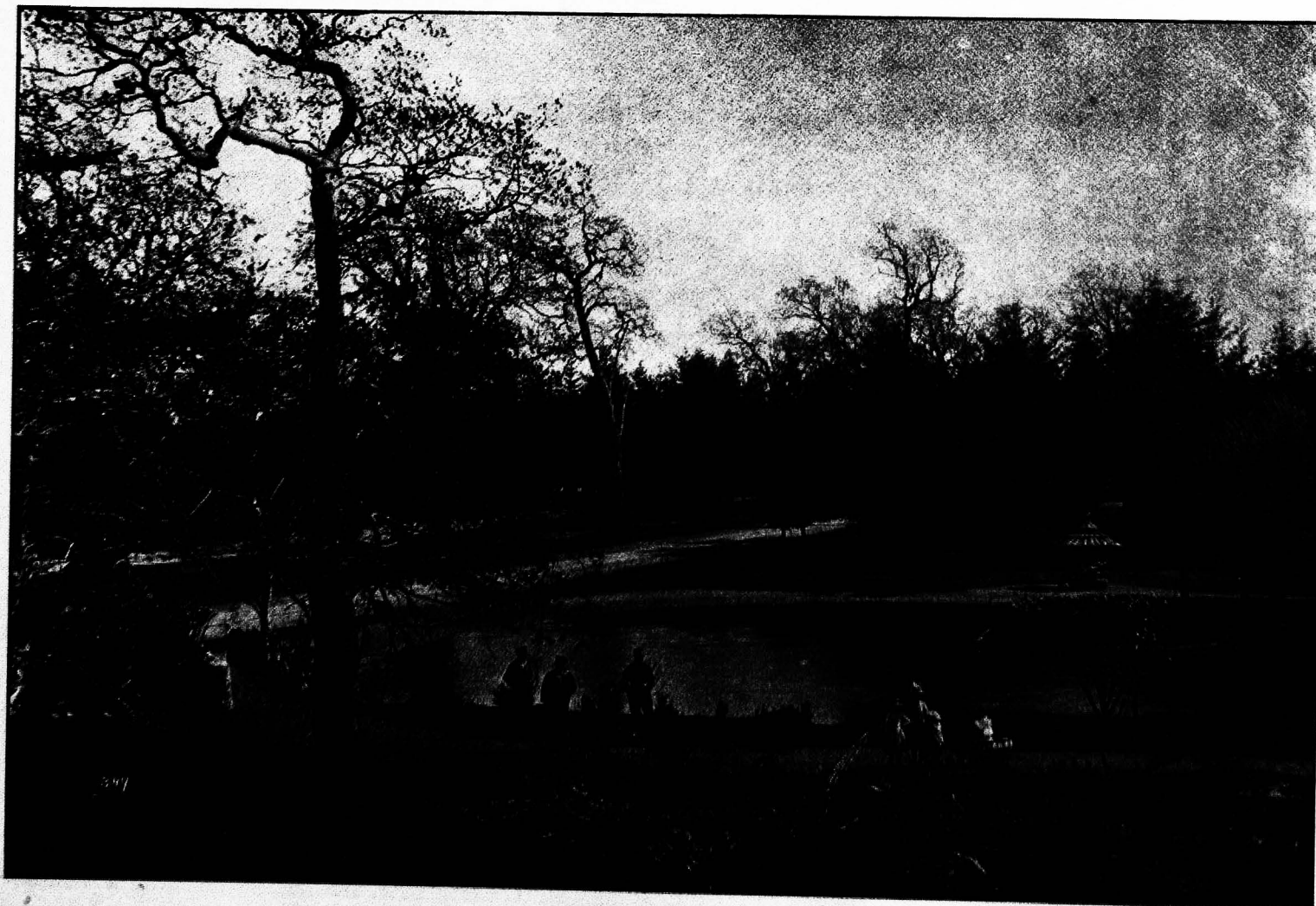
IN THE "ORDNANCE" GROUNDS, ESQUIMALT, NEAR VICTORIA.
(Maynard, photo.)



VIEW FROM THE "ORDNANCE," No. 10 BUILDING, ESQUIMALT, TOWARDS THE HARBOUR.
(Maynard, photo.)



GOOD ACRE LAKE, BEACON HILL PARK.
(McMunn, photo.)



BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA.
(McMunn, photo.)

INSURANCES ATTENDED TO
FOR OUR CLIENTS

RENTS AND INTERESTS

COLLECTED AND REMITTED PROMPTLY

Fire Insurance Agencies:

BRITISH COLUMBIA

AND

ROYAL CANADIAN

Dalby, Ballentyne & Claxton

**Real Estate and
Investment Brokers**

- OUR FIRM: -

WM. DALBY, J.P.
C. G. BALLENTYNE
FRED. J. CLAXTON,
Late of Montreal

Farms in Vancouver Island and Mainland

Acres and Lots in and around Victoria

REFERENCES:

THE BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
GARESCHÉ, GREEN & CO.

MONEY
INVESTED

ON CITY AND FARM MORTGAGES

On One Half Valuation

Bears 7% to 9% Interest

BORROWER PAYING ALL CHARGES

64 YATES ST.

VICTORIA, B.C.

A CITY OF HAPPY HOMES.

The word "home" has a sacredness which all acknowledge. It is associated with mother, father, brothers and sisters in early life, and afterwards acquires a more sacred significance from its connection with wife and family. Hence it is that a young man labours with his energies at high tension. He wants to build up a home; he wants to place those whom he loves in possession of domestic comfort and happiness. We hear and read, and some of us may have seen, a good deal of the "stately homes of England," but we have also seen and heard much of the miserable, overcrowded abodes that are in British cities and other large centres of population. There it is impossible for anyone who has not a moderately large income to own the roof which shelters him, and for which he has paid, in rent, treble, perhaps quadruple its value. This story is repeated over and over again with dull, yet painful, monotony.

In Victoria, on the other hand, there is no necessity for the working-man to buy his home three or four times over in rent payments, and even then not be in a position to call it his own. There nine-tenths of the people own the houses they live in and a comfortable plot of land attached thereto. The consequence is that there is not a place in the world which can boast of such delightfully rural homes as Victoria. Why is this? It may be asked. Simply because it is human nature to beautify and keep beautiful that which is one's own. Victoria's position is unique in this respect, for with her famed and indisputable commercial advantages, she offers the finest opportunities and inducements as a place of residence, especially in the suburbs. Tenements and terraces are unknown either within or without the city. Every family lives within its own reservation or plot, the cosy little cottage, or handsome house, buried away amid flowers of every description, evergreens and other foliage. The working man comes home and busies himself in the evening with his garden—training creepers, pruning fruit trees, grafting roses and trimming flowers. In short, his home is his delight, because it is his own. A powerful argument in favour of this system is found in an analysis of the cases of drunkenness brought before the Police Court. These show that intemperance among the working classes of Victoria is infinitesimally small, that almost all the culprits are homeless vagrants, and that the face of a Victoria workingman is almost unknown in the city Police Court. Any other city is welcome to come forward and beat that record if it can. It is in his home also that the man of means spends his money. He may not lay out his garden with his own hands, but he has it done to his liking, and so contributes his share to the beauty of the place. The affluent vie with each other in friendly emulation in beautifying their homes, and the result is an earthly paradise, the delight and envy of visiting strangers. Orchards and gardens, lawns and thickets, refreshingly diversified, make a charming panorama.

The physical features of the country are capable of satisfying every taste. The sea is reached in a short time from any point, and the nearness of the city to it prevents the accumulation of a smoky, thick, unhealthy atmosphere. Like all cities, Victoria has several arteries leading to various points. There is the Gorge, with its romantic beauty, and there is the Cadboro Bay road, which has charms of its own. The route, of which Fort street may be said to be the starting-point, is a very popular one. It leads to the Driving Park and the Royal Jubilee Hospital through some extremely pretty suburban scenery. The electric street cars reach the latter institution, and will this summer reduce the ten minutes' walk to the former by running right out to it, thus bringing some of the prettiest residential property surrounding Victoria within fifteen minutes of the heart of the city. These private plots, to which we have referred, are by no means confined within a small or narrow space, giving the residents just a taste of freedom. The stereotyped city lot is 60 x 120, but the Victorian who believes in breathing space, when he can afford it, goes in for plenty of room, and takes an acre or more, which he can purchase for about \$1,000, within easy distance of "church, school and store," three most important considerations in our modern life.

Victoria has never had a broom; she doesn't want it; her citizens sternly discountenance it. Besides, her position is too firmly established to call for any such shallow means of advertising. Notwithstanding this, however, values have gone up steadily and quietly, until now many are induced to sell in one-fifth acre lots. But this fact does not induce the holder of an acre or more just outside of the city to split up his holding. He stays on and is satisfied with his orchard, his kitchen garden, his pasture plots and the flower garden blooming in front of his cottage. These practically supply his wants, with a very little assistance from the butcher and grocer. He eats home-made bread and cake; no milkman calls him up at an unearthly hour, and both himself and his family are pictures of contentment. He goes to his business in the morning and comes home early in the evening to sit and smoke on his verandah or trim his garden.

This picture of domestic bliss is not exaggerated in any single particular. A ride on the cars up Fort street tells the tale every step of the way, while a trip in any other direction confirms the impression. How much pleasanter, healthier and more advantageous is this plan of dwelling houses than rows of handsome stone fronts, whose brick rearers look across a narrow dirty yard into some one else's back windows? There is but one Victoria, and that is on

Vancouver Island. It bears its royal name right royally and with the quiet dignity of the noble woman to whom it is so heartily loyal.

O. C. B. AND J. H. B.

THE PROGRESS OF VICTORIA.

It is just a hundred years since the Spaniards discovered the bay to which they gave the name of Puertode Cordoba, now known as the harbour of Victoria. In view of the centennial celebration of the event, the *Times*, of Victoria, issued some time ago a special enlarged number, which contained a mass of historical and statistical information. It appears that Victoria ranks as fifth port in the Dominion. The exports for 1889 were:

Mines (Gold).....	\$ 490,825 00
Fisheries.....	2,206,950 00
Forest.....	105 00
Animals (Furs).....	384,924 00
Agricultural.....	772 00
Manufactures.....	34,439 00
Total.....	\$4,088,015 00

The imports for the same period were \$2,913,198.

Victoria carries on trade with the United States, Great Britain, Australia, China, Peru, Chili, Sandwich Islands, Japan and Mexico, in coal, fish, hides, treasure, lumber and furs. Among the leading resources of the city, apart from its position as a government, social and educational centre, and a manufacturing and commercial city, may be named the sealing interest, the fishing and Indian trade of the northwest coast, and the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Last year 22 British and 8 foreign sealing schooners brought to the port a catch of 35,310 skins valued at \$247,170. The shipments of gold dust from the banks amounted to nearly half a million dollars.

The salmon pack of British Columbia for 1889 realized the enormous value of \$2,288,617. There have also been several shipments of salted and frozen fish, including the produce of the skill fishery, a new industry.

The coal output of Vancouver Island amounting to 548,503 tons in 1889, against 489,300 tons for 1888, included the first shipments from the great Union mines near Comox.

It is estimated that upwards of 70,000 tourists visited Victoria last summer.

The *Times* says:—"Apart from the immediate prospect of the city becoming large and prosperous by reason of the natural wealth of the country, there is a promise far greater before our eyes. Esquimalt has become a naval station. The Island railway has made tributary to it the supplies of large settlements, the richest coal field of the North Pacific, and ultimately the iron of Texada. The choicest spars in the world, and a dry dock that cost \$900,000 are added to its value as a seaport. The place is entirely healthy; the anchorage is very large, the shelter perfect, and the approach can be made blindfold, so wide is the channel and so regular are the soundings."

The population of Victoria in 1863 was 6,000, in 1886 14,000, and this year it is estimated at 22,090 by the city assessors. The Dominion Government Immigration Agent at Victoria estimates the increase in British Columbia's population at 13,000, made up as follows:—Vancouver Island, 5,000; Vancouver City, 4,000; New Westminster District, 3,000; Interior, 1,000.

Between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000 was invested in building in Victoria last year, yet in the autumn there were not more than five habitable dwellings empty in the city. Among the projected buildings for this season are an hotel overlooking James Bay, to cost \$250,000, a Roman Catholic cathedral costing \$72,000, and a Methodist church costing \$65,000. The corporation propose extensive works in Beacon Hill park, an addition to the city hall, improved water supply in several districts, the grading of new streets, enlargement of the cemetery and other undertakings. The electors recently passed four by-laws, granting bonuses for a rice mill, flour mill, sugar refinery and a paper mill, aggregating \$60,000. The bonuses are in favour of Hall, Ross & Co., who now operate a rice mill at Victoria. A flour mill with 100 barrels' capacity, it is understood, will be established at once in connection with the rice mill, and the sugar refinery will be considered later on. Hall, Ross & Co., who formerly leased the mill at Victoria, have now purchased the property. The firm is associated with the Mount Royal Milling Company, of Montreal. Barracks are being erected for C Battery, R.C.A., at McCaully Point, and it is proposed to lengthen the dry dock at Esquimalt to accommodate the very largest ocean liners. It would be difficult to enumerate all the business blocks and private dwellings now under contract. Mr. Robert Ward will erect a residence costing about \$35,000. Large blocks are to be built on Government street at its corners on Fort, Broughton and Johnson streets, and others on every one of the principal thoroughfares. The real estate of Victoria is now valued at \$9,000,000, and it is safe to say that it will be worth a great deal more than \$10,000,000 before the close of 1890.

R. Maynard, landscape photographer, is now doing special work along the E. & N. R'y., at Wellington, Goldstream, and at Nanaimo for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Mr. Hilton accompanies him.—*Victoria Times*.

THE HUMOROUS IN AMERICAN POETRY.

It is not surprising that in the great world of literature the sceptre of humour should hold sway over one of its sovereignties. Logically considered, humour is the antithesis of pathos, as laughter is of tears; and it is an interesting fact that we frequently find the two elements strongly present in the same mind. It is the spiritual side of man which gives us both. A well-known American writer says, speaking of tears and laughter: "In a natural state, tears and laughter go hand-in-hand; for they are twin-born. Like two children sleeping in one cradle, when one wakes and stirs, the other wakes also." Indeed, this presence of the humorous and pathetic in the same mind represents a truth of life—that the comic is everywhere near the tragic. So the myriad-minded dramatist, who gave us a Lear and a Wolsey, gave us also a Falstaff and a Touchstone. And what shall we say of the twin-genius of Charles Dickens? In reading his "Pickwick Papers" and "Old Curiosity Shop," do we not feel that the true literary enchanter waves a double wand and holds our hearts in thrall through smiles and tears? And Hood, poor Tom Hood, who amused the heart of London with his witty puns and skits, while his own family felt the keen pathos of want—how well does he not exemplify the twin-genius of tears and laughter! But why need we refer for illustrations of humour and pathos to the sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns? Have we not examples of laughter wedded to tears in the literary characters of our modern humourists? For the past ten years Bob. Burdette, better known as the Burlington *Hawkeye* man, has been tickling the risible faculties of the American people with his witty paragraphs, yet who can ever forget the tender and touching picture he drew some few years ago of his invalid wife. Wherever the human heart beats to the music of life it beats to notes of sadness and gladness, sorrow and joy, mirth and pain. Amongst the best of American comic poets may be mentioned Bret Harte, John Hay, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Godfrey Leland, James Russell Lowell and John Godfrey Saxe. Perhaps the best humorous poem ever written in America is Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," though I must confess to a personal preference for "The Society upon the Stanislaus," by the same author. We give it here that our readers may judge of its merit:

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark that it's not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown, of Calaveras, brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown, he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From these same bones, an animal that was extremely rare,
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules
Till he could prove that these same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order—
when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled upon the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the
row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

James Russell Lowell is so strong as an essayist and critic that we sometimes forget that he is also one of the greatest of American poets. Perhaps one reason why as a poet he is not as popular as Longfellow, is because he is too subtle and profound; requires too much thought on the part of the reader. His thought-power seems at times to have got the better of his poetic sensibility, and to have in a manner spoiled a great poet to make a great critic. Lowell, without a question, has no living superior to-day as an essayist and reviewer. His mind is a national mint for the coinage of words which, having once received his *imprimatur*, become the current coin of scholars. No other writer of to-day can so well embody the spirit of a whole period in an epigram. For instance, in his essay on Chaucer, where he says, speaking of the literary wedlock of Norman and Saxon genius in the "morning star" of English poetry, "In him we see the first result of the Norman yeast upon the Saxon loaf." And again in his essay on Carlyle, where he strikes off the cynicism of the sage of Chelsea, "Saul, seeking his father's asses, found himself turned suddenly into a king; but, Mr. Carlyle, on the look-out for a king, always seems to find the other sort of animal." But to return to the subject of this short paper, not only does Lowell stand at the head of American essayists, but his place as a writer of humorous poetry is in the very front rank. Take his poem "The Courtin'"; what a rich vein of humour runs through it! I have never heard this selection interpreted by a public reader, but I feel sure that it would prove a gem in the hands of a gifted and skilful reader. Though the poem is a little long for quotation, I plead a space for it in the body of this article:

"God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field and hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sat Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hinder.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
With half a cord of wood in;
There wan't no stoves (till comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her;
And little flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Again the chimbley, crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that Gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy again
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come, to look
On such a blessed creature;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot of man, A1,
Clean grit and human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
Nor drov a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em
Fust this one, an' then that, by spells—
All is, he wouldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no v'ice had such a swing
Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bonnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

That night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heard a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-rasping on the scraper;
All ways at once her feelins flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle;
His heart kept goin' pity-pat,
But her'n went pity Zekle.

And yit she gin her cheer a jerk,
Ez though she wished him fuder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wall...no...I come designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so and so,
Or don't, 'ould be presuming';
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call again;"
Says she, "Think likely, mister."
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An'...wal, he up an' kis't her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sat pale ez ashes,
All kin' of smily round the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Janooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin' 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday."

To write a sketch of the humorous in American poetry and leave out the genius of Oliver Wendell Holmes would be like a presentation of Hamlet with the Dane left out. Dr. Holmes's humour in both prose and verse is of the truest kind. You will find in all his humorous poems, as you will indeed find in all genuine humour, an element of tender and kindly feeling. Holmes has given us more witty epigrams and aphorisms in his prose works the "Autocrat," the "Professor" and the "Poet" than any other American writer. Let me transcribe a few specimens charged with flashes of his wit and the atmosphere of his humour. Speaking of fame, Dr. Holmes says "Fame usually comes to those who are thinking of something else; rarely to those who say to themselves, 'Go to, now! let us be a celebrated individual!'" And this about praise: "You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions that those who ask your opinion really want your praise." The noble Red Man Dr. Holmes defines to be "A few instincts on legs flourishing a tomahawk." Dr. Holmes has written so many excellent humorous poems that I find myself beset with an embarrassment of riches in the selection of one. The very first poem which comes to my mind is the "One-Hoss Shay," which recalls, by association of ideas, its companion, "How the Old Horse Won the Bet." I think one of the most typical of Holmes' humorous poems is "The Organ-Grinders." Here it is:

There are three ways in which men take
One's money from one's purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush
And takes your horse's reins;
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed—
Poor little lonely innocents
All clamorous for bread—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune;
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still the tide
Of music seems to come;
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, Sweet Home" should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "Auld Acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music is all ground;
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

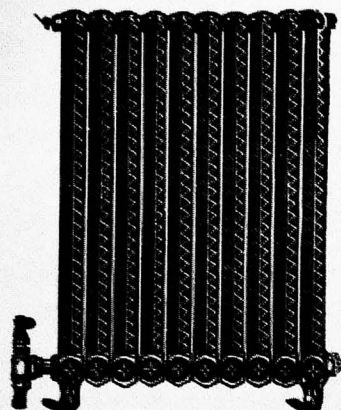
I would like to say something of the comic genius of Robert H. Newell, John Godfrey Saxe and the author of "Pike County Ballads," but already my paper has grown beyond its intended proportions. At some future day I hope to give readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED a short study of the comic poets of England of to-day, together with a comparative view of English and American humour, as exemplified in the genius of the poets of both lands.

Ottawa.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

We have to judge of all things in this world by human faculties, more or less enlightened by reason and common sense. By these tests, I dare to judge of the Christian system of theology, and, where it seems to conflict with the revelation of God's character in outward nature, to condemn that system as erroneous. We should consider without dogmatism those questions respecting religion which are of the highest import and interest both to ourselves and to our children. We must decide by the light of our mental constitution the great questions concerning the character of God and our relations to him, and the sentiments we should cherish and express toward him. And, as the interest of all requires that the best guiding principles in all our relations with God and man should be adhered to, as far as we know them, all should be willing to meet amicably on the common ground of reflection, investigation, and kindness.—James Eddy.

GARTH'S Patent Sectional Hot-Water & Steam Radiator.



Patented 1886, in Canada and the United States. The best Hot Water Radiator in the market. Quick Circulation; Easily Repaired; its capacity increased at very little Extra Cost; does not need a Fancy Cast Iron Top or Marble Slab; in fact, just the radiator that suits the requirements of the market.

The Radiator now introduced to your notice has been designed to meet a long felt want of something to take the place of box coils as now used in public buildings, halls, corridors, stairways, offices, etc. It has the advantage of being neater in appearance, occupying less room, as well as being more appropriate for such purposes. By the construction of this Radiator each section has (entirely distinct from each other) a separate and positive circulation within itself, producing, not one slow, sluggish continuous circulation, but as many sharp and constant circulations as there are sections composing the Radiator, thereby maintaining a greater heat from a given surface.

It has another advantage that will be appreciated by the trade; the inlet and outlet are both at the same end, and has been arranged that it may be used for Hot Water or Steam without making any changes to the connections or any alterations whatever.

These Radiators are now fitted up in Peterborough Post Office, Hull Post Office, Three Rivers Custom House, Pictou, N.S. Custom House, Pictou, N. S. Marine Hospital, Kingston Custom House, Point St. Charles Post Office, Winnipeg Custom House, Dept. Buildings, Wellington Street, Ottawa, Experimental Farm Buildings, Ottawa, Mechanics' Institute, Montreal, Napanee Post Office, and many other public and private buildings.

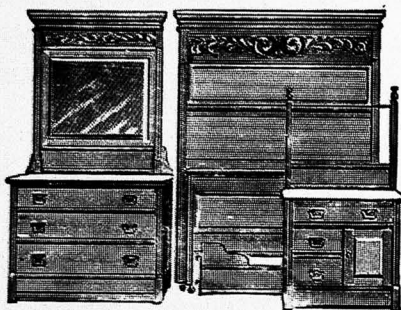
GARTH & CO., 536 to 542 Craig St., Montreal.

Superior Quality

MADE OF SOLID

Polish Finish.

BRASS HANDLES.



of Workmanship

QUARTERED OAK.

B. B. Plate, Solid Cast.

PRICE, \$41.00.

WE HAVE the largest assortment of Bed-room, Parlor and Dining-room Furniture in the Dominion.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 'LATE W. KING & CO.'

A visit respectfully solicited.

FURNITURE AND BEDDING MANUFACTURERS

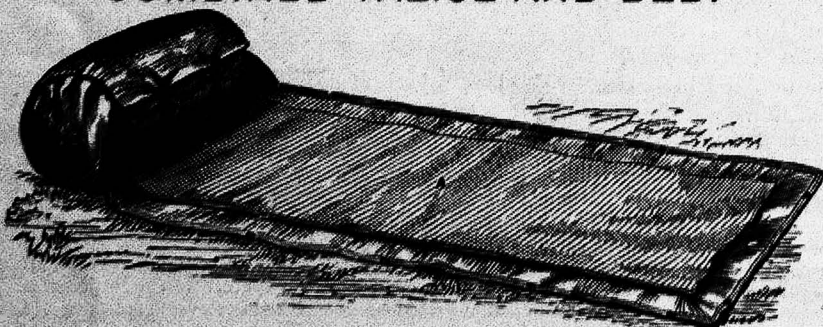
652 Craig St., Montreal.

LEADER Stoves and Ranges.



WM. CLENDINNENG & SON, MONTREAL.

COMBINED VALISE AND BED.



CAMPING REQUISITES * MARKSMAN'S SUPPLIES, UNIFORMS, ACCOUTREMENTS AND TRIMMINGS.

A SELECTION OF BOORNE & MAY'S CELEBRATED Rocky Mountain, Indian and North-West Views

Sent post free to any address for \$3.00, or mounted \$4.00, and exchanged if not approved of. An immense list to select from.

BOORNE & MAY, Landscape Photographers,

CALGARY, N.W.T.

Souvenir Albums of Canadian Scenery.

Stamp portraits in sheets from any photograph, gummed, \$2 per hundred. Write for samples.

Ladies' Tailors

By Appointment to all the ROYAL AND IMPERIAL COURTS OF EUROPE

Redfern

GOWNS, COATS, ULSTERS, HATS.

R. & SONS having such a large clientele in the Colonies, have directed their attention to, and perfected a system for fitting garments accurately without a personal interview. A pattern bodice (which can be sent through the parcels post) only is required, and a perfect fit guaranteed. Immediately on receipt of letter or telegram a full assortment of the newest materials, together with sketches of latest designs, will be sent post free from the

COLONIAL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT COWES, which has been specially organised for the convenience of foreign customers.

JOHN REDFERN & SONS, COWES, I.W., ENGLAND.

Branches: London, Paris, New York, Edinburgh, Nice and Manchester.

H. E. CROASDAILE

Land and Financial Agent.

42 FORT STREET, VICTORIA, B.C.

VICTORIA, B.C. and ANACOSTES, STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Carries on an extensive Investment and Land Agency business in British Columbia and controls some of the most valuable property at Anacostes, the future shipping terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Cable Address: Croasdale, Vancouver Island.

OFFICE DESKS

BY TEES & CO., THE DESK MAKERS, 300 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Inlaid Flooring of every description; Elegant and durable. See our REVOLVING BOOKCASES.



J. W. ROBERTS London Saddlery Emporium

No. 336 St. James Street, Montreal.

I HAVE CONSTANTLY IN STOCK A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Ladies' & Gents' Riding Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs, Etc., Etc.

LANGHAM HOTEL

Portland-place, London, England.

SITUATED IN THE

Most Fashionable, Convenient, and Healthy Locality.

ARTESIAN WELL WATER.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

MODERATE TARIFF

Table d'Hôte, 6 to 8.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS, &c.

UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT OF

MR. WALTER GOSDEN.

The following are the

Leading Hotels

In their several localities throughout Canada:

Calgary, N.W.T. ALBERTA HOTEL

MONTREAL - THE WINDSOR

MONTREAL - THE BALMORAL

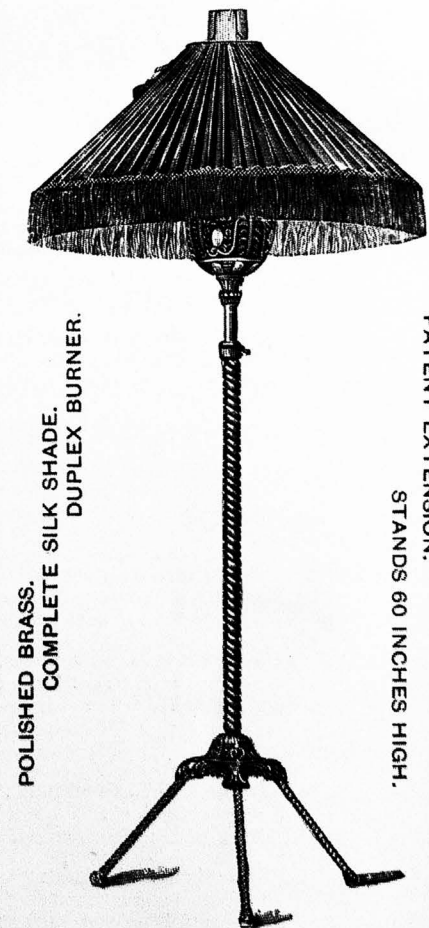
OTTAWA - THE RUSSELL

QUEBEC - ST. LOUIS HOTEL

VICTORIA, B.C. - THE DRIARD

\$10.00 EACH

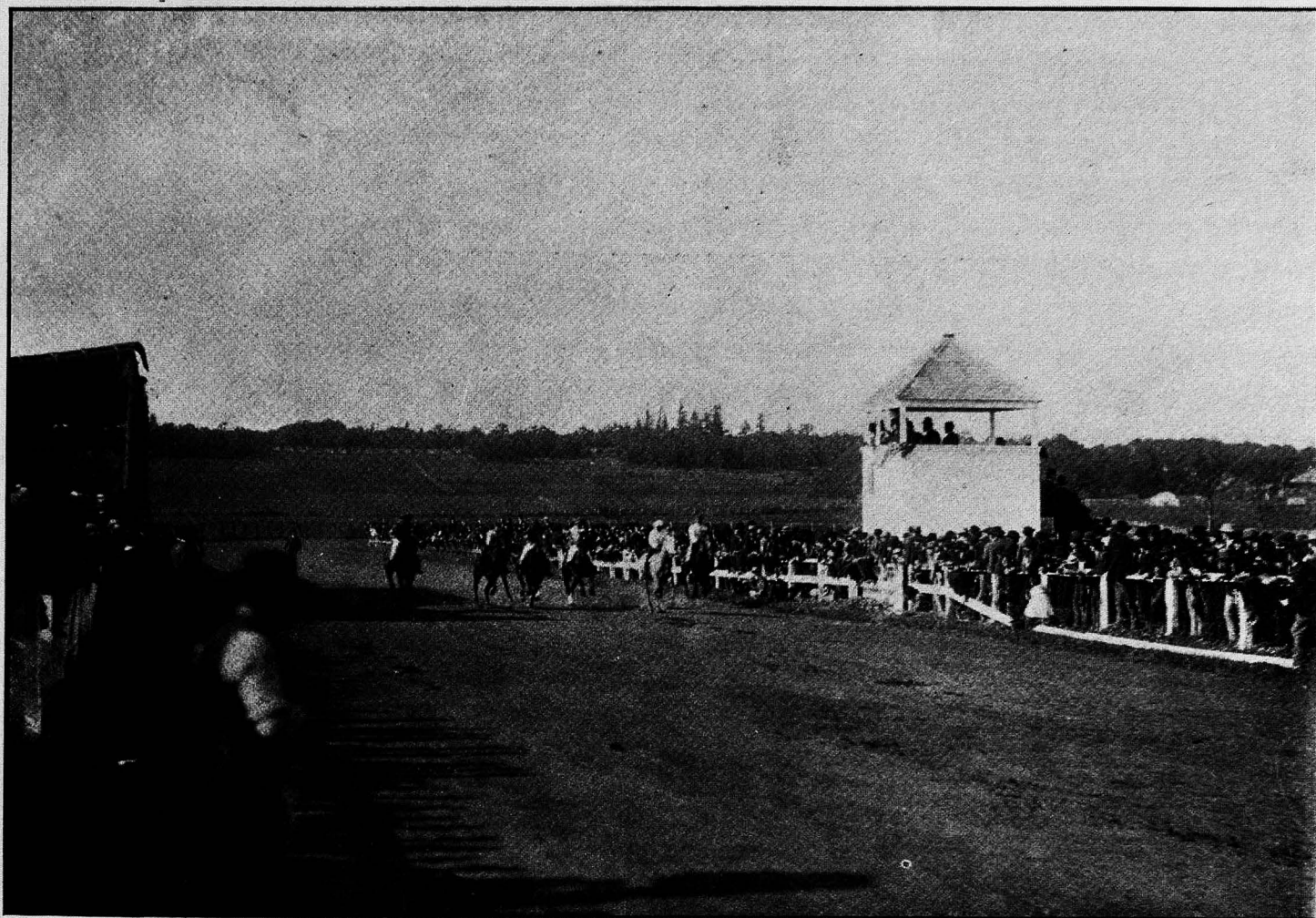
PIANO LAMP



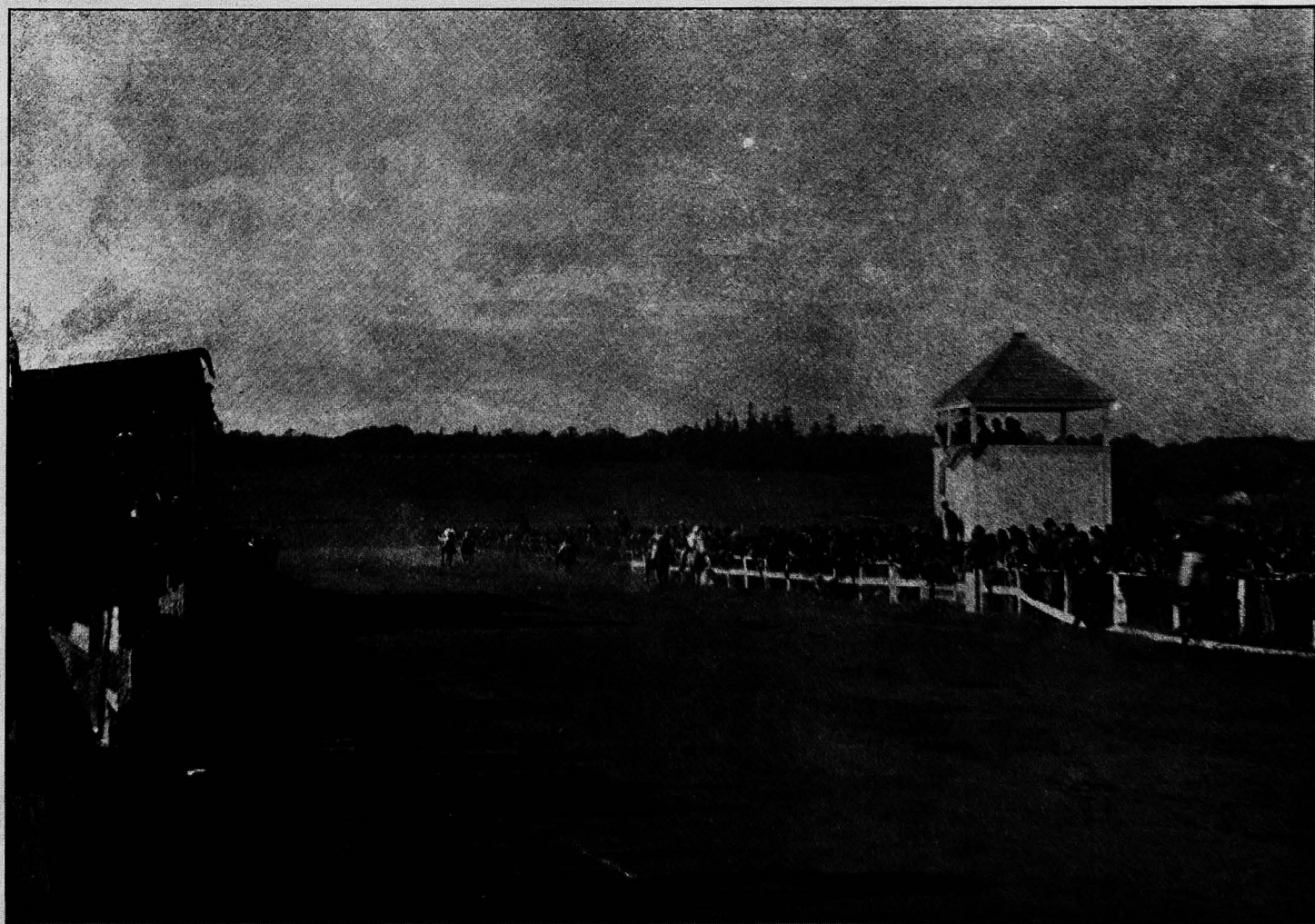
POLISHED BRASS. COMPLETE SILK SHADE. DUPLEX BURNER.

PATENT EXTENSION. STANDS 60 INCHES HIGH.

A. T. WILEY & CO. 1803 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.



FIRST QUEEN'S PLATE RACES AT VICTORIA, 24th JUNE.—THE START.



FIRST QUEEN'S PLATE RACES AT VICTORIA, 24th JUNE.—THE FINISH.

THE CANADA WESTERN, VICTORIA'S NEW PALACE HOTEL.

Yesterday morning, writes the *Victoria Daily Colonist* of the 11th inst., the complete plans for the new Canada Western Hotel, were placed on view at the office of the Company's secretary, Mr. E. M. Johnson. Even a casual glance at them shows that the building will be all that has been promised,—a hotel second to none in the land. Messrs. Wright & Sanders, the architects, will personally direct and supervise the erection of the edifice, and see that all the elaborate details of the plans are faithfully carried out.

The "Canada Western" is to be five stories in height, with a basement. It will have a frontage of 307 feet 6 inches on Wharf street, extending from Government to Courtney. Norman is the prevailing style of architecture, free from useless gables and crooks and corners. The chief characteristic of the front is its strong and substantial appearance, while yet it is pretty and pleasing. Massive without being in any way sombre, the Canada Western will have one of the most attractive façades in America, from the windows of which a scene can be viewed that has not its superior anywhere else in the Dominion. Large windows, both square and round, will admit the light to every room in the house, while a heavy Norman tower, 29 feet square, will rise from the centre of the building to a height of 122 feet. At 108 feet from the ground will be placed a graceful balcony, capable of seating 30 or 40 people, comfortably and conveniently.

The walls of the hotel are to be of stone, built in random courses, succeeded by the very best of pressed brick, relieved with stone piers and columns, moulded at the base and carved at the top. All the walls are to be iron bound, and everything else that would increase the strength of the building has been provided for in the plans.

Reached by an easy flight of marble steps, the grand vestibule, flanked by great granite columns, has a width of 47 feet. By it is reached the first floor, paved in tile, finished in oak and in every way equal to the Palace, of San Francisco, or the Windsor, of Montreal. Passing in by the main entrance, the guest will find himself in an office 40x35 feet, with a private office at the end of about half the size of that intended for public use. At the left of the office proper are the coffee room, with a floor surface of 50x24 feet, and the grand hall, 50 feet in length by 30 in width. On the right of the office is the reading room, with a floorage of 25 feet square. Then come the kitchens, with every item of modern equipment. The main dining hall will be 75x40½ feet, and in addition to it there will be a private dining room in the corner of the hotel, of irregular form and capable of seating 40 or 49 guests. Three hundred can be accommodated with seats in the main hall.

In the centre of the building is a broken, open court, at the end of which are the lavatories, toilets and bath rooms. An air shaft, 132 feet in height and ten feet in diameter, rises from the court, providing ventilation for the entire building.

The heating, ventilating and appointment of the new hotel will be modern and perfect, and every protection from fire and for health will be provided. British Columbia pine will be the principal timber used in the structure, and all other material will be also of the best quality. It is expected that the actual building will commence in about six weeks, and a year from now will see the Canada Western completed—substantial, magnificent, and a glorious tribute to the progressive character of Victoria.

THE INDUSTRIES OF VICTORIA.

The *Victoria, B.C., Colonist* gives a long list of the mechanical industries of that city, among which are the following:

The Albion Iron Works is the most important industry in this city, and has during the past year made large additions to their machinery and buildings. Upwards of 250 men are constantly employed in the various departments, their monthly payment amounting to about \$16,000. The company manufacture marine engines and boilers, stationary and hoisting engines and boilers, bridge work, water pipes, car wheels, stoves, etc. They at present have the contract of repairing H.M.S. *Amphion* at a cost of \$150,000. During the past year they built triple expansion engines for the tug *Lorne*, the strongest and swiftest on the coast, besides building several tugs and steamers.

Ames Holden & Company, boot and shoe manufacturers, employ sixty-five men, mostly Chinese, and pay in wages \$25,000 per year. This company purchased and amalgamated W. Heathorn's shoe factory and the Belmont Company.

Victoria has four ship-yards which all do a good business, employing about 100 men; they are R. Colvin, Rock Bay, Star ship-yard, Cook's yard and Lang's James' Bay yard.

W. P. Sayward, Rock Bay sawmill, employs at logging camps and mill 60 men, with a monthly pay roll of \$3,000. The output for the year amounted to about 3,500,000 feet.

B. C. Soap Works, W. J. Pendray & Co., employ seven men; monthly wages \$600, and turn out 15,000 lbs of soap per week, valued at \$750. They also manufacture washing soda and boxes.

Pennock & Clayton, manufacturing jewelers, give employment to twelve men, and the annual pay roll is about \$10,400.

John Weiler, furniture manufacturer, employs fifty hands, and pays \$3,600 in wages per month.

R. T. Williams, B. C. Directory and Book-binding Company, employs nineteen hands; yearly pay sheet, \$4,500. Amount of work for the year, \$15,000.

J. Piercy & Co., shirt factory, employ from thirty-five to sixty hands, and pay about \$450 a week for wages.

Victorie Rice Mills employ seventeen men; monthly pay roll, \$1,500. Amount of business done for the year, \$150,000.

Muirhead and Mann, sash and door factory, employ sixty-six men; monthly pay roll, \$2,800; work done for 1889, \$150,000.

Spratt & Gray, foundry, employ thirty men; monthly pay roll, \$12,000.

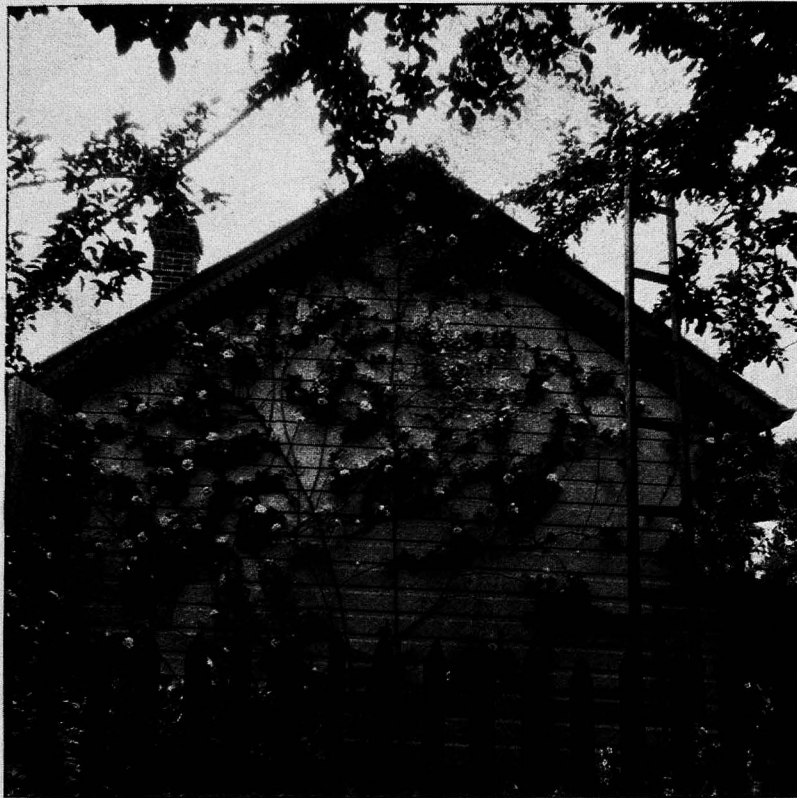
Vancouver Foundry, Pembroke Street, gives employment to fifteen hands; monthly pay sheet, \$800; annual output about \$50,000.

MDLLE DE LANAUDIÈRE.

Apropos of Mr. Morgan's reminiscences of the Elgin period in Canada, which have lately been reprinted in separate form, a correspondent sends us a characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Robert Bruce, the beautiful and clever sister-in-law of Lord Elgin: "A notable figure in old Quebec was Mademoiselle de Lanaudière, who died somewhere about 1860, at a very advanced age. Old residents will doubtless remember her striking and somewhat eccentric appearance as she wended her way to the parish church in a buff *capote* fashioned like a jarvey's overcoat, capes and all; the masculinity of her attire being completed by a mink cap with a peak. She was a woman of strong intellectual power, and altogether an interesting survival of the old *Noblesse*. Successive Governors General used to call on the old gentlewoman when her age prevented her from attending at Government House; and her parties (where, by the way, waltzing was rigorously tabooed) were attended by the *élite* of English, as well as of French, society. On one occasion she undertook a crusade against the low-necked dresses, then, as now, so fashionable; even going so far as to specify in her invitations that she expected her guests to come *en robe montante*. Most people humoured the somewhat despotical old lady. Mrs. Bruce, however, who was a great favourite of hers, disregarded the mandate and one evening appeared in her usual *décolleté* dinner dress, having had no time to effect a change. She was at once tackled by Mdlle de Lanaudière: 'I am afraid, my dear ma'am, you did not read the card I sent you.' 'Oh! yes,' said Mrs. Bruce, 'but I really had no other dress.' The old lady only groaned, and looked far from gracious. Presently, glancing at a handsome portrait over the mantle which represented the hostess in the hey-day of youth and attired (if the term may be correct in such a case) in one of those marvellous costumes of our great-grandmothers in which the scantiness of the material was eked out by a few roses judiciously placed, Mrs. Bruce mischievously observed: 'You were not always so severe, dear Mademoiselle.' The old lady was at first somewhat non-plussed, but finally growled out, taking refuge in French: '*Je n'ai jamais été comme ça; c'est une fantaisie du peintre.*' ('I never was like that; 'twas a fancy of the artist!')"—*The Week*.

RACE SUPERIORITY.

The great lesson driven in upon us by the irrefragable conclusions of modern ethnography is the lesson of the folly and futility of all race rivalries and race animosities. Not only is it true that God has made of one blood all the nations upon earth, but it is also true that the blood of all nations is so mixed and so blended that no pure race now exists anywhere in civilized Europe, Asia or America. Nor has it ever been clearly shown that any one stock, in Europe at least, is intellectually or morally superior to any other. For years, for example, it has been usual to regard the fair-haired and blue-eyed type as the true Aryans, and as the highest embodiment of European culture. But the most recent historian of the Aryans, Canon Isaac Taylor, has shown grave reasons for doubting this supposed pedigree, and has pointed out that culture belongs historically rather to the smaller and darker people of Central Europe than to the big-bodied and fair-haired Scandinavian mountaineers. The tall, blue-eyed race has in Europe formed by conquest for several centuries the dominant aristocracy; but the men of thought, the men of art, the men of leading and the men of letters have belonged, if anything, rather to the smaller and conquered than to the larger, fairer and conquering type. On a balance of all good qualities, mental and bodily, no one race can be shown to possess any marked superiority all round to another; but if in energy and activity of a military sort the so-called Teutonic type has the best of it, in brain and eye the so-called Celt seems on the other hand to have shown pretty conclusively that English poetry and English art have been mainly Celtic, while English engineering and English politics have been mainly Teutonic.—*English Illustrated*.

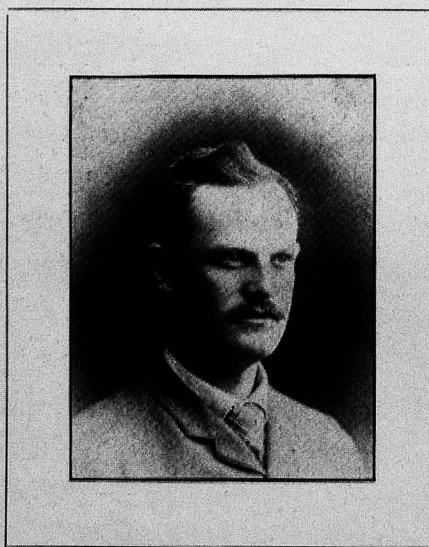


A ROSE TREE, VICTORIA.
(Maynard, photo.)

Rock Bay Tannery, W. Heathorn, proprietor, employs nine to twelve men, the monthly pay roll averages \$700; output for 1889, 12,000 sides of leather.

Elford & Smith employ twenty two men in their brickyard, including Chinese. Monthly wages, \$700; output for 1889 about 2,000,000 brick.

McKillican & Anderson employ twenty men; weekly pay roll amounts to \$400. Amount of business done during the year \$80,000.

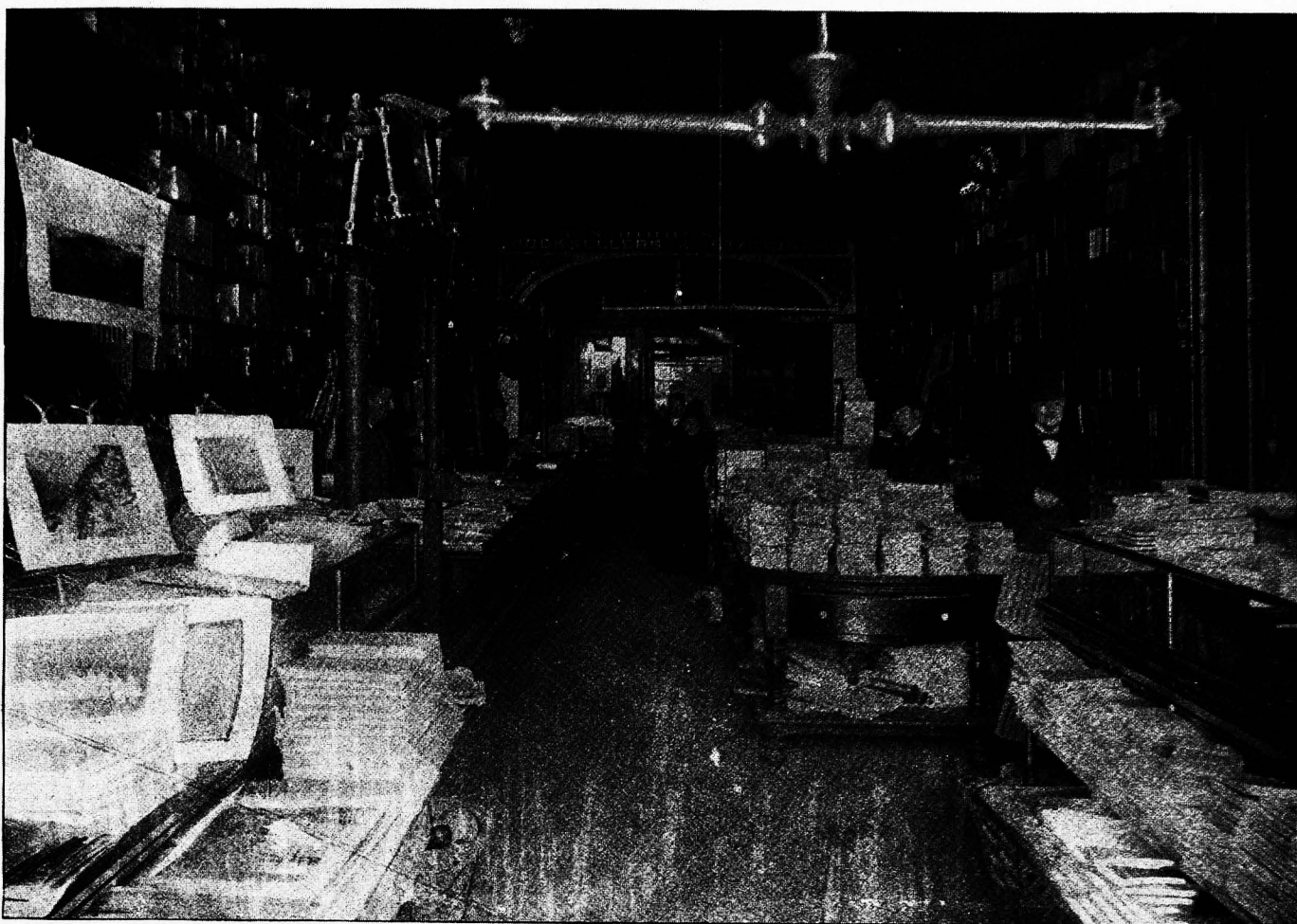


J. H. BROWNLEE,
Our representative in the Western Provinces and Territories of Canada.

Smith & McIntosh employ thirty-five men; monthly wages \$3,500. Amount of business for the year \$130,000.

Jacob Sehl, furniture factory, gives employment to seventy-five hands; \$4,500 is paid in wages per month, and the annual output amounts to \$600,000.

McLennan & McFeeley, galvanized iron works, employ twelve men; monthly pay roll, \$700; turnout for 1889, \$22,000.



T. N. HIBBEN & CO.'S BOOK STORE, VICTORIA, B.C.,
PUBLISHERS OF NEW MAP OF VICTORIA, REFERRED TO ON PAGE 390.



THE PALACE DRUG STORE, BROAD STREET, VICTORIA—E. C. KELLOGG, PROPRIETOR.
(Maynard, photo.)

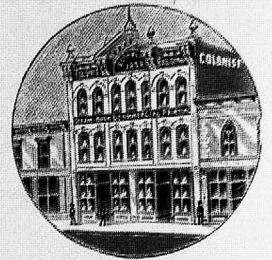


THE RESULT OF A DAY'S HUNT IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

(Maynard, photo.)

THE COLONIST

VICTORIA, B.C.



The Leading Newspaper
of British Columbia,

All parties desirous of obtaining information concerning the PACIFIC PROVINCE should send for sample copies.

Subscription Price, Daily, \$10;
Weekly, \$2 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Hundreds of Views on
VANCOUVER ISLAND
and on the MAINLAND

Maynard, Landscape -
- Photographer
VICTORIA, B.C.

Fair samples of our work are to be seen in this and succeeding numbers of

"The Dominion Illustrated."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Deloraine and return \$28

Moosomin " \$28

Glenboro' " \$28

FARMERS' EXCURSIONS.
JUNE 17, 24, JULY 8, 1890.

Salteoats and return \$28

Moosejaw " \$30

Calgary " \$35

Special Colonist Excursions

Will leave all Stations in Ontario and Quebec on

JUNE 17th

Return until July 27th, 1890.

JUNE 24th

Return until August 4th, 1890.

JULY 8th

Return until August 18th, 1890.

For full particulars apply to nearest Station or Ticket Agent.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF
Miss H. E. POWERS.



One Out of Thousands of Cures Effected
by the Use of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's
Recamier preparations and Remedies.

HEMSTEAD, L. I. May 17th. 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

MY DEAR MADAM—I have been afflicted with what the physicians called "Acne Roseacea" for twelve years, and have tried almost everything and have been treated by several physicians, but without more than temporary benefit.

Finally, I was pronounced incurable and had become almost entirely discouraged, when I made up my mind to make a trial of your remedies, and the result has been most gratifying, as I now believe that I am cured of my trouble, not having had a return of it in at least two months. I feel that I can safely say to anyone suffering from any skin disease, that the RECAMIER PREPARATIONS will cure them if they will give them a fair trial, as I consider my cure as almost miraculous.

You are at liberty to refer any one to me who doubts this is a genuine testimonial, freely given by one who was cured by the "Recamier Preparations" of a most troublesome skin affection. I remain sincerely yours,

H. E. POWERS.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night, just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots, or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and, unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial, and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving, and for the toilet generally.

Recamier soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAIN NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH NOR ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington Street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

SKREI COD LIVER OIL
PURE, BRILLIANT, AND ALMOST TASTELESS

A SPECIFIC IN BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, AND A VALUABLE NUTRIENT IN ALL WASTING DISEASES.
KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO., MONTREAL



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE PAPER, ON WHICH "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IS PRINTED, IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CANADA PAPER CO'Y.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

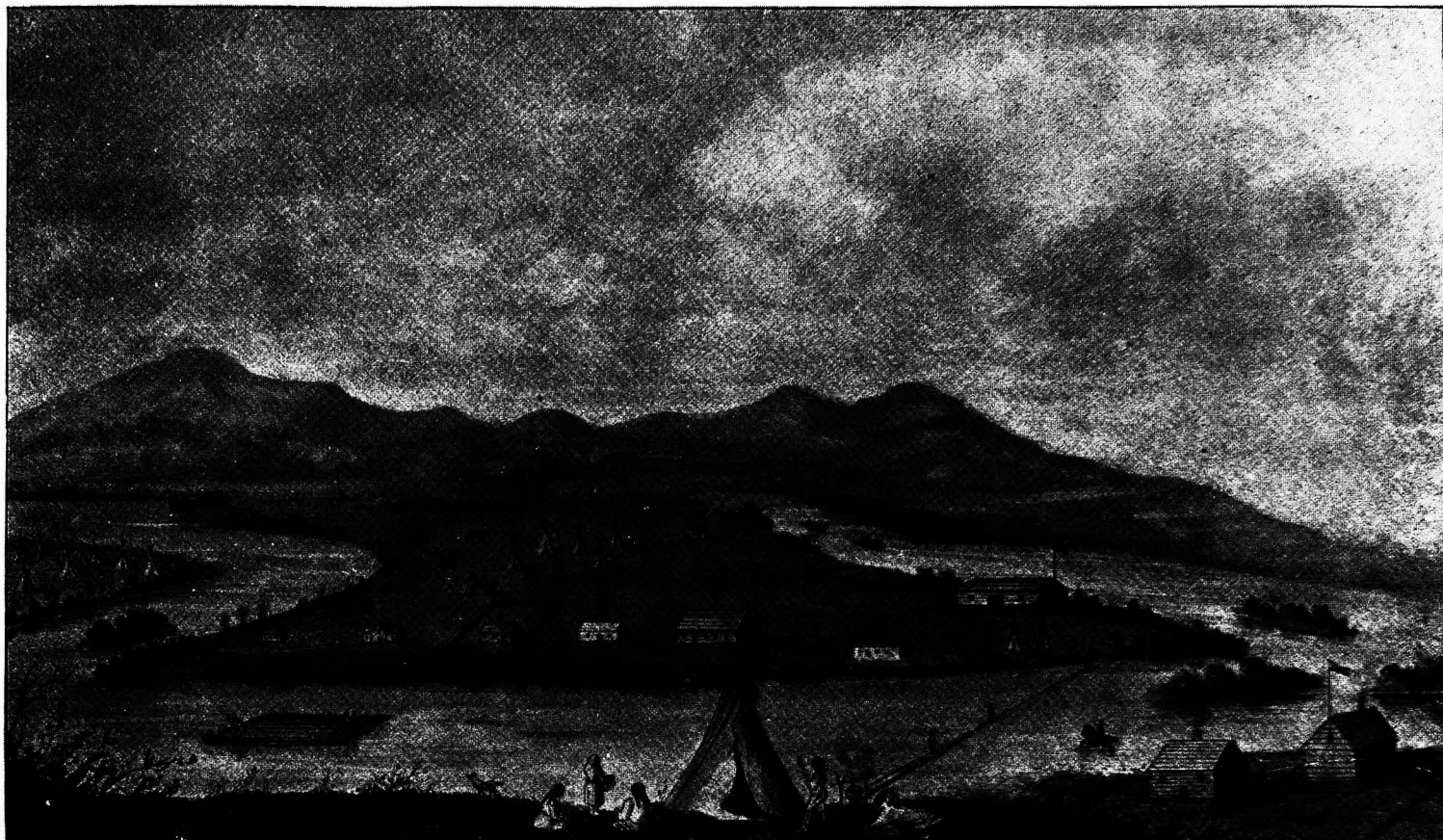
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

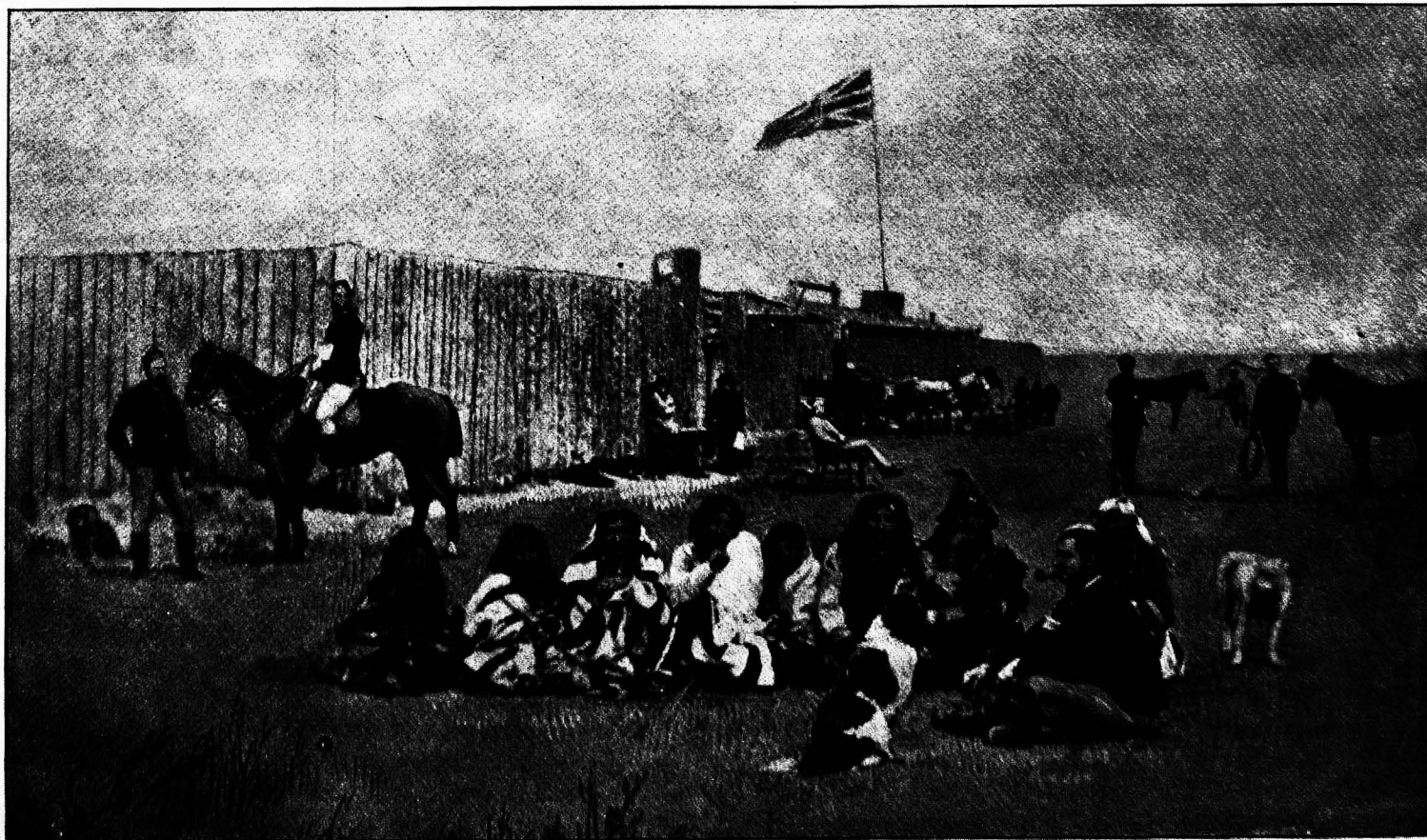
VOL. IV.—No. 104

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 28th JUNE, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 5s. 6d.



CALGARY IN 1875.
(From a painting by an old trader.)



FORT CALGARY IN 1878.
(From a photograph kindly lent by R. W. Fletcher.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited) Publishers.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,

73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

36 King Street East, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,

Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

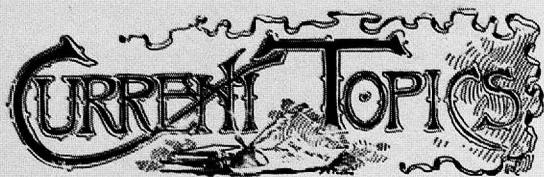
London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

28th JUNE, 1890.



It is a pity that the historical significance of the name of Alberta's capital should be impaired by the omission of a letter—the right designation being Calgary. It was so named in 1875 by Col. McLeod, under whose supervision the Fort, which was the nucleus of the town, was erected at the junction of the Elbow and Bow rivers as a Mounted Police Station. Calgary is next to Regina, which is the headquarters of the force, the most important centre of that valuable service, being the residence of the assistant commissioner. The civilian pioneers of the place were Messrs. I. G. Baker & Co., fur traders, who built the Fort, and at the same time erected a cluster of log buildings for their own business. It was not until 1881 that any important additions were made to these primitive structures. In that year Mr. Fraser, of the Hudson Bay Company, put up a log building on the east side of the Bow, opposite to the Fort, and began trading on behalf of the company. In the following year rumours reached the locality that the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway would probably be changed to the valley of the Bow, instead of the valley of the North Saskatchewan, and before long the rumours were confirmed. The announcement gave an almost immediate impulse to the sale of land and to building enterprise. A tract of land pre-empted by Mr. Denny, was sold to Col. Irvine and Capt. Stewart, and these gentlemen surveyed it and laid it out in town lots. But the Railway Company and North-West Land Company subsequently changed the site to their own property, about a mile distant from that originally selected. That proceeding was the signal for a stampede, and ere long the dwellers in tents on the east side of the Elbow had followed the course of empire indicated by the companies, and the new town began to grow. "In the winter of the following year," writes the local historian, "the balance of the population, with their buildings on sleds, came over and located on their new lots, and many amusing incidents happened during this exodus. From this time forward the growth of Calgary has been rapid." That was in the summer of 1883.

Before the close of 1883 there were not far from two hundred buildings of every description on the site of the rising town, exclusive of the Fort buildings and those of Messrs. Baker & Co. In the enumeration there were several large stores and fine residences, though, as might be expected in so young a settlement, the greater number were of small dimensions and not very imposing in their style of architecture. In November of the same

year the town was incorporated, and on the 3rd of December, 1883, the first election for mayor and councillors took place in the Calgary Theatre Hall. The new council at once set to work in framing by-laws and regulations for the government of the town. In this task, Mayor Murdoch and his colleagues persevered, in the face of various obstacles, till success crowned their efforts.

The new town of Calgary was laid out on the 14th January, 1884. The terms offered by the North-West Land Company were \$300 a lot on Atlantic and Pacific avenues; \$450 for corners; \$50 to be paid down and a rebate of one half if proper buildings were put up before the 15th of April following. The company gave the preference in purchasing to persons who had already resided on the spot. The offer was for the most part gladly accepted, and the terms were generally complied with. The site of the town was universally recognized as in every way eligible, and its development from the first was rapid. By the close of 1884 there were nearly 200 buildings erected on the new site. Mr. Geo. Murdoch, the first Mayor, had come from St. John, N.B., in March, 1883, the railway having at that time advanced as far as Swift Current. He erected the first frame building in the vicinity on the west side of the Elbow. Subsequently, when the graders of the line reached that point, he built a log hut on the east side, each log costing \$2. He made an addition to it later on, but in February, 1885, he moved the whole concern to Atlantic Avenue, opposite the C.P.R. freight warehouse. Mr. Murdoch was from his first arrival noted for his public spirit. Soon after his election as Mayor, he was made a Justice of the Peace. He is now Police Magistrate, secretary of the Turf Club, and has a handsome residence at Nose Creek. The first councillors were Messrs. S. J. Hogg, J. H. Millward and S. J. Clark, and Dr. N. J. Lindsay.

Calgary is at no loss for churches. The first Roman Catholic Church was a building partly log and partly frame, half a mile south of the C.P.R. track, which served the twofold purpose of a mission house and chapel. It was in charge of Father Lacombe, O.M.I., well known as a missionary to the Indians and for his knowledge of the native languages. A new church is now in the course of construction. The mission is at present in charge of Father Leduc. There is a school attached to it. The Anglican Church of the Redeemer was built in 1884 by Mr. Henry Smith, under the supervision of Mr. E. McCoskrie, architect. It is one of the handsomest places of worship in the town. It is being enlarged and beautified in accordance with its character as a cathedral church. It is situated on McIntyre Avenue East, and is in charge of the Rev. A. W. F. Cooper, rector. The Methodist Church is between Sections 15 and 16, and has for pastor the Rev. J. J. Leach, Ph. B. In 1884 the congregation erected a handsome parsonage. There is a flourishing Sabbath School in connection with the church. The Presbyterian Church is situated at the corner of McTavish and McIntyre streets. The Rev. J. G. Herdman, B.D., is pastor. The congregation was first organized in 1884 by the Rev. Mr. Robertson and has since steadily increased. The Rev. Geo. Cross, B.A., is pastor of the Baptist congregation. The Right Rev. W. C. Pinkham, Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, has his residence in the town. His

Lordship was born at St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1844; was ordained priest in 1869; was appointed Chief Superintendent of Protestant schools for Manitoba in 1871; in 1881 was created Arch-deacon of Manitoba, and in 1886 was chosen Bishop of Saskatchewan, as successor to the late Bishop McLean.

The population of Calgary has quadrupled in five years. In the spring of 1885 it was estimated at 1,000. It is now at least 4,000. Its industries and trade have had a corresponding development. In 1885 it was credited with 9 general stores; 2 dry goods and millinery stores; 3 bakeries; 2 meat markets; 8 carpenter's shops; 3 blacksmith's shops; 1 furniture store; 3 book-stores; 5 hotels; 2 saddler's shops; 6 boarding houses, and 107 dwelling houses, besides professional offices, photograph galleries, barber's shops, and places of amusement. This enumeration is shown by the last directory to be trebled in almost every instance, and in some cases quintupled.

It is interesting to find that among those at present doing business in Calgary the pioneers who began their western career with or soon after the foundation of that thriving young city, are well represented. Messrs. Bain & Hamilton, for example, still conduct the livery stable started by Bain Brothers; the great firm of I. B. Baker, which is associated with the erection of the Fort, is to-day carrying on, through Mr. J. L. Bowen, the general business which was inaugurated fifteen years ago; the name of Bannerman retains its influence in mercantile circles; so does that of Freeze; while the occurrence of such names as Jarret & Cushing, King & Co., Linton Brothers, Millward, Pettit, Shelton, and several others, testifies to the perseverance and energy which have triumphed over all obstacles.

Those who had settled in Alberta before the troubled year of the North-West Rebellion will be the patriarchs of the next generation. There five years are as a score in the staid eastern provinces. We have already mentioned a few who were considered old-timers even in ante-bellum days. Some of these are still to the fore; others have left the fruit of their labours behind them to be still further developed by sturdy successors. Among these pioneers in the Calgary district were Samuel Livingston, John Glenn, James Vottier, James and William Barris, Augustus Carney, John Lowry, Messrs. Wilkinson, May, Lynam, Kirby, Jardine, Clark, and others too numerous to mention.

Among the professional men who have helped to make Calgary what it is to-day, may be mentioned Senator Lougheed, whose portrait has already been published in this paper. He opened his office in the town in October, 1883, first near the establishment of I. G. Baker & Co. About a year after he moved next door to the Hudson Bay Company's office. He is at present head of the firm of Lougheed, McCarthy & Beck, on Stephen Avenue, his residence being on McIntyre Avenue. Senator Lougheed, Q.C., is connected with some of the most important companies and enterprises of the place.

Among the industries of Calgary are two large saw mills, a sash and door factory and planing mill, a sandstone quarry and brick kiln. Public opinion is represented by the *Calgary Herald* and the *Calgary Tribune*, the former published by the Calgary Herald Company, of which Mr. John

Livingston is manager; the latter is owned by Mr. T. B. Braden. The *Herald* is the pioneer journal of the district, having been established in 1883 by Messrs. Armour & Braden. The Herald Printing and Publishing Company was organized in the fall of 1884. Calgary has a well equipped fire department. The streets and business houses are lighted by electricity, and a company has been chartered to build and operate a street railway during the present year.

The old staging system will soon be a thing of the past, not only in the vicinity of Calgary, but throughout the whole of Alberta. Contracts have just been completed for the construction of the railway from Calgary to Edmonton, and from the same centre to Fort McLeod. In addition to a land grant of 6,400 acres a mile, the Government makes a money grant of \$80,000 a year, to be paid in transport out of the cash subsidy, in the carriage of mails, Indian, Mounted Police and other supplies—the Government retaining as security one-third of the land grant. Mr. James Ross, who has undertaken the work, has succeeded in placing the bonds of the company and completed all preliminary arrangements with the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which is to operate the new road for the first six years. Work will be begun without delay, and it is expected that before the end of the year the rails will be laid to Red Deer on the northerly line and to a point fifty miles from Calgary on the southern line. The whole distance to be covered is 330 miles, and by the fall of next year it is hoped that the crops of the Edmonton district can be carried south by rail. This will give a fresh impulse to the development of a country unsurpassed for the richness and variety of its resources.

"The situation of Calgary," writes the local historian whom we have already quoted, "on the main line of the Pacific Railway, its central position in the district, and its proximity to the mining district of the Rockies, and to the great stock district stretching north and south, indicate it as the great distributing centre for a vast extent of country." The waters of the Bow and Elbow cannot easily be excelled, and for manufacturing facilities Calgary has no peer in the North-West. Much of the town overlies a bed of gravel varying from extreme fineness to the coarseness of cobblestones—material which has proved of use in street and drain building. In the beginning of 1885 Calgary had a population of about a thousand—the number of buildings of all kinds being about two hundred and fifty. The old town site, though temporarily abandoned, was ere long utilized for suburban residences, and at present the east side of the Elbow is one of the prettiest parts of the young city. The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood is extremely picturesque. Away westward stretches the valley of the Bow till it blends with the foot hills, or is lost in the shadows of the great granite cones beyond, while to the south are seen dome-shaped hills as far as the eye can gaze, sometimes rearing up between the spectator and the mountains in the further distance.

The exceptionally mild climate of Alberta has often been noted by meteorologists. It is said to be mainly due to the vapour-laden winds that, at certain intervals during the winter months, blow through the passes of the mountains and shed their benign influence to some distance east of the 100th meridian west from Greenwich. "These winds,

which are termed 'Chinooks' or 'Sou'-westers, are even more marked in their effect south of the Bow River valley than in it or north of it. In the latitude of Fort McLeod, which is situated a hundred miles from Calgary, the effects of the Chinooks are more distinct, and consequently more felt than they are in any other part of the district. The temperature during the prevalence of these winds, even in midwinter, will ascend to fifty or even seventy degrees above zero, and the snow will disappear with great rapidity while they last. These warm winds are not experienced, except rarely, in Saskatchewan, Central or Eastern Assiniboia, and in Manitoba they are unknown. In the district of Athabasca they are frequently felt in the southwestern portion, near the 58th parallel, but in no portion of the North-West are they more marked and certain in their visitations than in the valley of the Bow and in the great stock raising country lying south of the Canadian Pacific Railway and extending to the international boundary line on the south, and comprising within their scope of influence an extent of country varying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles in width east of the mountains." These winds are naturally welcome, as they disarm the winter of its severity, and are a boon of no slight value to man and beast alike. "Cattle and horses," writes Professor Fream, "can graze all through the year almost anywhere south of latitude 52 degrees and longitude 110 degrees." This would indicate that Calgary is on or near the line of the northern limit.

The best known of the Alberta ranches (at least in the Province of Quebec) is that of the Hon. M. Cochrane. A few years ago, Mr. Colmer, C.M.G., secretary to the High Commissioner, furnished Prof. Fream with a list of the leading ranches, some thirty in all, existing at that time, with a statement of the cattle and horses maintained on each of them. The Walrond ranch, at Pincher Creek, had 8,000 head of cattle and 173 horses; the Cochrane ranch, 6,000 cattle; the North-West Cattle Company (founded by the late Sir Hugh Allan), 4,500 cattle and 420 horses; the Oxley ranch (in which Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., is interested), 7,000 and 500 horses; Messrs. J. G. Baker & Co.'s ranch, 2,300 cattle and 300 horses; Lord Castletown's ranch, 1,500 cattle and 600 horses; the Stewart Ranch Company's ranch, 2,400 cattle and 400 horses; Messrs. Jones & Inderwick's ranch, 1,450 cattle and 80 horses; F. Stimson's ranch, 1,450 cattle and 100 horses; and Sir F. de Winton's ranch, 900 cattle and 100 horses. A good cattle ranch, according to the same authority, should cover an area of from 20,000 to 30,000 acres. Many of the cattle are of the old Spanish breed, but on the Cochrane ranch thoroughbred bulls—Shorthorns, Hereford, and especially Polled Angus—are used. The Polled Angus stood the long journey by rail, by boat and on foot admirably well, and were in excellent condition on arriving at their destination, and also showed their hardiness during the severe winters of 1882 and 1883. Thoroughbred bulls are also employed on the Walrond, Oxley and other ranches.

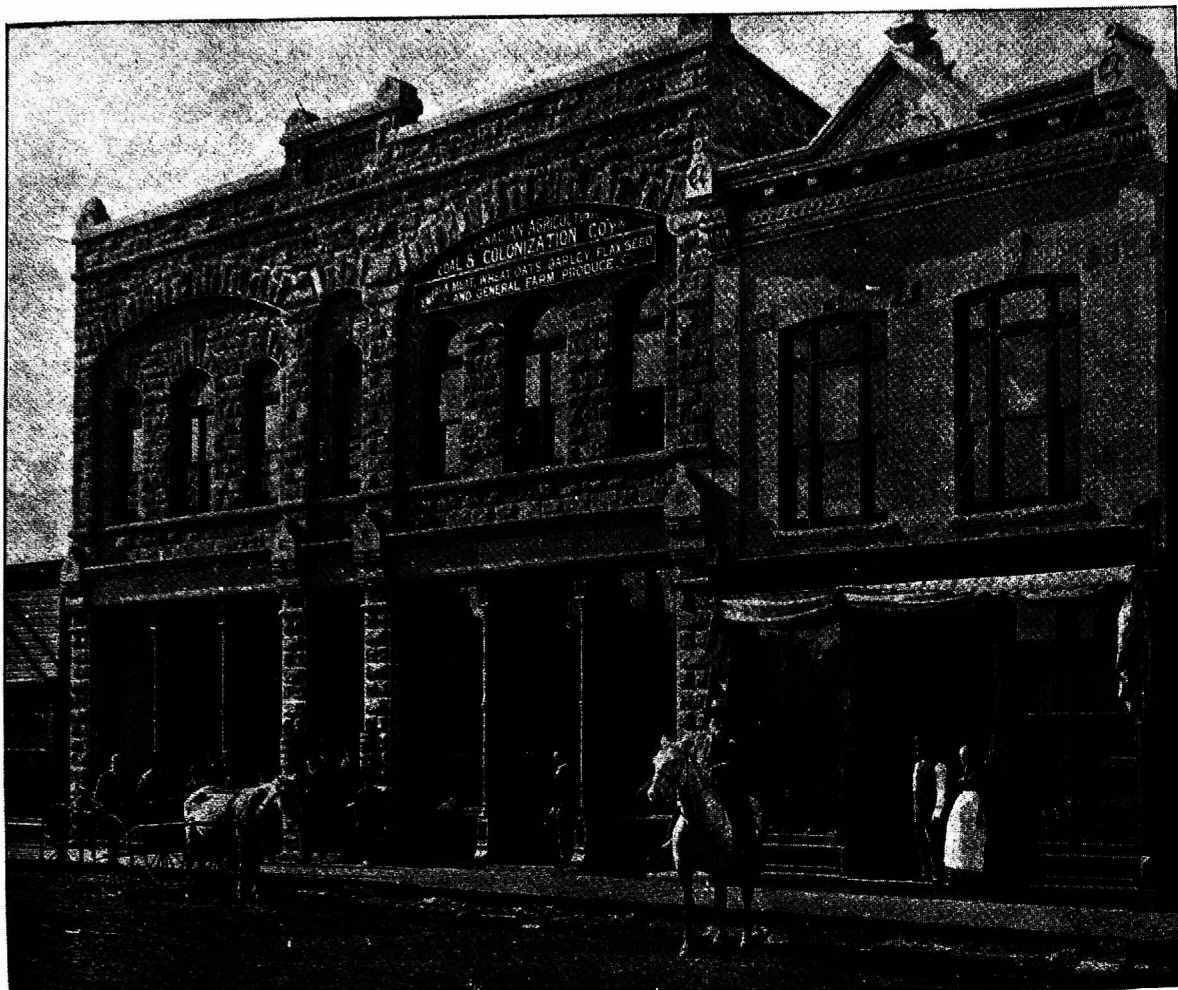
The method of working the Canadian ranches is the same as in the Western States. The life of the cowboy (some features of which have already been depicted in this journal), is rough and arduous, necessitating the spending of much time in the saddle. The articles in a cowboy's

outfit are a California saddle, with fittings complete, a rifle, a pair of leather leggings, Mexican spurs, an overcoat and a sombrero or soft hat of large size. "The stockmen of Alberta," says a contributor to the *Week*, "have formed a powerful association known as the 'South-Western Stock Association,' for the protection and advancement of their interests. This association has the management of the annual 'general round-up,' which usually begins in May and lasts for about six weeks. All the stockmen in the country send representatives in proportion to the number of their herd, and each cowboy brings with him from four to six horses. It can be imagined that, with sixty men in camp, and a band of over three hundred horses, the scenes that occur are often lively and sometimes exciting. In the autumn local 'round-ups' in the different stock districts are held for the purpose of branding the summer calves, which by the following spring would probably have left their mothers, becoming 'no man's cattle,' or, as they are technically termed, *mavericks*. The life of the cow boy is sometimes a hard one—but withal picturesque and somewhat romantic. It is true he almost lives in the saddle, but he rides over a splendid country and enjoys (if he has the faculty) magnificent scenery. The numerous streams and rivers abound in trout, and prairie chicken, grouse, ducks and geese afford abundance of game for the gun."

The following pictures of scenes not infrequent in a cowboy's career, are not without animation:—"There are few more interesting sights than the cowboys at work on their well-trained, sagacious ponies, 'cutting out' cattle from an immense herd, frightened and bellowing, and only kept from a general stampede by men continually riding round them. Again a herd crossing one of our large rapid rivers is a grand spectacle. One or two old steers, perhaps, wade up to their knees and then, becoming suspicious, attempt to break back. But the main body of the herd presses on them, driven by a dozen cowboys, yelling and cracking their whips, in a cloud of dust behind and at their sides. The leaders are forced into deep water and soon have to swim, striking out boldly for the further shore; the others follow, while the cowboys ride into the current to 'keep them agoin'." Last of all come the calves, with the rest of the cowboys riding behind. But by this time the leaders are climbing up the opposite bank and the main body is drifting down stream in a confused mass. A couple of men gallop down the bank, plunge into the river, and head them up stream again, and in a few minutes the whole band, calves and all are crossed in safety."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

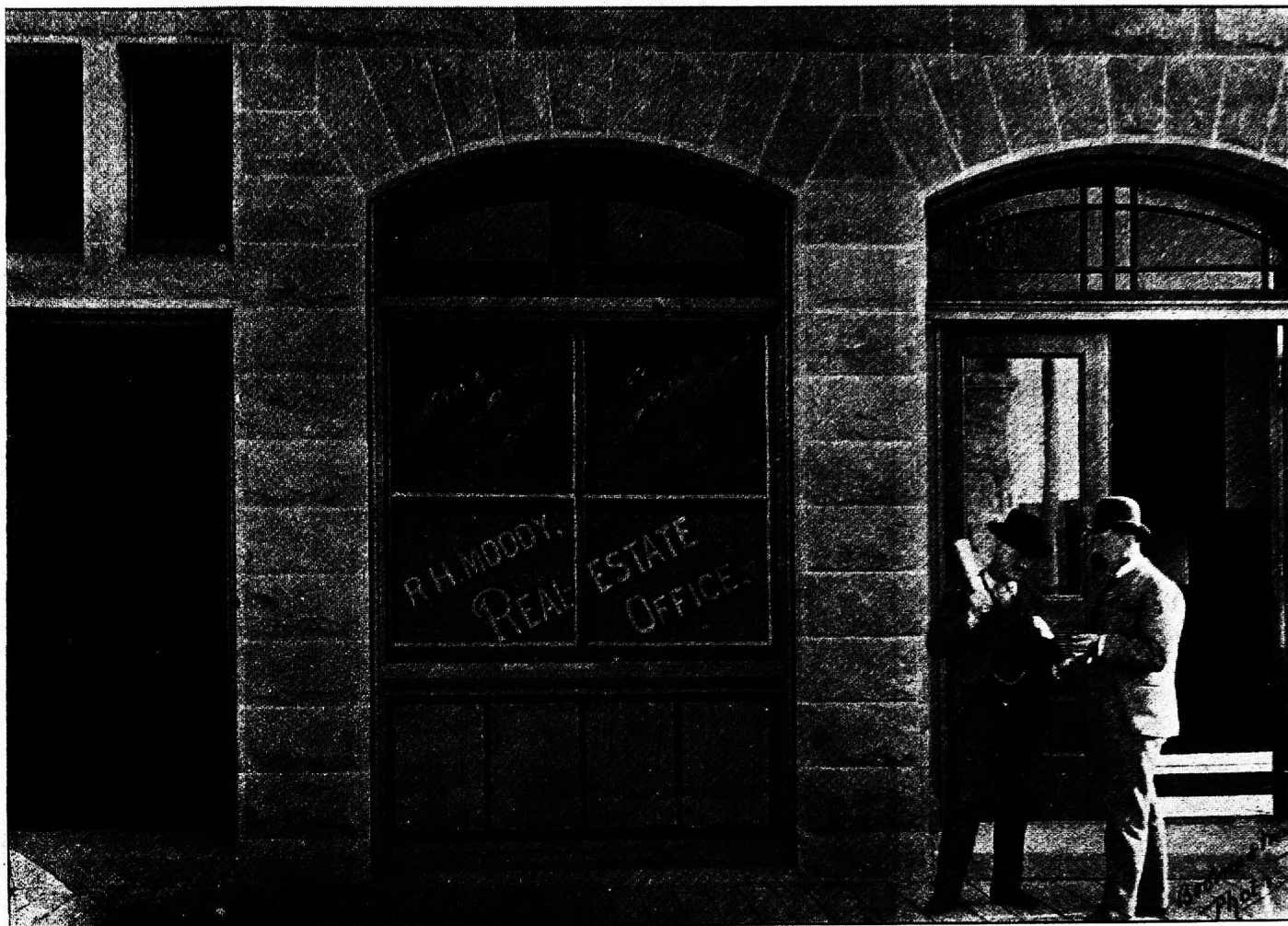
Most of the engravings in this number are from photographs taken by Messrs. Boorne & May, of Calgary, our special artists in that centre and throughout the North-West. This enterprising firm of artists have made a specialty for some years past of the noble scenery of the prairie, the foothills, the mountains and the diversified Pacific slopes. No description in writing can convey so vivid an impression of the scenery, resources and general characteristics of Western Canada as these illustrations from life and nature. The region on the hither side of the Rockies, especially that which is comprised within the limits of Alberta, offers rare features of interest to the capitalist.



CALGARY, ALBERTA, IN 1890.—THE LOUGHEED BLOCK.



CALGARY, ALBERTA, IN 1890 —A BUSINESS BLOCK ON STEPHEN AVENUE.
(From photos. by Boorne & May.)



CALGARY, ALBERTA, IN 1890.—MOODY'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE.

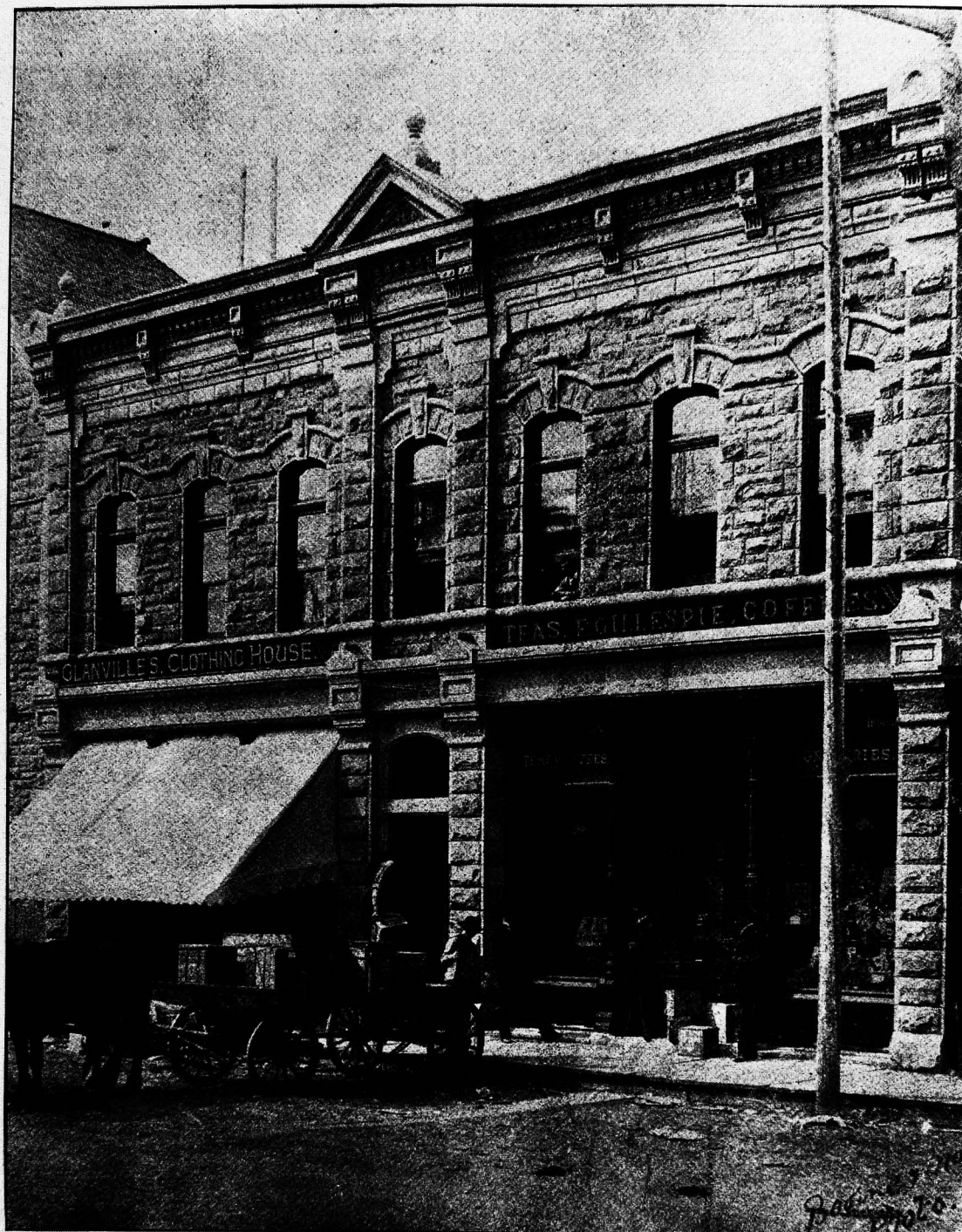


CALGARY, ALBERTA, IN 1890.—ALEX. LUCAS' RANCH.
(From photos. by Boorne & May.)

ALBERTA.

"The surface of the prairie region of British North America occupies," writes Professor Fream, "three extensive steppes or table-lands, the lowest of which is on the east, the most elevated on the west. The western boundary of the prairie region is constituted by the magnificent natural rampart of the Rocky Mountains, the junction of plateau and mountain being usually flanked by foot hills, such as those to the south and west of Calgary, among which the Canadian cattle ranches have been established. * * * Though cattle are to be found in some numbers in the rich pastures around Turtle Mountain, Moose Mountain, the Wood Mountains, the Cypress Hills and in the valley of the South Saskatchewan, it is in the Bow River district, south of Calgary, that the best grazing lands occur. * * * Luscious herbage, abundant and nutritious grass grows in this favoured region, and it is here, in the south of the district of Alberta that the Canadian ranches are to be seen." This portion of the Territories, so rich in scenery and resources, so exceptionally adapted for the pursuit of all the industries of civilization—for mixed farming, for mining, for lumbering, for various branches of manufacture and of trade—has only within a comparatively recent period been brought within the ken of capital and enterprise. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the time when it was a *terra ignota* outside of the initiated circle of the Hudson's Bay Company. It seems like yesterday since we were reading Butler's romantic record of his adventurous journey through the "great lone land" that lay west of the Red River settlement. Yet its history can be traced to a date long antecedent to the publication of that epoch-making volume. Mr. Kingsford is, indeed, inclined to dispute de la Verendrye's claim of having caught a glimpse of the giant peaks in the western horizon, but he must have come near enough to that goal of so many explorers to merit mention in any account of the third prairie steppe. The northern limits of the district were not unknown to Sir A. Mackenzie. The valleys of both the Peace and the Bow were familiar to Sir George Simpson and several of his colleagues. Mr. M. McLeod, Barrister-at-Law, has saved from oblivion the journal of a canoe voyage from Hudson Bay to the Pacific, made by Sir George in 1828, which was kept by one of his companions, the late Chief Factor, Archibald McDonald. The Rev. Prof. Bryce has drawn up an admirable historic outline, with careful bibliography, of the whole series of famous journeys in Western Canada (Canada beyond Lake Superior) from the time of de la Verendrye to our own day. The record is signalized by many illustrious names—beginning with the great French explorer and his valiant sons, and closing with Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., and the Rev. Principal Grant. The long interval is made glorious by heroism, brightened by discoveries of far-reaching import, and sometimes made dark with disappointment and sorrow, or crimsoned with disaster and tragedy.

Leaving behind us the era of adventure and romance, of trade rivalries and persistent struggle, we come to the modern period—that of colonization and civilizing enterprise. This, too, is not without its features of romance. Half a century intervened between the carrying out of Lord Selkirk's humane schemes and any successful attempt on the part of the pioneer to occupy

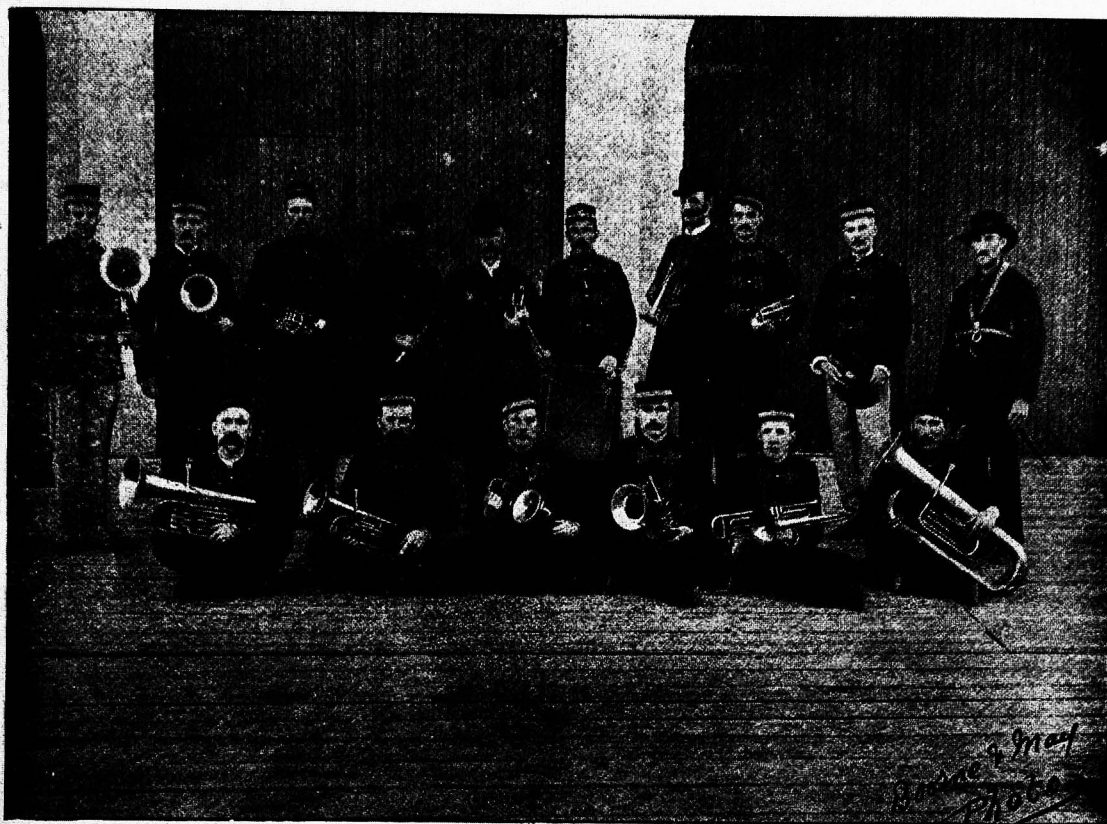


THE ALEXANDER BLOCK.

the land of promise beyond. The first undertaking of the kind was prompted, however, not by reports of the natural wealth of the cismontane region, but by the gold boom in British Columbia. The emigrants who first took the route of exile westward were satisfied with no goal nigher than the Pacific slopes. The Canadians who in 1862 made their way to Edmonton *via* Fort Ellice, Carlton House and Fort Pitt, earned a glory as discoverers which the historian has been slow to recognize. For it was to them that the world was indebted for a knowledge of the facilities offered by the Leather Pass for establishing communication between the valley of the Athabasca and that of the Fraser river. The particulars of that pioneer journey were related by Dr. Henry Y. Hind in the following year (1863) in the pages of the *British American Magazine*. At Fort Garry the party separated into two divisions—the first, consisting of about a hundred emigrants, took the north route by Edmonton; the second, of sixty-five persons, took the southern trail. At Edmonton they all changed their carts for horses and oxen. Of the latter animals one hundred and thirty were taken

through the Rocky Mountains; of the former, about seventy. A few oxen were killed for food; others were sold to Indians and others were rafted down the Fraser to the Forks of the Quesnelle. A portion of the party left the main body at Tête Jaune Cache and by an old well-worn trail made their way to the wintering station on Thompson river and Kamloops Lake. Others, on rafts or canoes of cotton-wood or ox-hide, constructed by themselves at the Cache, descended the Fraser. The success of these unpretentious explorers—explorers by the grace of the great mother of invention—was a revelation to those who had been misled by deterring descriptions of the formidable obstacles that the mountains were supposed to present to travel. But it must be remembered that the Rocky Mountains are a long range, and that in the far north they sink gradually to mere hills.

But though the journey of the emigrants of 1862 belongs to the history of this western region, it was not until many years had passed by that its development as an abode for civilized man was to begin. The emigrants passed out of sight and left no impress on Athabasca or Alberta. Still



THE CALGARY TOWN BAND.

their coming was a happy forecast of the future. Before ten years had gone the whole vast North-West had become part and parcel of the Dominion. The Geological Survey was commissioned to ascertain the physical features of the new world, for whose development our Federal Government had been made responsible. The land surveyor was entrusted with another and equally important task, and, though for some years Manitoba virtually monopolized attention, the gradual extension of railway communication to and across the mountains opened up for settlement the whole wide region from Lake Superior to the foot hills. In October, 1876, all the territory west of Manitoba was erected into a separate government, with the Hon. Mr. Laird as Lieutenant-Governor, and a council was organized to advise and assist His Honour in the administration of the country. In May, 1882, the Territories were divided into four districts—Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabasca. Ultimately (before very long, probably) the three former of these districts will be organized into provinces. The population of the Territories at the last census was 56,446 souls. In 1885 a special census was taken, which showed that Assiniboia had a population of 22,083; Saskatchewan, of 10,726, and Alberta, of 15,533. During the five intervening years a large increase has taken place, and several flourishing towns and villages have grown up both along the line of the Pacific and to the north and south of that route. The chief of these are Calgary, Edmonton and Fort McLeod. Calgary, which is situated at an altitude of 3,388 feet, and has a population of 2,500, is the most important, the handsomest and the most progressive town between Brandon and Vancouver. It is charmingly situated in a hill-girt plateau, overlooked by the white peaks of the Rockies, is the centre of trade to an extensive ranching country, is the chief source of supply for the surrounding mining districts and the seat of a thriving lumber industry. In 1884 it was created an electoral division. In 1886

Alberta, with Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, was given representation in the Parliament of Canada, and two years later the districts were granted a Legislative Assembly. The area of Alberta is about 100,000 square miles. The climate is exceptionally favourable, the soil remarkably fertile, the supply of coal is virtually exhaustless, and of the precious metals there is no lack. The pasture lands are the finest in Canada, while much of the district is suitable for mixed farming. The rivers abound in fish and there are forests of great value covering thousands of square miles. Elsewhere in this number will be found some details concerning these varied resources, with special reference to the district of which Calgary is the thriving centre.

COKING COAL IN ALBERTA.

The *Macleod Gazette* says: It is pretty generally known that the whole of Southern Alberta is underlaid by one vast coal bed. The supply of the very best quality known of bituminous and anthracite coal is practically inexhaustible. Notwithstanding the existence of these vast deposits of coal, a quantity of coal which will coke has not to our knowledge been discovered in the North-West until quite recently. This discovery was made by Mr. John Nelson, a North Fork ranchman. The coal is located on the middle fork of Old Man's River, not very far distant from the falls. Good authorities pronounce it to be genuine coking coal. Mr. Nelson brought some to Macleod, and gave it to blacksmiths to test, and they pronounce the product of this coal to be coke, and it certainly answers the description of this valuable fuel. The *Gazette* interviewed Messrs. Foster and McCrae, who are using it in their forges, and they assured us it was the best coal for their purpose they had yet seen in this country; that it certainly coked, and that it compared, so far as they could see, most favourably with the Pittsburgh article. The mine is being worked at present by Mr. Nelson. It is probable a company will be formed, to be called the Alberta Coal Coke Co. At present the face of the seam being worked is eight feet thick, above water level. They sunk three feet below the water level, and have not yet struck the bottom of the seam. There seems every reason to believe that a valuable discovery has been made. The mine is located right on the track of a line through the Crow's Nest Pass, and thus will be easily available for export. With railway communication west and south, the demand for this coal will become immense, for it is just the kind required for the important smelting works in Montana, and the similar ones that will be erected in British Columbia. Some of the former have been obliged to shut down because they could not be supplied with the right kind of coal as rapidly as they required it.

DAIRY FARMING IN THE CALGARY DISTRICT.

Mr. James Ruby, of Calgary, writes on 17th November, 1888:

"The conditions being so favourable, you ask would I advise new settlers in Alberta to begin dairy farming at once? Most decidedly I do, as it is the surest road to success and wealth. No matter how small his beginning, let him get a few cows, as many as possible, as many as he can milk and properly care for. For instance, a settler arrives here having means to put up a small house on his 160-acre homestead, and has also means to get a span of horses, a plough and harrow, with enough seed to plant a few acres. Then, if he has a wife, and \$100 left, let him buy two cows; if more money still, more cows—say five cows the first year. From these he will be able to make five pounds of butter daily during five months, worth in our market 25 cents a pound. This will support himself and wife. The milk will also feed three calves and a couple of pigs. Now, it must be remembered that the care of these need not prevent him from cultivating a good garden and attending to a goodly number of acres of crops besides. And it must be also remembered, in connection with all this, that no matter how favourable the season may be, the garden and the cultivated acres may prove a failure, but not her hail-storm nor frost affect the returns from properly attended milch cows.

"Of course, the above applies to individual beginnings of an industry that will unavoidably merge into co-operative dairy farming, when the creamery will be established in the centre of the township, where the individual or company will gather the cream from the surrounding farmers, and employ a practical and trained butter maker, who will produce from the uniform and unequalled cream of Alberta the gilt edged creamery butter of commerce, unsurpassed, if equalled, by any in the world.

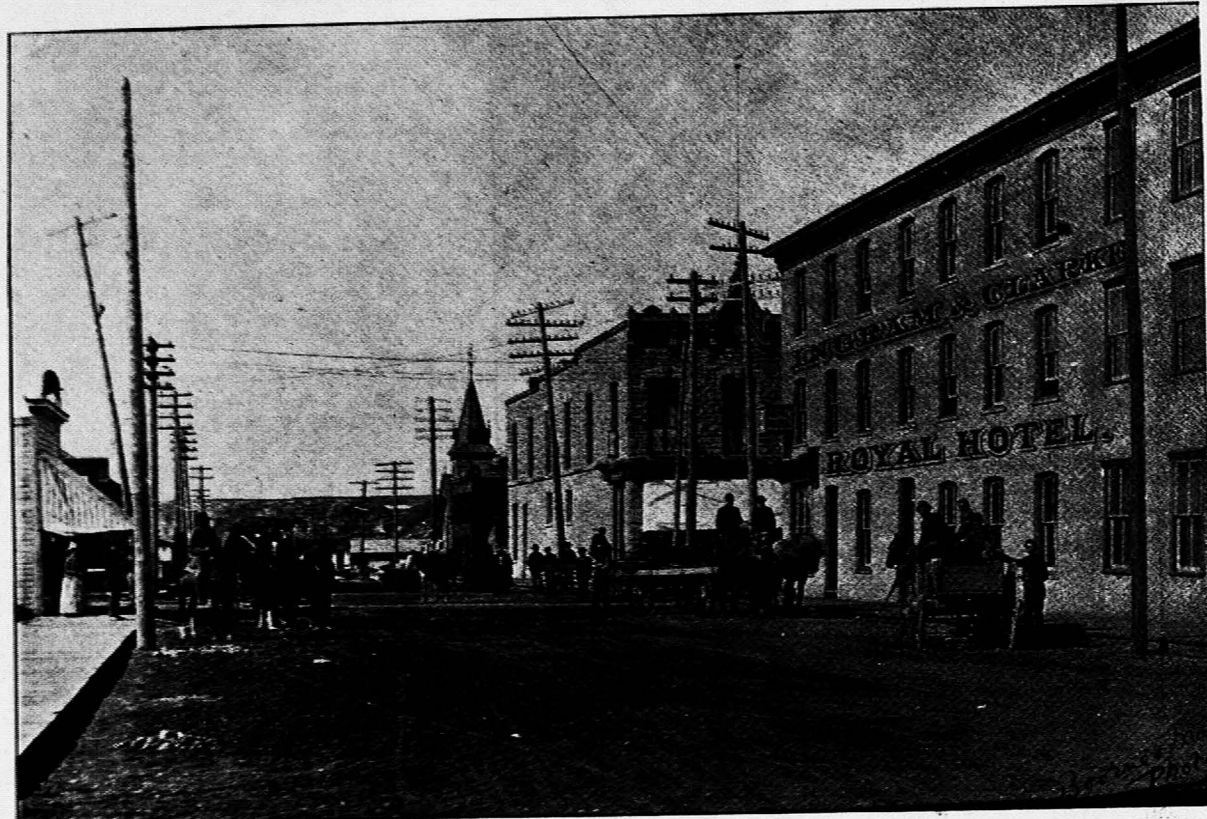
"Now, I will get down to figures, and show the practical possibilities of a single township of Alberta land. A township is six miles square, and contains 36 sections of 640 acres each. Let us suppose this divided into 12 farms of 320 acres, each farm capable of sustaining, both summer and winter, 20 cows; this makes 1,440 cows in the township. It will be admitted that a fair average cow will yield sufficient milk and cream to make one pound of butter a day for five months in each year. Now, 1,140 lbs. of butter at, say, 20 cents per pound, will amount in a season to the handsome sum of \$43,200. Just think of this sum coming into a single township every season; and remembering all the while that after the farmer milks his cows in the morning he can then, until the milking of evening, attend to all the demands and duties of his profitable mixed farming besides.

"But it may be asked, Where will you find a market for all this butter? Well, the question of a market need give little trouble. I feel certain that if there were a hundred creameries in Alberta, each making a greater output than the above, there would be twenty commission merchants in active competition to control the production. Butter being a prime necessity of civilization, must not only be of good quality, but must be produced in large quantities to make the handling and control of it profitable. It is the most concentrated form of agricultural production, shrinking less in value by transportation than any other when properly prepared for exports. And it is perfectly safe to predict that the time is coming when train-loads of Alberta butter will be shipped to both the eastern and western seaboards, finding a most ready market in Europe, when its excellence and reputation is once established.

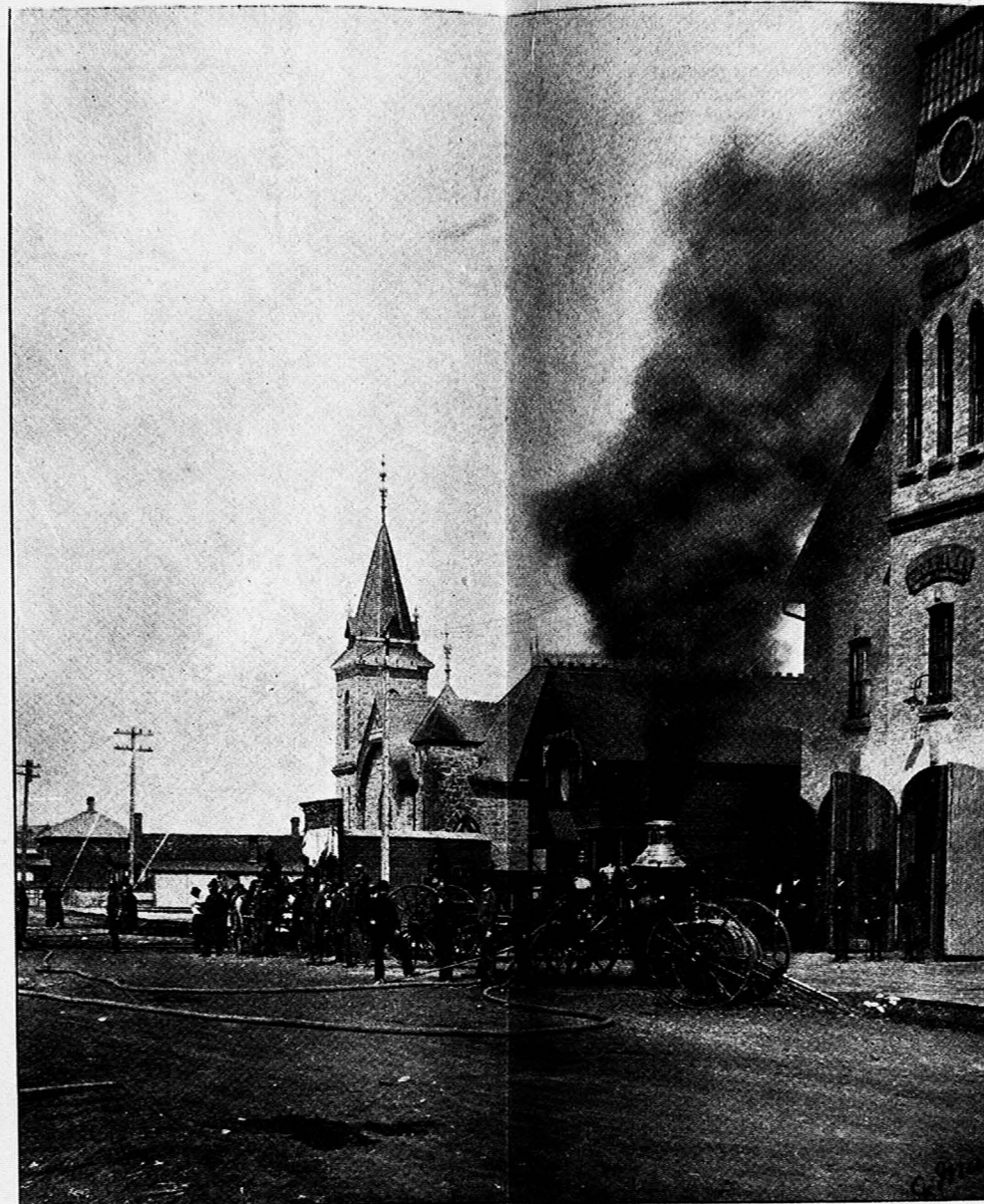
REAL ESTATE.

The value of real estate in Calgary and its immediate vicinity during the last five years has advanced with rapid strides, such advancement being made on the genuine increased value of estate, and not forced by groundless booms. Handsome sums are being made daily as the result of judicious speculation, and there is no doubt that this town, with its brilliant prospects assured, will be the field on which many mighty fortunes will be built. As an example of the increase in value of estate since 1885, a lot was bought on Stephen avenue at that time for \$200, and the owner now refuses an offer of \$5,000. There are many such instances. The size of the lots are 25x140, and the prices on Stephen avenue range from \$100 to \$5,000. Lots round the town have in proportion kept pace with the business centre, and their value is from \$50, according to the proximity to the main street. A splendid opportunity for investment offers itself in building transactions; every train is bringing a number of fresh people, and the question occupying the minds of the townspeople is "Where are they to be put?" for at the present time almost every house is occupied and the hotels are full. The want will be all the more apparent when the construction of the Calgary & Edmonton Railway commences, when there is little doubt that the fresh arrivals will be counted by hundreds per week.

An astonishing fact presents itself in the difference of price between town property and farming lands within easy distance, and here again is afforded an opportunity for sound investment. The yearly result of farm produce in this district is sufficient to prove the unequalled quality of the soil, and that added to the short distance from and easy access to town will make that land invaluable. At present first-class farm land, within three hours drive from Calgary, can be had from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per acre, which price, no doubt, will be doubled within a year.



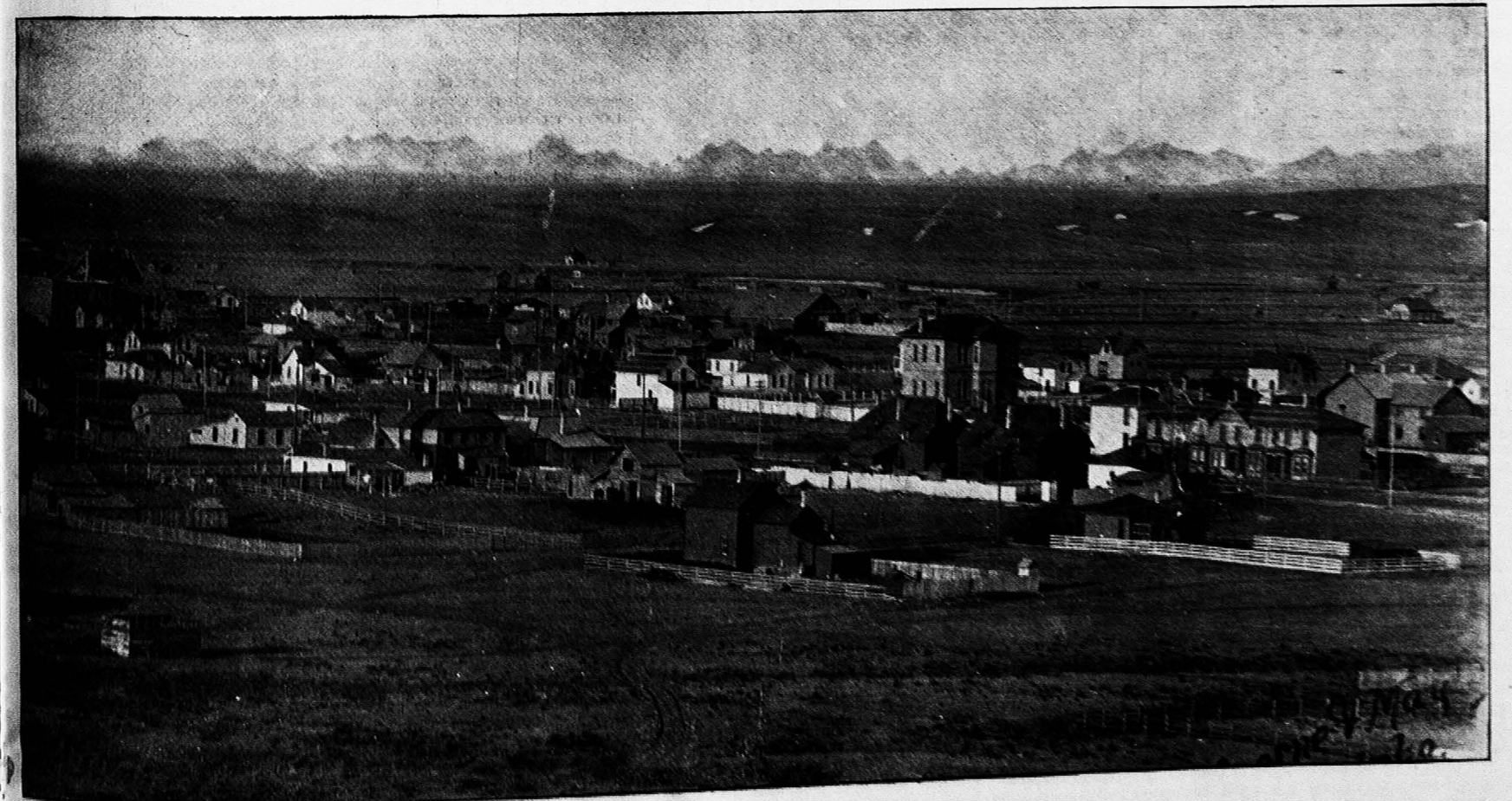
McTAVISH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



FIRE HALL AND FIRE BRIGADE.



STEPHEN AVENUE, LOOKING EAST.



CALGARY IN 1890. (From photos. by Boorne & May.)



FORT CALGARY IN 1875 AND IN 1878.—As is mentioned elsewhere, the Fort of Calgary was erected in 1875 as a Mounted Police Station. The contractors for the work were Messrs. I. G. Baker, who have ever since been associated with the progress of the town. The first officer in charge of the Fort was Inspector (afterwards Superintendent) Brisebois. Before 1875 Calgary was without a name, but the neighbourhood, if not the immediate site, was a local habitation. In subsequent years the Fort, originally a specimen of the Hudson Bay Company's stockade style of architecture, was considerably modified, and it has comparatively recently undergone changes that have greatly improved it, as to means of accommodation, comfort and appearance.

THE LOUGHEED BLOCK.—The Hon. James A. Lougheed, Senator, has had a large share in building up Calgary. He opened his office there in October, 1883. Later the firm name became Lougheed & McCarthy. To-day it is Lougheed, McCarthy & Beck, barristers, etc., Stephen Avenue. The portrait of Senator Lougheed has already appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The Lougheed Block, which bears his name, also bears witness to his enterprise. It is situated in Stephen Avenue and is one of the handsomest suite of offices and stores in the town, composed entirely of sandstone quarried within a few miles of Calgary. On the first floor the offices are occupied by Mr. H. J. Curley, a promising young English architect and surveyor; that huge undertaking, the Canadian Agricultural, Coal and Colonization Company, of which Sir John Lister Kaye was formerly manager; by the firm of Messrs. Lougheed, McCarthy & Beck, advocates and barristers; and the firm of Bown & Cayley, advocates.

A BUSINESS BLOCK IN STEPHEN AVENUE.—In this fine block are comprised Messrs. I. G. Baker's store, the Imperial Bank of Canada, Mr. Field's drug store, and Messrs. Rankin & Allen's, the leading dry goods store.

MR. R. H. MOODY.—Perhaps there is no man in the whole community who has shown such unswerving confidence and faith in Calgary as R. H. Moody, the subject of this sketch. He arrived in Calgary in the spring of 1886, and it did not take him long to make up his mind that the town had a future, and a great future, before her. When trade was dull, property stagnant, and the general outlook dark, Mr. Moody always kept up a cheerful heart and his faith never wavered. He came to Calgary a comparatively poor man, and will leave off a rich one. He is the only "straight out-and-out" real estate agent in Calgary, that is to say, his sole business is real estate, which subject he has deeply studied. His clients are to be found in all quarters of the globe, and once to have dealings with this popular gentleman, is to know him as a man of thorough integrity and sterling worth. He has the perfect confidence of his fellow-townsmen, which confidence is well deserved, for he makes the interests of all who do business with him his interests. Those wishing to invest in Calgary real estate cannot do better than consult Mr. Moody. They will find him, from personal experience, all that has been said of him.

LUCAS AND EASTMAN'S RANCH.—This is a picture of one of the most flourishing ranches in the vicinity of Calgary. The owners have some of the best stock in the North-West, and are constantly importing valuable additions.

THE ALEXANDER BLOCK.—The Alexander Block is another specimen of a freestone building, and is perfect in its construction and equipment. It is occupied by Mr. Glanville, clothing store, and Mr. Gillespie, famous for the excellent quality of his teas and coffees. The latter gentleman is represented in the act of superintending the unloading of several chests of the much valued leaf.

C. F. B. BAND.—The band in connection with the Calgary Fire Brigade has lately been formed, and is rapidly improving. It gives great pleasure to the townspeople.

MCTAVISH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.—To the right is part of the Royal Hotel, exactly facing Messrs. I. G. Baker's handsome stone store. In the distance the spire of Knox Church, and to the left Messrs. Hull Bro.'s meat store.

STEPHEN AVENUE, LOOKING EAST.—Part of the Alberta Hotel is seen on the right. This building is one of the finest in town, and is run in a manner which makes it equal to an eastern hotel.

FIRE HALL AND BRIGADE.—For more than six years Calgary has enjoyed the boon of municipal government. Its Fire Department, which is in charge of Chief E. R. Rogers, is a credit to the young city, and those connected with it are proud to keep it in a state of efficiency.

CALGARY IN 1890.—Here we have a faithful representation of the flourishing town of Calgary, with the foot hills in the distance, and still further away, rearing their lofty snow-clad heights to the heavens, the magnificent Rocky Mountains. The most conspicuous building in the picture is the Union School-house to the right, but one can also distinguish the Skating Rink, the Fire Hall, the Presbyterian Church, and one or two of the hotels. On the other

side of the C.P.R. track, on the property known as the Mission, are to be seen the Convent and the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's. And all this has been done in six short years! With such a beginning, the future of the town is assured. With what patience the early settlers watched the growth of their little town! First tents and a fort, a few shacks, then more substantial buildings, later large wooden stores; these soon to be replaced by handsome stone blocks, such as would not disgrace any city in the east, and all done in a few years, without hurry and excitement. Gradually built up in such a manner as proves the solidness of its foundation, such solidness, as, humanly speaking, nothing can overturn, the town is prettily situated, with its two sparkling gaily flowing rivers, its rolling prairie, and in the distance the grand old Rockies.

MACKIE'S STUFFED BIRDS, ETC.—Mr. Mackie, who is a gunsmith, is also something of a naturalist, enough, at least, to make him a respectable taxidermist.

MR. JOHN FIELD.—This gentleman, who has been some time out from England, and who in that country carried on a very prosperous business, is one of the most familiar figures in Calgary. He is immensely popular, and his sign, "John Field, the English Chemist," is well known throughout the Territories.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE.—This engraving shows Mr. G. C. Marsh, agent, in the foreground, standing on the right of the dog. This gentleman is one of the smartest agents in town and does a very large business.

A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK.—This engraving represents the office of the Calgary Herald, Messrs. Hutchings & Riley's harness and saddlery store, and the offices of Messrs. Pettit & Ellis, and Messrs. Lejeune & Smith's bank. Above, the buildings are occupied by Messrs. J. B. Smith, Q.C., and F. L. Bernard, and the hall of the Independent Order of Oddfellows.

PRIVATE RESIDENCES.—This engraving shows the residences of Dr. Lafferty, Chas. Watson, Esq., and W. Hanson Boorne, Esq.; to the right of which is the residence of His Lordship the Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary. Those of Judge Rouleau and Messrs. D. W. Marsh, E. Cave, and W. Pearce, need no description, as they speak for themselves. They are well built, comfortable houses; indeed, Mr. Pearce's is said to be the best built and most admirably arranged house in the North-West.

SAM LIVINGSTONE ON SELF BINDER.—This engraving shows us a harvest scene with that noted character, Sam Livingstone, the pioneer settler of Calgary, driving his team through the ripened corn.

PETTIT & ELLIS.—These gentlemen do a large insurance and general agency business, as a glance at their boards will show. The partners are both men of business and have a large number of clients.

EDMONTON STAGE LEAVING CALGARY.—The stage system will soon be a thing of the past in Alberta, as in Eastern Canada. The Edmonton stage has only a short time to live. The fiat has gone forth, and before eighteen months the whole route from Calgary to Edmonton in the north and to Fort McLeod in the south will be transformed into an iron road. Our engraving gives a fair impression of a mode of travel and transportation which has played an important part in the development of the North West.

EARLY DAYS OF CALGARY.

The Hudson Bay Company's post was established at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers on the south-west quarter of section 14, east of Elbow river. The post consisted of several log buildings, used as general stores, dwellings and stables. John Bun was the company's agent. The buildings have all disappeared. In the same year I. G. Baker & Co., an American trading firm, built a log store in a beautiful spot, part of south-west quarter of section 14 and on the west bank of Elbow river, where they carried on an immense trade with Indians and half-breeds for several years. Part of their old buildings still stand, being in the outskirts of the present town of Calgary. The first fort of the North-West Mounted Police was built on a beautiful elevation just west of the Elbow river and near the confluence of the Bow and Elbow, being the same point where the fine new barracks now stand, the first dwelling erected on what is now the town limits. Calgary was at first known by different names, such as "The Mouth," "Elbow River" and "The Junction." Inspector Brisebois, of the North-West Mounted Police, tried to have it called Fort Brisebois. But Assistant Commissioner Irvine overruled him, and later on Commissioner Col. McLeod was authorized by Sir John Macdonald to name the place. The Colonel called it by the Gaelic name of his father's place in Scotland, "Calgary," which is said to mean "Clear Running Water." The first dwelling apart from the trading posts and barracks erected in what is now Calgary, was a small house close to the west bank of the Elbow river, built by one Louis Roselle in the fall of 1875. Roselle was a Hudson Bay Company voyageur, who came from Lachine to the West in 1842, but had hitherto lived in tents. The second dwelling was built on the east bank of the Elbow in 1875, about where Orr street crosses the Canadian Pacific Railway track. The first passenger train reached Calgary in August, 1883, but no part of the town was surveyed till 1884. The earliest picture of Fort Calgary is a photo taken in 1878, a copy of which will be found elsewhere.

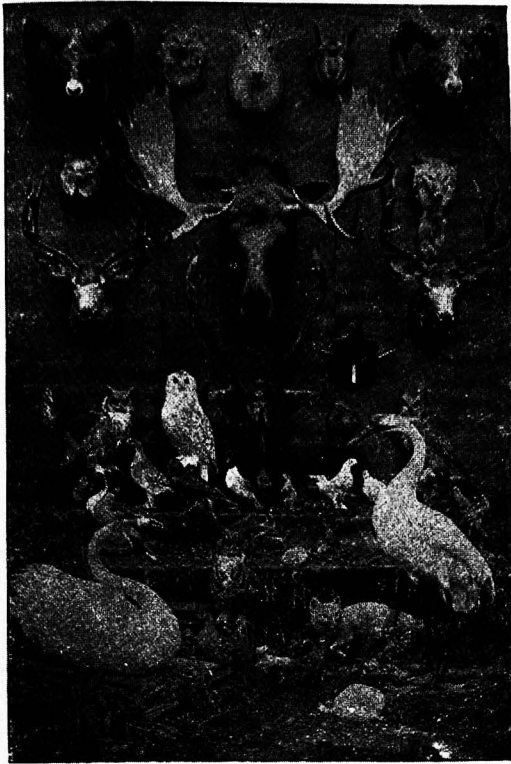
CALGARY AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The progress made by Calgary during the past few years has drawn to it the attention of capitalists from all parts of the world. It is as well supplied with what may be termed the luxuries of life as any eastern city. It has two electric light companies: the whole of the town and nearly every private house being lighted by electricity. The telephone is in general use. A huge system of waterworks is now being put in throughout the main portion of the town, which will be in full working order before the end of the year, while a sewerage by-law is being prepared, which will be submitted to the ratepayers, and before many months are over Calgary will possess a perfect system of sewerage. The welfare of the town is watched over by a Town Council, consisting of a mayor and six councillors. The following is the list at present: Mayor, J. D. Lafferty, M.D. Councillors—A. McBride, Jas. Reilly, W. F. Orr, J. Maw, H. Douglas, W. H. Cushing. Standing Committees: General Executive and Finance—Messrs. McBride, Lafferty and Orr; Public Works—Douglas, Cushing and Maw; Fire, Water and Light—Cushing, Douglas and Reilly; Markets, Health and Immigration—Maw, McBride and Reilly; By-Laws, Licenses and Exhibitions—Orr, Reilly and Cushing; Police and Relief—Lafferty, Maw and Orr. There are a number of gardens and parks, including several very pretty islands on the Bow river, which have been reserved for that purpose. It is likely that before long we shall have a street railway running through our streets—two companies having been formed for that purpose. The hotel accommodation is excellent, there being some half dozen hotels—the chief of them being the Alberta, the Royal and the Palace, while a small private hotel, the "Park," has lately been opened. All the many fine structures are built of magnificent freestone, taken from various quarries within a couple of miles or so from town. A brickyard is also in a flourishing condition, and the many fine private houses of stone and brick speak very highly for the prosperity of the people. During the present year a large amount of foreign capital has been invested in town property, chief amongst the investors being Mr. George Alexander, an Irish barrister, who has unlimited faith in the future of Calgary. With the advent of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, this town will be the chief railway centre in the Territories, and that it will eventually become a divisional point of the C.P.R. is highly probable. Of the future of Calgary no one need entertain any apprehension.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.—It is unnecessary to deal at length with this vast undertaking. Every town, city and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific that lies within reasonable distance of its route, has grown prosperous through its advent. Two-thirds of those towns en route are of its own creation, while its ready assistance and liberal policy have raised mere shanty towns to important cities. In which of these categories Calgary is to be included it is almost needless to point out. Suffice it to say that the C.P.R. has been a leading factor, from the first, in its growth and prosperity.

RAILWAY PROSPECTS.—An event, which for years past has been looked forward to by the land owners and residents of Calgary, is the construction of a railway from Calgary north to Edmonton, and south to the boundary line. The immense advantage Calgary and the district would gain from such a road is so apparent that it needs little comment. Here is a flourishing town, acting as the centre of a district comprising an area not less than Manitoba; or more correctly speaking, it is the capital. A vast extent of country to the north has, by its magnificent soil and mineral resources, already attracted a large population, notwithstanding the disadvantage of deficient railway connection. This fine country, which yearly produces an enormous quantity of grain, is dependent on Calgary for its market, and the fact that all has to be freighted by road, is a serious drawback to enterprise. The result of railway communication to Edmonton, a distance of about two hundred miles from Calgary, would be the opening up of a region unparalleled for its fertility and farming facilities. Once such a country became known to the world, as it is to Calgary, thousands would flock thither, and in a very short time a thickly settled and prosperous district would take the place of the present sparse population. Calgary, as the capital of such a country, would increase rapidly in importance, and it is safe to say that within a few years it would double the number of its inhabitants. This event then, so necessary to the prosperity of Calgary, is shortly to be consummated and will soon become an established fact. Before long (the time may be counted by weeks) the first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway will be turned, and Calgary's prospects assured. The line south to the boundary without doubt will be proceeded with immediately on the completion of the northern route. It is even a matter of speculation whether it will not be commenced at once. This will give Calgary direct communication with the States, where the line will join the Northern Pacific system, leading to the important cities of Helena, Butte and Great Falls. The importance of this movement cannot be over-estimated.

AGRICULTURE AND MIXED FARMING.—The agricultural resources of the Calgary district, and Alberta generally, cannot be over-estimated, as the successful operations of farmers is evidencing year by year. The meteorological records amply prove that there is no part of this western hemisphere that enjoys more bright sunlight during the year round than Alberta, and it enjoys fifty per cent more than the average. There is no rainy season, no two or



MACKIE'S EXHIBITION OF STUFFED HEADS,
BIRDS, ETC.

three months of wet and slush, as is experienced in the other parts of the Dominion. The winter is usually sharp, short and decisive, rarely commencing before the New Year. The spring opens out about the same time as in Manitoba and Ontario; but when the summer is entered upon the weather is superb. Between the days of bright life-producing sunshine, copious warm showers fall, bathing the rich soil like a hot-bed and forcing vegetation forward in rapid and rank profusion. It is unnecessary to give in detail the results of crops raised here. The yearly reports prove beyond doubt the unequalled excellence of the oats, wheat, barley, and every conceivable crop the earth is capable of raising. Great attention is paid to garden produce, with the most gratifying results. The Pacific coast, China and Japan are large and profitable markets for the grain of this country, and Calgary and the smaller towns along the line afford a ready market for garden and dairy produce. As a horse-breeding country, Alberta bids fair to be to Canada what Kentucky is to the United States—a country where the horse attains the very height of perfection. There are at present over 25,000 head of horses varying in point of quality from the hardy (Cayuse) Indian pony to the beautifully, well-formed thoroughbred—thoroughbreds from Great Britain and Kentucky, Clydesdales from Scotland, Percherons from France, and trotting stock from the United States, and the result is that the young horses of Alberta will compare with any in Canada. As an investment, horse ranching in Alberta offers bright inducements, and the farmer or capitalist coming to this country and wishing to engage in this business will find millions of acres of unoccupied meadow lands, possessing every attraction and advantage from which to choose a location, and will find, too, a country where the cost of raising is surprisingly low. Alberta also offers to-day what the Australian colonies had to offer thirty years ago—millions of acres of rich grass lands well watered and adapted in every respect for growing first-class mutton and fine wool. The Calgary district is *par excellence* the sheep country of North America. There is now on the plateau and undulating prairie lands east and west of Calgary a country capable of supporting ten million sheep, a country of sweet, thick grasses, such as sheep thrive best on—this, too, outside the limits of the larger cattle ranges. To day the Calgary district stands peerless among the cattle countries of the world. An unknown land a few years ago, it is now looked to as one of the greatest future supply depôts of the British market. In the spring of 1884 it was estimated that some 40,000 head of cattle were on the ranges of Alberta. Now over 120,000 head of range and dairy cattle roam at will on the plains and foot hills of our great grazing district, and of all Alberta, the Calgary district is the best suited in every respect for this industry.

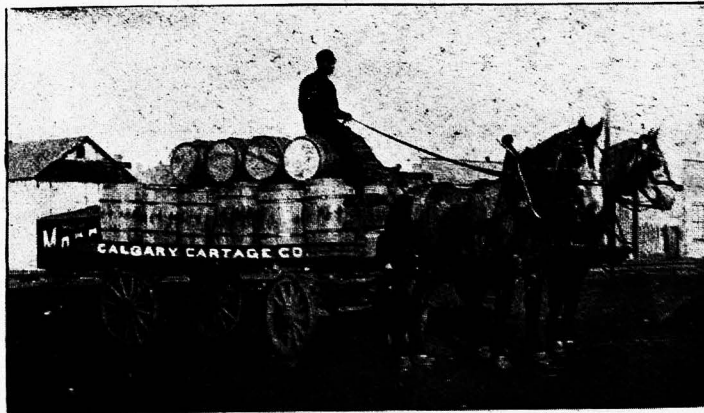
PLEASURE RESORTS.—The chief amongst the pleasure resorts is, of course, Banff, the National Park of Canada, and it is probably one of the most picturesque "bits" of scenery in the world. It is surrounded by a chain of mountains whose snow-capped peaks, dark pine clad sides, in a setting of green foliage of every conceivable hue, have delighted the eye of many an artist from distant climes, and which tourists from all parts of the world revel in. It is not, however, the tourist and artist alone who visit Banff—

poor suffering humanity flock here in large numbers to be cured of their ills through the medium of the wonderful sulphur springs, which exist in great numbers. All the hotels, the chief of which are the Sanitarium, the C. P. R. and the Grand View, have their own baths, besides which the Government own several of them, a small fee being charged for admission. Invalids are well looked after by Dr. Brett, the able and attentive physician of the park. All the advantages of this charming and health-restoring place can be obtained by Calgarians by the outlay of a few dollars and a four hours' ride on the C.P.R.

NEWSPAPERS.—There is probably no other town in Canada of the same number of residents as Calgary which has two daily newspapers, with weekly editions, circulating throughout the North-West. The two papers—the *Calgary Tribune* and the *Calgary Herald*—compare very favourably with papers published in similar sized towns. The proprietor of the first named, Mr. T. B. Braden, has been identified with the town since the commencement of its existence, and is held in high respect by all who know him. The *Herald* is owned by a company, the manager and editor being Mr. John Livingstone, one of the oldest and best newspaper men of the East. Both papers have first-class job departments, and turn out work which would be a credit to an Eastern house.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.—Like most Western towns, Calgary is well supplied with churches, all the most important denominations having more or less handsome buildings in which to assemble for worship. The Presbyterians have a pretty little stone building; the Methodists have just put up a commodious church, and have also built their pastor a very handsome residence; the Roman Catholic church, a large stone building, is in course of construction, the first part having been finished last year; the Church of England people have decided to enlarge their edifice, which is a cathedral church, owing to the residence of the Bishop of the diocese being in Calgary; something in the neighbourhood of \$5,000 will be spent, while the total cost of the church is estimated at \$20,000. The people are very fortunate in their clergy at present, the pastor of the various denominations being very popular with their respective congregations. As regards schools, the town is well off, both as regards quantity and quality. First of all comes the Public school, with an attendance of children whose instruction is in the charge of teachers, of whom Mr. Short is the head; then there is the Convent school attached to the Catholic church, and last of all an excellent institution lately started by the Church of the Redeemer—a high school for girls. This, although only in its infancy, has every prospect of growing into a decided success.

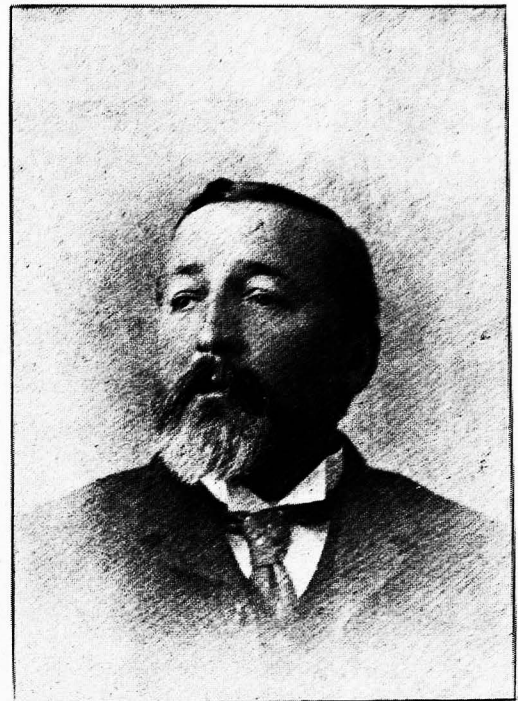
SOCIETY.—One of the most noticeable features to the newcomer is the marked broad-mindedness existing in Calgary society. All churches, creeds and religions meet on one common platform, and whatever differences of opinion there may be on these matters, and of course there are many and great differences, they are sunk, from a social point of view. For instance, if an entertainment be given



CALGARY CARTAGE COMPANY.

by one denomination it is liberally supported by every other denomination. In fact, there is as great, if not greater, religious tolerance than in any other town in the Dominion. Calgarians believe in taking recreation, and the number of dances and entertainments given for sweet charity's sake is exceedingly large, while the talent displayed at the musical fêtes is of no mean order. It is probable that before long Calgary will possess a first-class opera house, a scheme being on foot to erect such a building, and there is no doubt the speculation would be a paying one, as the opera house now in existence is by no means suited to present requirements.

INDIANS.—The nearest reserve to Calgary is that of the Sarcees, where from 250 to 300 Indians are located. They are an unpleasant people, and the sooner the reserve is removed to a considerable distance from town the better for everybody. On the day on which the Indians receive their treaty money, Calgary presents a curious sight to the stranger. Every store where food, blankets, etc., are to be purchased, especially the Hudson Bay Company and T. C. Power & Co.'s stores, is filled with Indians spending their few dollars, and stealing whenever they get the chance. The Blackfoot reserve is at Gleichen, about 80 miles distant. The celebrated chief of this tribe, Inuxima, or



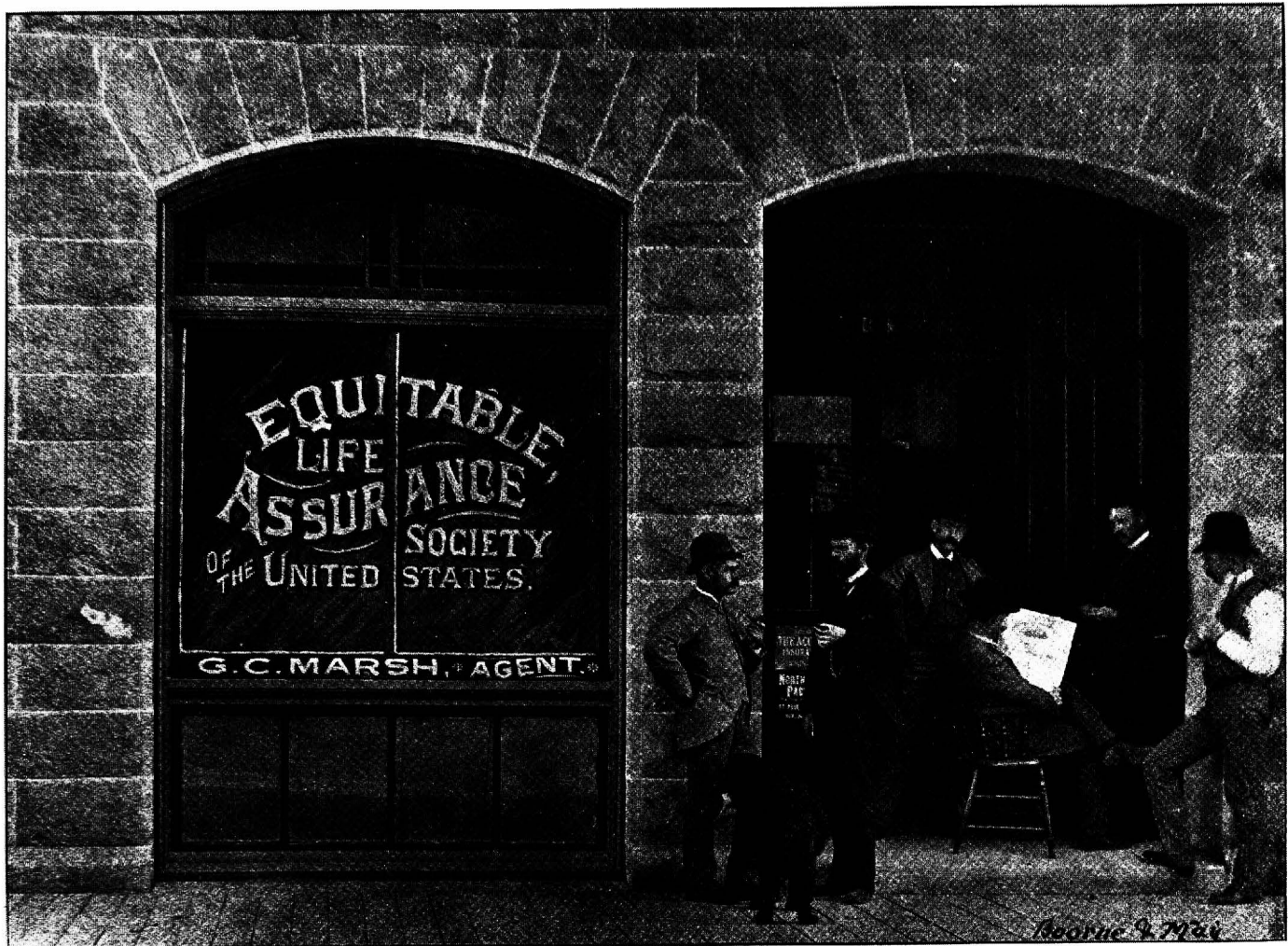
JOHN FIELD,
THE ENGLISH CHEMIST, CALGARY.

Crowfoot, died a short time ago, to the regret of both whites and Indians. Wonderful to relate, he was a good Indian before he was a dead Indian. The Cree Indian Reserve is situated at Morley. It is suggested that the Sarcee Reserve shall be removed from its present situation—about seven miles from town—and the lands thus freed thrown open to settlement, and it is most sincerely to be hoped that this suggestion will be acted on.

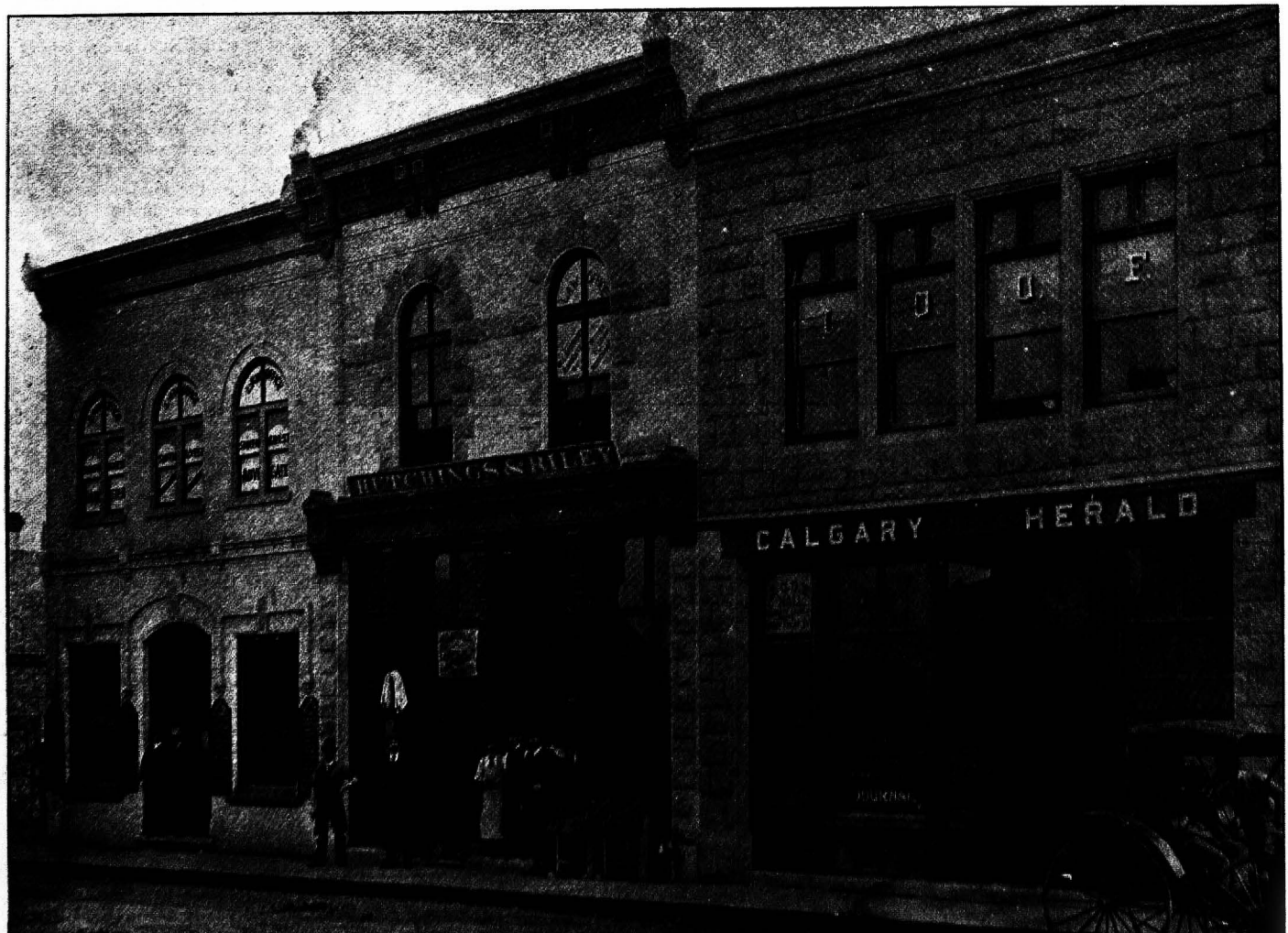
MOUNTED POLICE.—It is scarcely necessary to say anything about that efficient force, the North-West Mounted Police, as it is so well and favourably known throughout Canada. A few words, however, about the detachment at Calgary may prove interesting. The commanding officer is Capt. McIlree, a thorough soldier, and a man held in the highest estimation by both his superiors and the men under his command. The assistant commissioner, Colonel William Herchmer, also has his headquarters at Calgary, and it is not too much to say that this officer is probably the most popular in the force with both men and officers. The men composing this detachment are a fine body of soldiers, and the good feeling between them and the civilians is most gratifying to witness.

TRADE, BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONS.—It takes the new comer some time to realize the large amount of business transacted in Calgary, but when the ranching trade and the trade with the mountain towns is considered, it will be easily understood how great the business is. When we look round us and see such firms as I. G. Baker & Co., the Hudson Bay Company, T. C. Power & Co., and many others, doing a flourishing business and carrying thousands of dollars' worth of stock, no other argument is needed to prove the firm and solid foundation on which Calgary is built. When one considers that some of these firms only a few years ago carried on their business in shacks and tents, and that now they occupy fine stores, comment is unnecessary. Calgary is the head centre of one or two huge undertakings,—foremost perhaps being the Eau Claire and Bow River Lumber Company, which gives employment to a very large number of men, and is continually making great improvements for facilitating the carrying on of the business. Another large enterprise is the Canadian Agricultural Company, of which Mr. T. Stone is the manager. This company has in the course of the last two years spent an enormous sum of money, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this year they will reap some reward for their enterprise, which is fairly well assured owing to the fine appearance of the crops. The old Hudson Bay building is at present being removed for the purpose of erecting a handsome stone block. As regards the banking facilities, they are most ample, there being two chartered and two private banks, viz.: the Bank of Montreal, the Imperial Bank, LeJeune, Smith & Co.'s and Lafferty & Moore's. In fact Calgary, compared with other towns in Manitoba and the North-West, has superior banking facilities.

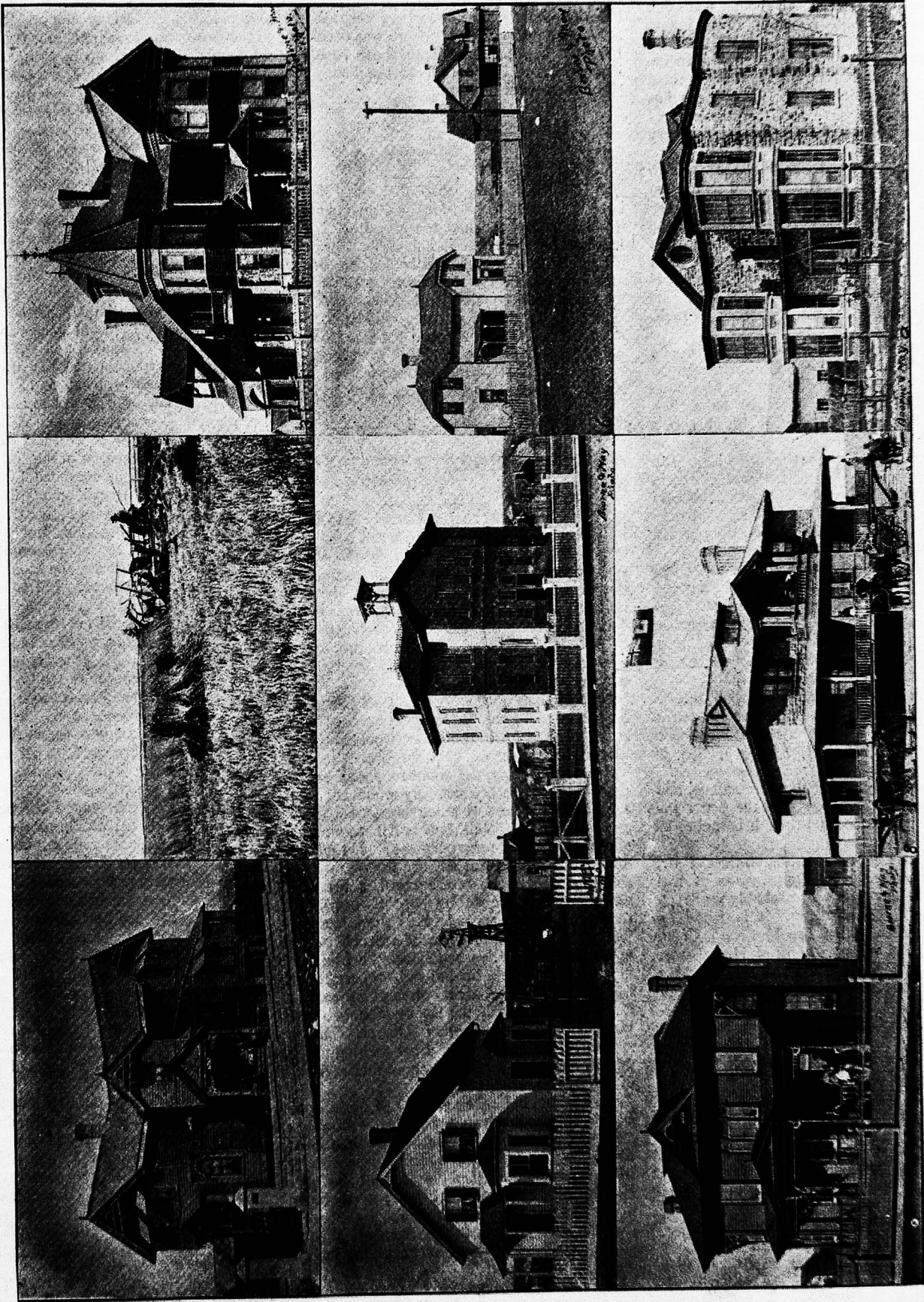
ONE very wet day, as Bishop Fraser was walking in the street, a wealthy manufacturer stopped his carriage and persuaded the bishop to get in. "Why don't you keep a carriage, my lord?" asked the rich man. "To teach the simplicity of life," replied the bishop. "And how can I do that if I am ostentatious and luxurious myself?"



CALGARY, ALBERTA, IN 1890.—EQUITABLE LIFE OFFICE.



A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK.



PRIVATE RESIDENCES IN CALGARY.

1. Residence of Dr. Lafferty, Mayor.
2. Sam Livingston, Esq., the pioneer settler of Calgary, on self-binder
3. Residence of D. W. Marsh, Esq.

4. Residence of Chas. Watson, Esq.
5. The School House.
6. Residences of Hanson Boone, Esq. and of His Lordship the Bishop of Saskatchewan, etc.

7. Residence of E. Cave, Esq.
8. " " W. Pearce, Esq.
9. " " Judge Reuleau.

COAL DEPOSITS OF ALBERTA SO FAR AS KNOWN.

At Lethbridge the N. W. C. & N. Co. (at present known as "The Alberta Coal Co.") have worked a coal mine for a number of years, and, in connection with the building of a railway line to Grand Falls, M.T., it is anticipated that the output will this autumn be in the neighbourhood of 1,000 per day. The seam lies nearly horizontally, and about 4 ft. 8 in. in thickness, and the quality is semi-bituminous. It is very valuable for fuel and steam coal; it becomes somewhat friable, however, on exposure to the atmosphere for a considerable length of time. It can probably be coked only with considerable expense, but is mined very cheaply.

Some 30 miles below Lethbridge, on the Belly River at Woodpecker, there is an outcrop of coal about 3 feet thick lying horizontally, or nearly so. The quality of this is said by some parties to be superior to that at Lethbridge, and it has been worked to some slight extent to obtain fuel for the steamers when the N. W. C. & N. Co. were running them between Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. This property has not been prospected sufficiently to ascertain the area of coal existing; but, like Lethbridge, it is probably a very extensive one.

At Grassy Island, in the Bow River, in Tp. 17 W. 4th I.M., lying about due north of Woodpecker and south-west from Cassill's Station, there is a seam of coal of considerable thickness. This is said by some to be not equal to the Lethbridge deposit in quality; by others to be equal, if not superior. It undoubtedly extends for a considerable area. The thickness of this seam is upwards of four feet. It has been prospected, but not to any considerable extent. Its coking qualities are probably the same as that of Lethbridge.

Along Crowfoot Creek, from the Bow River north, and probably the south of that river, coal is found scattered over a very considerable area. The C. P. R. Co. have done a little development here, sufficient to satisfy themselves that the quality is good enough to warrant the opening of a mine should it be required. The seam is 8 or 9 feet in thickness, divided by two coals several inches wide. The quality of this is about the same as at Lethbridge, except that as there was no drainage, so far as mined, the coal comes out very wet, which has caused it to slack more than if the mine was supplied with proper drainage, which would be the case if properly opened.

On Rosebud Creek, immediately north of this, coal crops out in many localities. The quality, judging by the outcrop would appear to be superior to that at Crowfoot. It is also found in connection with considerable deposits of ironstone, which will probably render it very valuable in the future. Further north, along the Red Deer river, coal can be found in many places.

At Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan river, a first-class lignite is obtainable; at that point the seam contains about 4 feet of coal. Some 20 miles above Edmonton a seam of coal 8 or 10 feet thick is found, the quality of which is said to be semi-bituminous.

As the river is ascended, the coal outcrops continue, and the nearer the Rocky Mountains one gets the better the quality, till Anthracite is reached, and there it is said to be in illimitable quantities.

A short distance west of Cochrane station, on the C.P.R., and lying parallel to the Rocky Mountains, seams of coal are found in many places, which will probably prove on further investigation to be contiguous. It is found on places in the Elbow River, Fish Creek, Sheep Creek (north and south forks) and the north fork of High River. It lies in a very disturbed condition, and has a dip varying from 30 to 50 deg.; the thickness varies from 2 to 4 feet. The quality of this coal for heating purposes cannot be surpassed, being full of resin, and as coking coal it ranks A1. It is, however, too friable where rough handling is required; it lies in a sandstone formation.

Along the north fork of the Old Man's River, and the middle and south fork, also on Pincher Creek and Lee's Creek, coal is found in many places. The quality varies considerably, but as a rule it is valuable as a coking coal; the thickness of the seam varies from 10 to 2 feet. None of these points have been sufficiently developed to enable their values to be reliably predicated, but no doubt many of them will prove very valuable properties. The coal, however, appears in many places to be considerably crushed, owing no doubt to the disturbed formation in which it lies. It will probably be found when sufficient depth has been obtained that the disturbance is less, and the coal will not be nearly so brittle or friable.

The next point to be spoken of is what is known as the Cascade Basin, which is said to extend from near Kananaskis River north-westerly to a considerable distance north-west of the Rocky Mountains Park of Canada, viz., from about Tp. 23 R. 9 to Tp. 28 R. 13 W. 5th. This basin contains coal varying from bituminous to anthracite. At Canmore, where more prospecting has been done than at any other point, some 13 or 14 workable seams have been discovered, varying in thickness from 2 to 14 feet, and it is reported that to the north of the said park they are found equal to 30 feet in thickness. The lower the seam the harder the coal, and many seams lower than anything yet met with may be found. They all lie in a hard sandstone formation, which will render the expense of propping very moderate. They dip to the south-west at an angle from 30 to 60 deg. They contain considerable gas, and some of the coals are very fair for coking purposes. For forging purposes steam coal, and also for the purposes

to which hard anthracite is put, they cannot possibly be surpassed. It is reported that iron in considerable quantities is found in this locality; if this is the case this must prove a valuable mining and manufacturing centre. Copper, silver and lead are also found in considerable quantities; limestone, dolomites, sandstone and slate, the latter valuable for roofing and other purposes, are also obtainable in unlimited quantities.

The foregoing represents the coals that are known; the probabilities are that the coal area is very much greater than at present known, as coal has only been found from outcrop, no shafting, tunnelling, or drilling having been resorted to for the purpose of discovery.

At Langevin station, C. P. R., just to the east of the eastern boundary of Alberta, and at Cassill's station, some distance to the west of said boundary, natural gas wells have been burning for some years, obtained by drilling holes to obtain water for railway purposes, the only points at which any considerable depth was reached, and the probabilities are that these natural gas basins extend mainly, if not fully, to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, possibly to the west of them.

SPORTING.

It is, of course, impossible that a city situated as Calgary is, at the foot of the Rockies, with rivers marking its north and south limits, should not afford splendid opportunities for sport of every description. The Bow and Elbow rivers abound with fish, and their banks are the favourite resort of the followers of Walton from far and near. The shooting is not to be equaled in the whole Dominion, consisting principally of prairie chicken, wild duck, geese, partridge and rabbit. Within a few day's ride from Calgary are to be found mountain goat, black goat and the formidable "grizzly." The Coyote timber wolf and red fox are constantly to be seen on the prairie, especially in the fall.

DAIRY INTERESTS OF CALGARY DISTRICT.

There is no doubt that at an early date the dairy industry is to be one of the, if not the most, important in this district. The following letter from a well-known gentleman speaks most eloquently for this interesting and remunerative branch of farming. Although in the course of it he refers to Alberta generally, yet it deals more particularly with the Calgary district. After stating that Alberta must, in his opinion, become in the near future one of the largest producers of the finest butter, he gives the following as his reason:

"To produce good butter the materials that make it must be good; the grass in warm seasons must be abundant, sweet and free from noxious or strong-flavoured weeds, and well-cured hay made from this grass for winter feeding. These, with cool, sweet water in abundance, are the principal materials with which any intelligent man, possessing a well-selected herd of milch cows, need ask no favours of any competitor. Well, how is Alberta in regard to the required pasture for dairy purposes? Let me tell you I have driven through central Alberta from Fort McLeod, on the south, to Edmonton, on the north, a distance of over 300 miles, and from the rolling foot-hills near the mountains to the undulating plains near the eastern border, and do not hesitate to say, without fear of contradiction, that the sun of our civilization does not shine on a fairer or more inviting field of choice, rich, abundant pastures than is to be found along the mountain streams of cool, sweet water that flow from out of the Rocky Mountain reservoirs eastward through the valleys of Alberta. The waters of our streams, flowing as they do from melting ice in the mountains, retain their coolness even in midsummer, the rapidity of the flow ensuring purity.

"Then, the nights, on account of our elevation, are cool and the air peculiarly pure and clear, following the warmest days of our warmest seasons. Now, the greatest obstacle which the Eastern butter maker meets with is the warm, still, muggy nights, when the slightest negligence in perfect cleanliness entails tainted cream; a continuation of these nights making every effort to make good butter a comparative failure. Alberta is free from all this, a fact which gives it a decided privilege over all other lands not similarly elevated and situated."

Then, after advising the settlers to commence dairy farming at once, on however small a scale, he says:—

"Now, I will get down to figures, and show the practical possibilities of a single township of Alberta pasture land. A township is six miles square, and contains 36 sections of 640 acres each. Let us suppose this divided into 12 farms of 320 acres, each farm capable of sustaining, both summer and winter, 20 cows; this makes 1,440 cows in the township. It will be admitted that a fair average cow will yield sufficient milk and cream to make one pound of butter a day for five months in each year. Now, 1,440 lbs. of butter at, say, 20 cents per pound, will amount in a season to \$43,200. Just think of this sum coming into a single township every season; and remembering all the while that after the farmer milks his cows in the morning, he can then, until the milking of evening, attend to all the demands and duties of his profitable mixed farming besides!"

As regards markets, he says that it is certainly safe to predict that the time is coming when train loads of Alberta butter will be shipped to both the eastern and western sea-

boards, finding a most ready market in Europe when its excellence and reputation has once been established.

In short, the advantages to be gained by the dairy farmer, both for the making of butter and cheese, are the peculiar luxuriance and richness of grasses, abundance of native hay for (partial) winter fodder, purity of water, coolness of night temperature, home and foreign demand for dairy produce, and ready and fairly cheap means of transportation to such markets.

CATTLE RAISING IN ALBERTA.

To-day Alberta stands peerless among the cattle countries of the world. An unknown land of a few years ago, it is now looked to as one of the greatest future supply depots of the British market.

Cattle raising in Alberta may be said to have commenced in the year 1881, when Hon. Senator Cochrane brought over from Montana several thousand head, and placed them on his leasehold, west of Calgary. Since then the cattle industry has grown steadily. In the spring of 1884 it was estimated that some 40,000 head of cattle were on the ranges of Alberta. Now (Dec. 1888), over 113,000 head of range and dairy cattle roam at will on the plains and foothills of our great grazing district; of this number, over 100,000 are owned by ranchers in Southern Alberta, who round-up their large herds every spring for the purpose of branding, etc., and give them no food or shelter at any season other than what nature provides. That this system is the most profitable one, is more than doubtful. Each year experience points out that there is more profit and economy in providing food and shelter for them during the worst winter. Severe seasons will now and again occur, and to insure against losses in such seasons food and shelter is advisable, and the belief is fast gaining ground among cattlemen that the most profitable way of handling cattle in large bands is to be prepared to feed calves and weak cows during severe storms, and thus avoid the risk of loss. The saying among Alberta stockmen is that "you cannot kill a steer with bad weather," as he will keep rustling and come out fat in the spring after the most severe winter. It has been conceded by experienced men of many countries that Alberta stands first as a cattle country, in the abundance of its native grasses, plentiful supply of water and natural shelter; and comparing the losses in Alberta, since cattle ranching commenced, with those of the Western States during the same period, it will be found that when the cattlemen of Montana and Wyoming lost 60 and 70 per cent. during severe winters, the losses on the Alberta ranges did not exceed 15 per cent. That even these losses should occur in a land where millions of tons of hay annually go to waste, shows that judicious economy is not exercised in the cattle business. Attention, industry and intelligent labour are as necessary to success in this as in any other occupation. In point of quality, the cattle of Alberta will compare favourably with those of any country; thoroughbred bulls of all breeds have been imported, and the result is that, taken as a whole, the cattle of Alberta are of a superior class. Alberta is now shipping fat steers to England—range fed beef, which holds its own with the stall fed article of the old country; with a local market which annually consumes over fifteen thousand beeves, and ever increasing, and with the great markets of the world within easy reach. With such natural advantages, enticing most experienced cattlemen from the American Territories and British Columbia to invest in the business here, who can say what will be the extent of this industry in the future, an industry which has grown with such gigantic strides in seven years?

There are millions of acres of land north of Calgary, stretching away through the verdant valleys of Red Deer and Battle Rivers, which are still unstocked; lands, too, capable of producing prolific crops of hay, grain and roots.

To the capitalist and the farmer who intend engaging in the cattle business, the writer would say: Examine well into the resources and attractions of any other country in which you may be inclined to make a home; compare the advantages it offers with those offered by Alberta, and having done so, there is little doubt but that you will make a happy and prosperous home for yourself under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains—and assist in stocking the fertile valleys of fair Alberta.

A POET'S MARRIAGE.

OTTAWA, June 25.—This morning Mr. Arthur Weir was wedded to Miss Louise Skead, second daughter of the late Robert Skead, of this city. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother on Somerset street, the Rev. J. M. Snowden, rector of St. George's church, being the officiating minister. The bride was attended by her youngest sister, Mr. W. A. Harking acting as best man. The bride was given away by Mr. G. Skead. Only the immediate friends of the bride were present, including Mr. William Weir, of the Ville Marie Bank, father of the groom; Mr. F. Weir, of Montreal and Mr. S. Skead, of New York. The newly married couple left for Newport and other watering places in the Eastern States, where the honeymoon will be spent, followed by the good wishes of a large circle of friends. Mr. Weir was formerly parliamentary correspondent and commercial editor of the *Star*, and is a talented poet, the author of the successful book of poems entitled "Fleurs de Lys."—*Montreal Witness*.

CALGARY.

A vast and rolling plain, and all around
As far as eye could see or far imagination reach,
The same extending. Tall scented grasses waved,
The air was sweet with perfume, and the ground with
flowers.

In and out the scent played the fleet footed gopher,
And now and then a badger raised his wary head.
Coyotes slouched along unheeded, and the prairie wolf,
With long and sloping trot, would steal along seeking his
prey.

The silver river, treacherous but fair, wound ever hurriedly
along,
Whirling and panting, as though it strove to reach its
goal

Before the appointed time; and the speckled trout and
white fish played luxuriously.

In the far distance the great Rockies reared their noble
heads

Undaunted through the ether. The snow flashed on their
brown and purple sides

And deep within lay treasures only known to gods.

Sudden over the plain, with shout and laugh and song
Came a bright cavalcade. At the head riding a nervous
broncho

Prancing and curveting, was the chief of the tribe of
Blackfoot;

Gay in his scarlet blanket, and beaded leggings of buck
skin,

Over his shoulder a scarf of purple, twisted his hair with
ribbon and beading;

Stripes of ochre and red on his face, and on his breast
much tattooing;

So, regal and haughty, rode the head of the Blackfeet.

After him rode his braves, each with his squaws and ponies,
While behind followed the patient dogs trailing along with
their burdens.

By the river they paused, dismounted and set up their
tepees—

Chatting and laughing the while. No one was near to
molest them:

The prairie was theirs by right, they were the Blackfeet
Indians,

This was their hunting ground, who should deny it them—
Dashing across the plain and spearing the buffalo yonder.

So, laying them down to rest, they slept unsuspecting,
Waiting the sun to rise on the morrow.

A year or more with flying feet has passed away.

We stand upon the selfsame spot, where once before we
saw the Indians file.

But what a change!

In place of scented grasses, gopher tracks
And badger lairs, stand houses, sidewalks, stores.

The lofty poles of telephone and the electric light now in-
tercept the view

'Tween us and mountains grand, and glancing as we walk
we read

"The Bank of Montreal," "Hudson Bay Company," "I.
G. Baker's store."

And so on for a mile.

"Where are we, where the Indians, where the tepees,
where the prairie?"

We ask agape, and hear the answer prompt:

"Oh, this is Calgary, the chiefest town of the North West,
the Chicago of the prairie.

Have you money to invest? Put it in real estate.

Are you rich? Well, buy town lots. See, here's a snap.
I'll let you have it cheap." And thus until our brain is in

a whirl.

Oh! modern science, modern push and modern pluck,
Where will you end! 'Tis like a chapter in th' Arabian

Nights—

"He claps his hands. Hey, presto! Here's a city with
railways, waterworks and churches."

We marvel and admire.

SHEEP FARMING IN ALBERTA.

Alberta to-day offers what the Australian colonies had to
offer thirty years ago—millions of acres of rich grass lands
well watered and adapted in every respect for growing first-
class mutton and fine wool; on a land blessed with a
climate of sufficient heat and sunshine during two-thirds
of the year to keep the yolk in active circulation,
thereby insuring a fine fibred wool; with mild winters and
early springs, where cold rains and dust storms, so injurious
to the fleeces, are almost unknown, inducements to which
Australia never could aspire. A railway runs through
the centre of the grazing lands and markets for wool and
mutton within easy reach.

Alberta is *par excellence* the sheep country of North
America. There is now on the plateau and undulating
prairie lands east and north-east of Calgary a country cap-
able of supporting ten million sheep—a country of sweet,
thick grasses, such as sheep thrive best on—this too outside
the limits of the larger cattle ranges. To men who will
engage in this industry in Alberta, with a capital of from
three to five thousand dollars, and devote themselves with
diligence to the care of their flocks, and use the intelligent
judgment so much needed in sheep husbandry to secure the
a ~~max~~ whose wool and mutton will be of the highest
market value, a fortune is assured, and that too at the end
of a very few years.

The first large band of sheep were imported from Mon-
tana in 1884; during the following years numerous other
flocks were brought in, and it is estimated that there are
now (1885) over 40,000 sheep in the district. The losses
during winters have been very light, not exceeding two p. c.

As to the breed of sheep most profitable, opinions vary,
all breeds pay well when well cared for. For large flocks,
merino and merino crosses—merino Leicesters perhaps are
the most valuable, both for wool and mutton. Others
think the Shropshire and Oxford Downs are a better cross,
and still others the Cotswold. Be that as it may, give any
breed care and they will pay in Alberta.

There is a splendid opening for stud flocks here, and a
fortune will reward the individuals or companies who will
first engage in that line. It is not necessary, for the object
of this article, to discuss the best mode of handling flocks;
enough to say that nature in the bounty of her gifts has
granted to Alberta all the essentials to make it one of the
great wool and mutton producing countries of the world.

HORSE BREEDING IN ALBERTA.

As a horse-breeding country, Alberta bids fair to be to
Canada what Kentucky is to the United States—a country
where the horse attains the very height of perfection. Its
northern location, its high altitude, its invigorating and dry
atmosphere, mild winters, with luxuriant grasses and plenti-
ful supply of purest water, are all conducive to the growth
and development of the noble animal; and, although the
industry is still very young, the Alberta horse has become
noted for endurance, lung power and freedom from heredi-
tary and other diseases.

There are at present in Alberta over 20,000 head of
horses, varying in point of quality from the hardy (Cayuse)
Indian pony to the beautiful, well-formed thoroughbred.
Thoroughbreds from Great Britain and Kentucky, Clydes-
dales from Scotland, Percherons from France, and trotting
stock from the United States, have been imported at great
expense, and the result is that the young horses of Alberta
will compare with any in Canada. A better display of
horse-flesh than that made at the Calgary Agricultural Ex-
hibition in the would be difficult to find, and there is little
doubt that each succeeding year will witness a marked
improvement.

As an investment, horse ranching in Alberta offers bright
inducements, and the farmer or capitalist coming to this
country and wishing to engage in this business, will find
millions of unoccupied meadow lands, possessing every at-
traction and advantage from which to choose a location;
will find too a country where the cost of raising horses is
surprisingly low; for while it is necessary to provide corrals
and winter sheds and a certain amount of hay, to guard
against losses in very severe seasons, it will also be found
that there is an illimitable supply of nutritious grasses.
Timber for building purposes is to be had for the cost of
cutting and hauling, and with the small amount of hired
labour required to conduct the business, the expenses will
be light when compared with the profits which are assured
to those who engage in the industry in a practical and in-
telligent manner.

During the most severe seasons horses will thrive on the
ranges along the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains without
feed or shelter other than they will provide for themselves,
and in the spring will be found fat, with sleek coats. Still,
it will pay best to give young stock and brood mares, until
they become acclimatized, feed and shelter during the early
months of the year.

As to the market, it is continually growing better; a good
animal will always command a good price. The North
West Mounted Police annually require a number of saddle
horses. The officers of the British army will find Alberta
the depot from which to secure the best animals for their
purposes. The incoming settlers will for years require a
large number of animals, and for heavy draught horses
there is practically no limit to the demand; Eastern Canada,
the United States and Great Britain require thousands of
them each year. To those coming to Alberta, the writer
would say bring as many first-class brood mares as you
possibly can, and if you should not desire to settle here you
will find a ready market for your stock at prices which will
yield you a handsome profit on the investment; and indeed
the same may be said of all breeds of domestic animals.
Bring good trading animals, be they horses, cows, sheep or
pigs, and the profits from a carload will probably defray
your expenses and pay you well for your time while enjoy-
ing a trip to the great ranching and farming country of
Canada.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

Under this title Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, with whose
wealth of knowledge on all questions of Imperial concern,
and admirably clear and vigorous style, our readers have
had many profitable opportunities of becoming acquainted,
has brought out, in pamphlet form, "A Study of Imperial
Federation." However our readers may differ with respect
to the subject of Mr. Hopkins's paper, they cannot fail to
derive pleasure and advantage from the fund of valu-
able information, the force of patriotic pleading and the
strong economic arguments that he brings to bear on the
discussion. It is published by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson,
of Toronto, and may be obtained at the trifling cost of ten
cents a copy, and no person who is interested in the
destinies of Canada and the mighty empire of which it
forms so important a portion should fail to read it carefully.

THE FARMINGTON LECTURES.

The Farmington lectures for 1890 (which are held at
Farmington, thirty miles from New Haven, on the New
Haven and Northampton Railroad) began on the 17th inst.
and close on the 2nd of July. This is the third year of this
undertaking. The lectures are twenty-four in number,
divided into four courses of six each, and covering a wide
range in philosophy and ethics. The morning courses are
twofold, dealing (1) with the Philosophy of Thomas Hill
Green, which has of late been attracting so much attention
both in England and the United States, and (2) with the
Relations of Church and State. The evening courses are
devoted to (1) the Greek Moralists and (2) to the Primary
Concepts of Economic Science. Mr. Thomas Davidson,
who lectured in this city not long ago, is the organizer of
the lectures, in conducting which he is assisted by Prof.
Gardiner, of Smith College, Northampton; Mr. Stephen
F. Weston, of New York; Prof. John Dewey, of the
University of Michigan; Dr. Harris, Commissioner of Edu-
cation, Washington; the Rev. Dr. Potter, of New Bedford,
Mass.; Mr. Percival Chubb, of London, Eng., and other
noted students and professors of philosophy, literature
and political economy. Mr. W. Douw Lighthall, M.A.,
B.C.L., of Montreal, author of "Sketch of a New Utili-
tarianism," treats of Green's ethical system, viewed in re-
lation to Utilitarianism, with a statement of his own system.
Mr. Davidson's course of the Greek Moralists—Aeschylus,
Socrates, Plato, Aristotle—is sure to be exceptionally in-
teresting and valuable. We understand that more Mont-
realers attend the lectures this year than on any previous
occasion—the natural result of Mr. Davidson's visits to the
city.

THE COMING AMERICAN CENSUS.

A United States contemporary says the stationery ordered
for the coming census would fill a room three blocks long,
30 feet high and 40 feet wide. In addition to the 20,000,000
population schedules now being printed, 10,000,000 more
will be ordered in a few days. This will require 200 tons
of papers, which is now being delivered at the rate of
20,000 lbs. a day. Twenty million blanks for statements
of recorded indebtedness will be required; 7,000,000 or
8,000,000 manufacturers' schedules and 2,000,000 agricul-
tural schedules. These blanks are all about nine by eleven
inches in size. Six hundred different kinds of circulars
have already been printed, the average number of copies of
each being about 20,000, or, in round numbers, 12,000,000
miscellaneous forms. Besides the printed matter, millions
of sheets of other paper are needed, one single order being
for 100,000,000 blank cards for the use of the electrical
tabulating machine. A part of this stationery will be sent
through the mails, and for that purpose 75,000,000 free de-
livery envelopes have been ordered. These figures give only
the amount of the preliminary printing order. When the
census is being taken and the returns are being computed,
much additional printed matter will be used, and the
printed census records will consume more paper than is re-
quired both to get ready for and to take the census.

HUMOROUS.

BEGGING the question—Inducing a young man to pro-
pose.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED
DIFFERENTLY.—"Please look a little pleasant, Miss. I
know it's hard; but it's only for a moment!"

JUDGE: "Do you know what a thoroughly depraved man
you are?" "No, your honour. How could I know it?
Nobody else but you ever had the courage to tell me so."

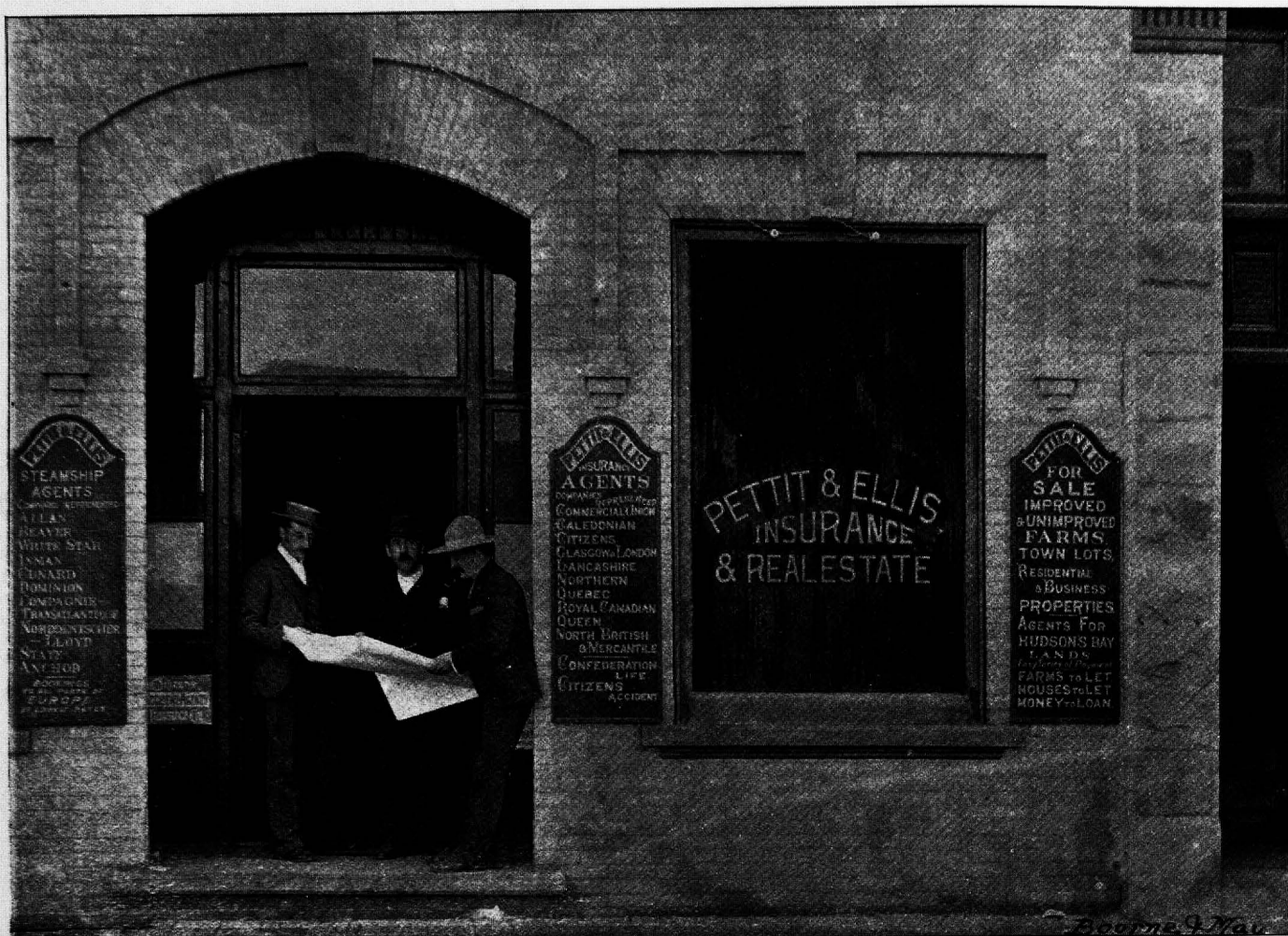
WIFE: My new bonnet came home this afternoon,
Charlie; won't you take me to see Mrs. Baker to-night?
Husband: Do you want to see Mrs. Baker or do you want
her to see you.

HARRY: She has jilted me, and I know I shall die.
The disappointment will kill me! Aunt Hannah: I know
disappointments affect one, Harry. But you'll get over it.
I felt just as you do now when I set that yaller hen on
thirteen eggs, and only just got one poor chick out of the
lot.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN AT THE ACADEMY.—Fair
Critic: Now look at that, Mr. Townsend. Aren't you
surprised at their hanging such a thing? Mr. Townsend:
Er—well—er—not exactly. But, you see, I'm prejudiced
—that thing's mine.

A CLERGYMAN TO BE TRUSTED.—"John," said Mrs.
Cumso, severely, "you went to sleep in church this
morning." "Yes," replied Mr. Cumso, "but I know that
Dr. Choker is thoroughly orthodox, and there is no neces-
sity to stay awake and watch him."

FIVE OF THEM.—A little boy of five went with his
mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was
very fond of children, told him she intended to ask his
mother to let her have him. "Don't you think your
mother would let me buy you?" she asked. "No," he
said; "you haven't got money enough." "How much
would it take?" she asked. "Three hundred pounds," he
answered promptly; "and you haven't got that much."
"I think I could manage it," she said. "If I can will
you come with me?" "No," he said, with decision.
"Mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us,
and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."



CALGARY IN 1890.—PETTIT & ELLIS, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE OFFICE.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.**

TO THE

White Mountains

... AND ...

SEA-SIDE.

The only Line running Parlor and
Sleeping Cars through the
heart of the White Mountains to
PORTLAND and
OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

Through Sleeping Car

leaves Windsor Street Station on and after

SATURDAY, 28TH JUNE,

at 8.15 p.m. every day, and

Through Parlor Car

at 9 a.m. every week day, on and after

MONDAY, 30TH JUNE.

Ticket Offices:

266 St. James Street, Windsor Street
Station and Windsor and Balmoral
Hotels.

The following are the Leading Hotels

In their several localities throughout Canada:

Calgary, N.W.T. ALBERTA HOTEL
MONTREAL - THE WINDSOR
MONTREAL - THE BALMORAL
OTTAWA - THE RUSSELL
QUEBEC - ST. LOUIS HOTEL
VICTORIA, B.C. - THE DRIARD

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

We have just issued a new edition of our Book called
"Newspaper Advertising." It has 256 pages, and
among its contents may be named the following Lists
and Catalogues of Newspapers:

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY,
with their Advertising Rates.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING
more than 150,000 population, omitting all but the best.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING
more than 20,000 population, omitting all but the best.

THE BEST LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS,
covering every town of over 5,000 population, and every
important county seat.

ONE NEWSPAPER IN A STATE. The best
one for an advertiser to use if he will use but one.

STATE COMBINATIONS OF DAILY AND
WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS in which advertisements
are inserted at half price.

A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN
which to advertise every section of the country: being
a choice selection, made up with great care, guided by
long experience.

LARGEST CIRCULATIONS. A COMPLETE
List of all American papers issuing regularly more than
25,000 copies.

NINE BARGAINS IN ADVERTISING FOR
Experimentors.

BARGAINS IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY
Newspapers in many principal cities and towns, a list
which offers peculiar inducements to some advertisers.

CLASS JOURNALS. AN EXTENSIVE CA-
logue of the very best.

6,652 VILLAGE NEWSPAPERS, IN WHICH
advertisements are inserted for \$46.85 a line and appear
in the whole lot—more than one-half of all the American
Weeklies.

Book sent to any address for **Thirty Cents.**

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising
Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

SKREI COD LIVER OIL
PURE, BRILLIANT, AND ALMOST TASTELESS

A SPECIFIC IN BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, COUGHS,
COLDS, CONSUMPTION, AND A VALUABLE NUTRIENT
IN ALL WASTING DISEASES.

KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO., MONTREAL

E. L'Africain,

FOR MANY YEARS AT NOTMAN'S.

Artist,

Studio: 141 St. Peter St., cor. Craig, Montreal
(Martin's entrance.)

— PORTRAITS A SPECIALITY. —

* *

Miniatures on Ivory, Porcelaine.
Pastels, Water Colour, Oil.

WHY

SEND TO THE STATES

FOR

Photo-Gravure Work

WHEN YOU CAN GET AS GOOD

AT THE

Dominion Illustrated Pub. Co.

(LIMITED)

AND SAVE THE DUTY?

**Fine Illustrated Catalogues,
Book Illustrations,
Portraits.**

LITHOGRAPHIC AND TYPOGRAPHIC WORK

PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

The Dominion Illustrated Pub. Co., Ltd.

73 St. James St., Montreal.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are
open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office
in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the home-
steader desires, he may, on application to the Minister
of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Domi-
nion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one
near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be per-
formed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during
which period the settler may not be absent for more
than six months in any one year without forfeiting the
entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the
homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to
application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habi-
table house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken
the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the
second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop
the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two
years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second
cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres,
also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited
if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two
years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must
reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six
months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead
inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat
or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the
Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his
intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Ap-
pelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immi-
grants will receive, at any of these offices, information
as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the
officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance
in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead
patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned
by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon applica-
tion for patent made by him prior to the second day of
June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under
control of the Dominion Government, lying between the
eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast,
should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department
of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dep. Minister of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.